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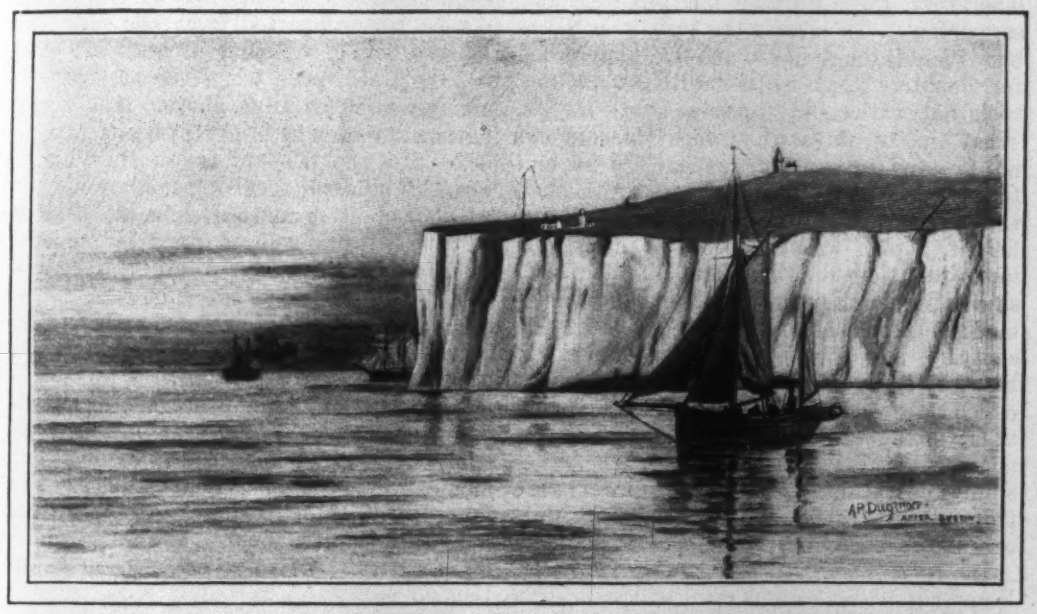

SOUTH FORELAND, THE ENGLISH STATION FROM WHICH MESSAGES WERE SENT WITHOUT WIRES TO BOULOGNE, FRANCE, THIRTY-TWO MILES AWAY. THE MAST SUPPORTING THE VERTICAL WIRE IS SEEN ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

MESSAGES SENT AT WILL THROUGH SPACE.—TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

By Cleveland Moffett.

MR. MARCONI began his endeavors at telegraphing without wires in 1895, when in the fields of his father's estate at Bologna, Italy, he set up tin boxes, called "capacities," on poles of varying heights, and connected them by insulated wires with the instruments he had then devised—a crude transmitter and receiver. Here was a young man of twenty hot on the track of a great discovery, for presently he is writing to Mr. W. H. Preece, chief electrician of the British postal system, telling him about these tin boxes and how he has found out that "when these were placed on top of a pole two meters high, signals could be obtained at thirty meters from the transmitter;" and that "with the same boxes on poles four meters high signals were obtained at 100

Note.—All the illustrations in this article, except the picture of the Royal Yacht "Osborne," were made expressly for McClure's Magazine.

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meters, and with the same boxes at a height of eight meters, other conditions being equal, nearly up to a mile and a half. Morse signals were easily obtained at 400 meters." And so on, the gist of it being (and this is the chief point in Marconi's present system) that the higher the pole (connected by wire with the transmitter), the greater was found to be the distance of transmission.

In 1896, Marconi came to London and conducted further experiments in Mr. Preece's laboratory, these earning him followers and supporters. Then came the signals on Salisbury Plain through house and hill, plain proof for doubters that neither brick walls nor rocks nor earth could stop these subtle waves. What kind of waves they were Marconi did not pretend to say; it was enough for him that they did their business well. And since they acted best with wire supported from a height, a plan was conceived of using balloons to hold the wires, and March, 1897, saw strange doings in various parts of England: ten-foot balloons covered with tin-foil sent up for "capacities" and promptly blown into slivers by the gale; then six-foot calico kites with tin-foil over them and flying tails; finally tailless kites, under the management of experts. In these trials, despite unfavorable conditions, signals were transmitted through space between points over eight miles apart.

In November, 1897, Marconi and Mr. Kemp rigged up a stout mast at the Needles on the Isle of Wight, 120 feet high, and supported a wire from the top by an insulated fastening. Then, having connected the lower end of this wire with a transmitter, they put out to sea in a tugboat, taking with them a receiving-instrument connected to a wire that hung from a sixty-foot mast. Their object was to see at what distance from the Needles they could get signals. For months, through storm and gale, they kept at this work, leaving the Needles farther and farther behind them as details in the instruments were improved, until by the New Year they were able to get signals clear across to the mainland. Forthwith a permanent station was set up there—first at Bournemouth, fourteen miles from the Needles, but subsequently moved to Poole, eighteen miles.

An interesting fact may be noted, that on one occasion, soon after this installation, Mr. Kemp was able to get Bournemouth messages at Swanage, several miles down the coast, by simply lowering a wire from a high cliff and connecting on a receiver at the lower end. Here was communication established with only a rough precipice to serve and no mast at all.

Let us come now to the Kingstown regatta, which took place in July, 1898, and lasted several days. The "Daily Express" of Dublin set a new fashion in newspaper methods by arranging to have these races observed from a steamer, the "Flying Huntress," used as a movable sending-station for Marconi messages which should describe the different events as they happened. A height of from seventy-five to eighty feet of wire was supported from the mast, and this was found sufficient to transmit easily to Kingstown, even when the steamer was twenty-five miles from shore. The receiving-mast erected at Kingstown was 110 feet high, and the despatches as they arrived here through the receiving-instrument were telephoned at once to Dublin, so that the "Express" was able to print full accounts of the races almost before they were over, and while the yachts were out far beyond the range of any telescope. During the regatta more than 700 of these wireless messages were transmitted.

Not less interesting were the memorable tests that came a few days later, when Marconi was called upon to set up wireless communication between Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, and the royal yacht, with the Prince of Wales aboard, as she lay off in Cowes Bay. The Queen wished to be able thus to get frequent bulletins in regard to the Prince's injured knee, and not less than 150 messages of a strictly private nature were transmitted, in the course of sixteen days, with entire success. By permission of the Prince of Wales, some of these messages have been made public; among others the following:

August 4th.

From Dr. Tripp to Sir James Reid.

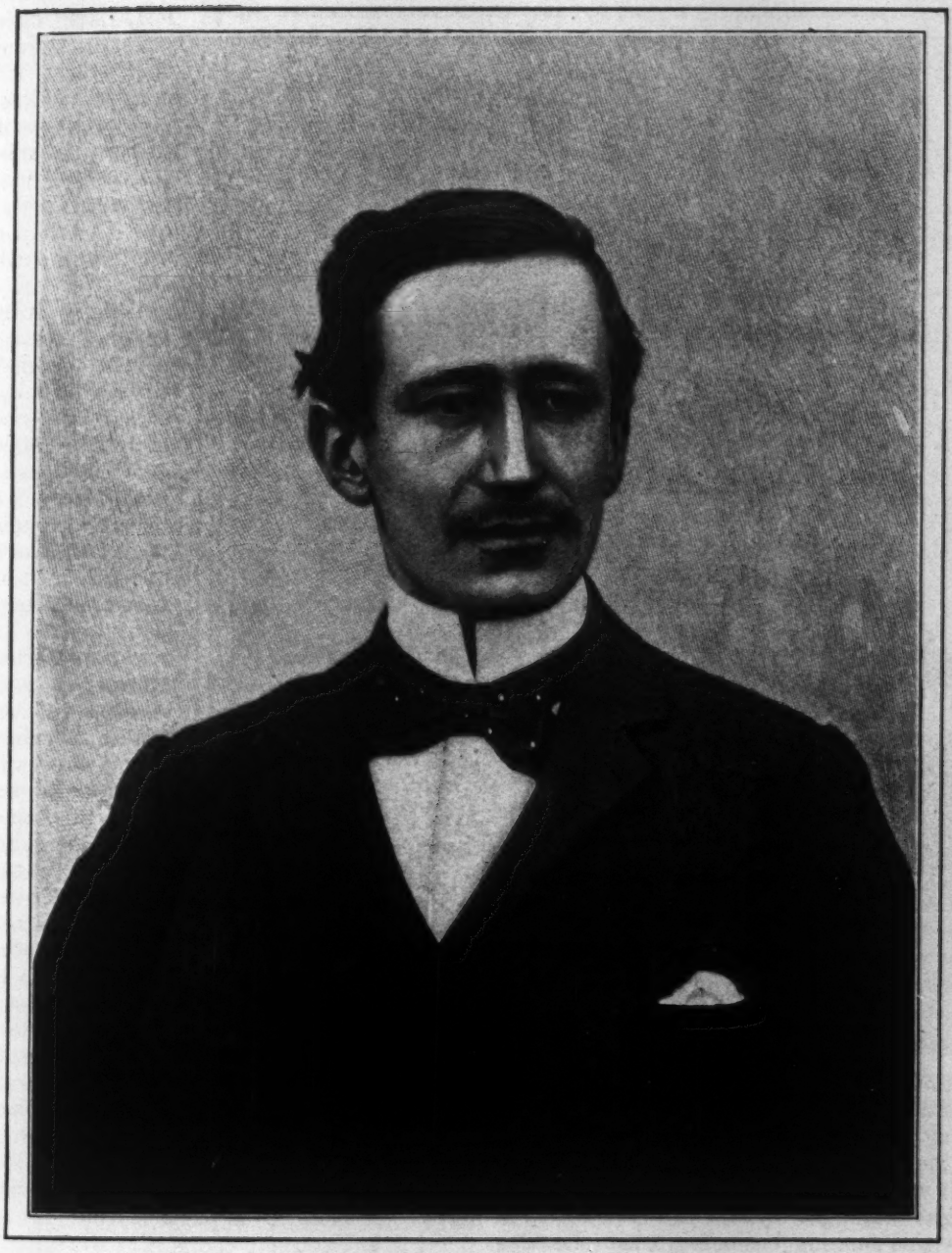
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night and is in very good spirits and health. The knee is most satisfactory.

August 5th.

From Dr. Tripp to Sir James Reid.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night, and the knee is in good condition.

The transmission here was accomplished in the usual way—with a 100-foot pole at Ladywood Cottage, in the grounds of Osborne House, supporting the vertical conductor, and a wire from the yacht's mast lifted eighty-three feet above deck. This wire led down into the saloon, where the instruments were operated and observed with great interest by the various royalties aboard,



WILLIAM MARCONI.

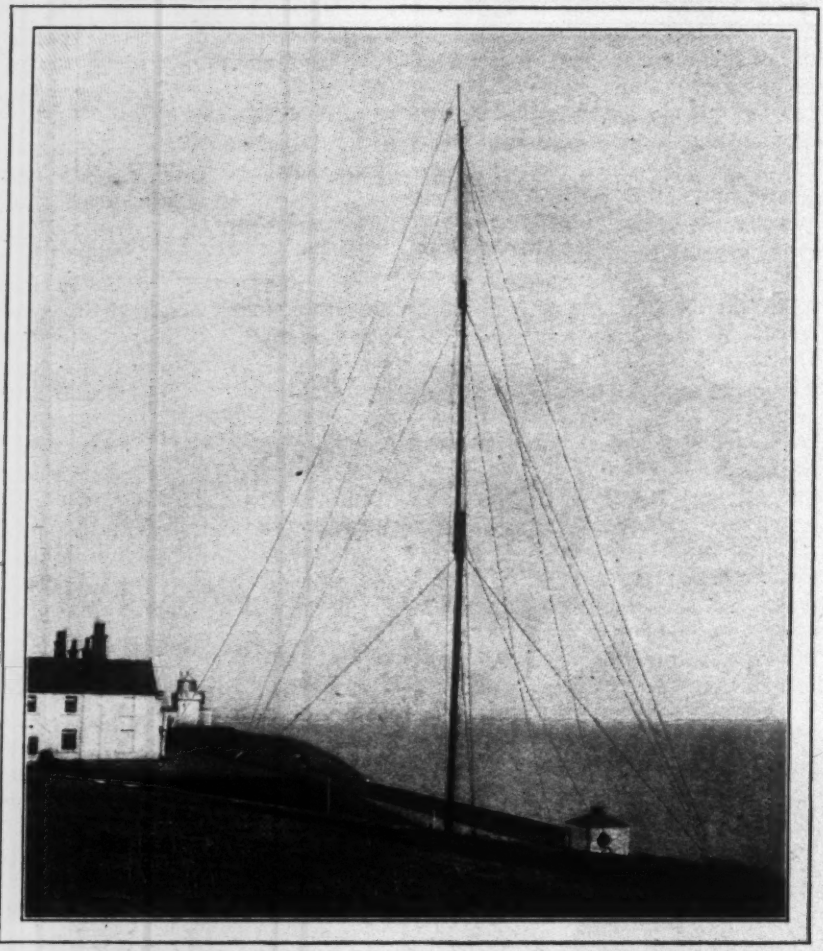
From a photograph taken especially for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE at South Foreland Lighthouse, March 29, 1899.

notably the Duke of York, the Princess Louise, and the Prince of Wales himself. What seemed to amaze them above all was that the sending could go on just the same while the yacht was plowing along through the waves. The following was sent on August 10th by the Prince of Wales while the yacht was steaming at a good rate off Benbridge, seven or eight miles from Osborne:

To the Duke of Connaught.

Will be pleased to see you on board this afternoon when the "Osborne" returns.

On one occasion the yacht cruised so far west as to bring its receiver within the influence of the transmitter at the Needles, and here it was found possible to communicate successively with that station and with Osborne, and this despite the fact that both



MAST AND STATION AT SOUTH FORELAND, NEAR DOVER, ENGLAND, USED BY MR. MARCONI IN TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

From a photograph.

stations were cut off from the yacht by considerable hills, one of these, Headon Hill, rising 314 feet higher than the vertical wire on the "Osborne."

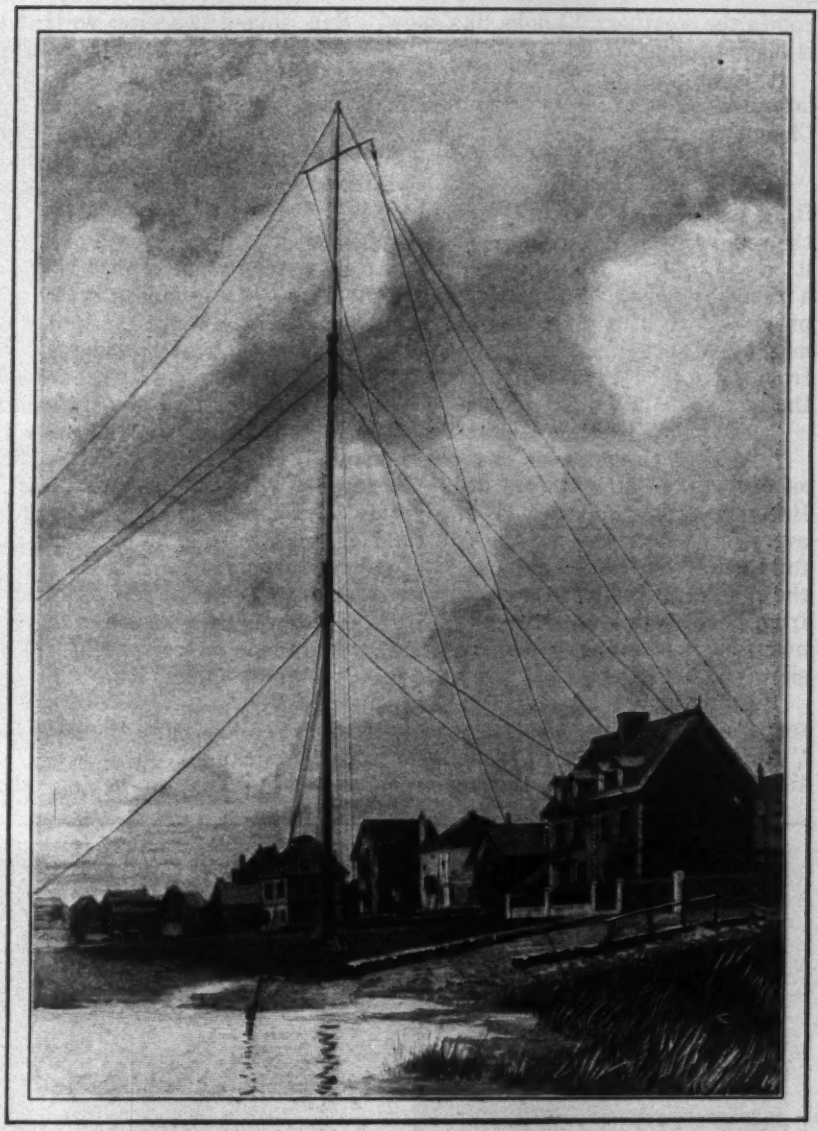
It was at the extreme west of the Isle of Wight that I got my first practical notion of how this amazing business works. Looking down from the high ground, a furlong beyond the last railway station, I saw at my feet the horseshoe cavern of Alum Bay, a steep semicircle, bitten out of the chalk cliffs, one might fancy, by some fierce sea-monster, whose teeth had snapped in the effort and been strewn there in the jagged line of Needles. These gleamed up white now out of the waves, and pointed straight across the Channel to the mainland. On the right were low-lying reddish forts, waiting for some enemy to dare their guns. On the left, rising bare and solitary from the highest hill of all, stood the granite cross of Alfred Tennyson, alone, like the man, yet a comfort to weary mariners.

Here, overhanging the bay, is the Needles Hotel, and beside it lifts one of Mr. Marconi's tall masts, with braces and halyards to hold it against storm and gale. From the peak hangs down a line of wire that runs through a window into the little sending-room, where we may now see enacted this mystery of talking through the ether. There are two matter-of-fact young men here who have the air of doing something that is altogether simple. One of them stands at a table with some instruments on it, and works a black-handled key up and down. He is saying something to the Poole station, over yonder in England, eighteen miles away.

"Brripp—brripp—brripp—brrrrrr.
Brripp—brripp—brripp—brrrrrr—
Brripp—brrrrrr—brripp. Brripp—brripp!"

So talks the sender with noise and deliberation. It is the Morse code working—ordinary dots and dashes which can be made into letters and words, as everybody knows. With each movement of the key bluish sparks jump an inch between the two brass knobs of the induction coil, the same kind of coil and the same kind of sparks that are familiar in experiments with the Roentgen

rays. For one dot, a single spark jumps; for one dash, there comes a stream of sparks. One knob of the induction coil is connected with the earth, the other with the wire hanging from the mast-head. Each spark indicates a certain oscillating impulse from the electrical battery that actuates the coil; each one of these impulses shoots through the aërial wire, and from the wire through space by oscillations of the ether, travelling at the speed of light, or seven times around the earth in a second. That is all there is in the sending of these Marconi messages.



THE MAST AND STATION AT BOULOGNE, FRANCE, USED BY MR. MARCONI IN TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO SOUTH FORELAND, ENGLAND.

Drawn from a photograph.

"I am giving them your message," said the young man presently, "that you will spend the night at Bournemouth and see them in the morning. Anything more?"

"Ask them what sort of weather they are having," said I, thinking of nothing better.

"I've asked them," he said, and then struck a vigorous series of V's, three dots and a dash, to show that he had finished.

"Now I switch on to the receiver," he explained, and connected the aërial wire with an instrument in a metal box about the size of a valise. "You see the aërial wire serves both to send the ether waves out and to collect them as they come through space. Whenever a station is not sending, it is connected to receive."

"Then you can't send and receive at the same time?"

"We don't want to. We listen first, and then talk. There, they're calling us. Hear?"

Inside the metal box a faint clicking sounded, like a whisper after a hearty tone. And the wheels of a Morse printing-apparatus straightway began to turn, registering dots and dashes on a moving tape.

"They send their compliments, and say they will be glad to see you. Ah, here

comes the weather: 'Looks like snow. Sun is blazing on us at present.'"

It is worthy of note that, five minutes later, it began to snow on our side of the Channel.

"I must tell you," went on my informant, "why the receiver is put in this metal box. It is to protect it against the influence of the sender, which, you observe, rests beside it on the table. You can easily believe that a receiver sensitive enough to record impulses from a point eighteen miles away might be disorganized if these impulses came from a distance of two or three feet. But the box keeps them out."

"And yet it is a metal box?"

"Ah, but these waves are not conducted as ordinary electric waves are. These are Hertzian waves, and good conductors for every-day electricity may be bad conductors for them. So it is in this case. You heard the receiver work just now for the message from Poole, yet it makes no sound while our own sender is going. But look here, I will show you something."

He took up a little buzzer with a tiny battery, such as is used to ring electric bells. "Now listen. You see, there is no connection between this and the receiver." He joined two wires so that the buzzer began to buzz, and instantly the receiver responded, dot for dot, dash for dash.

"There," he said, "you have the whole principle of the thing right before you. The feeble impulses of this buzzer are transmitted to the receiver in the same way that the stronger impulses are transmitted from the induction coil at Poole. Both travel through the ether."

"Why doesn't the metal box stop these feeble impulses as it stops the strong ones of your own sender?"

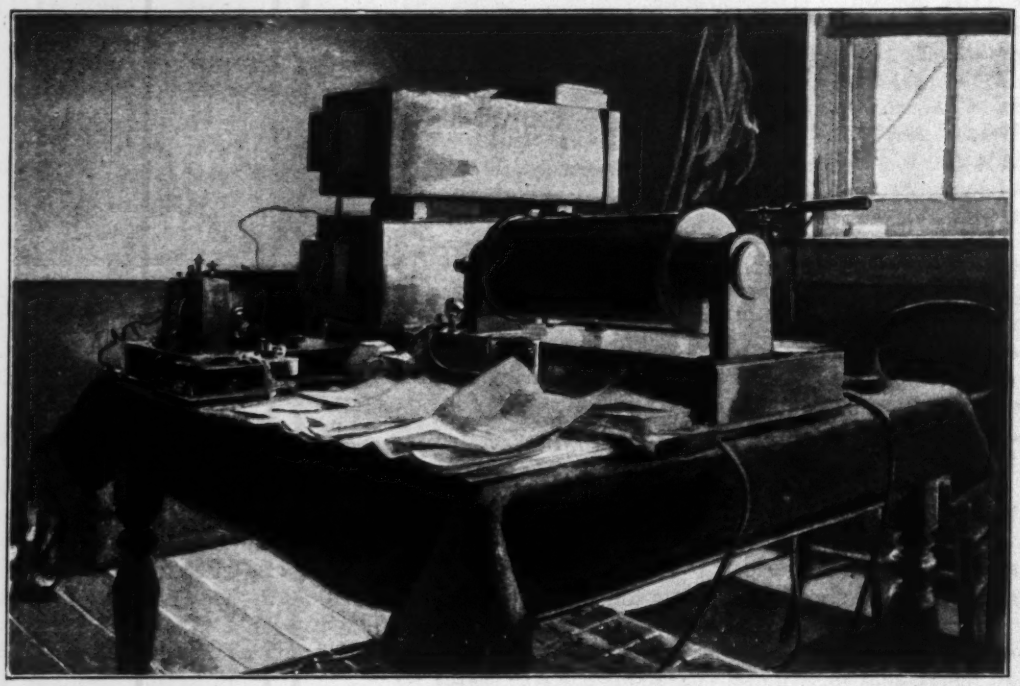
"It does. The effect of the buzzer is through the aërial wire, not through the box. The wire is connected with the receiver now, but when we are sending, it connects only with the induction coil, and the receiver, being cut off, is not affected."

"Then no message can be received when you are sending?"

"Not at the very instant. But, as I said, we always switch back to the receiver as soon as we have sent a message; so another station can always get us in a few minutes. There they are again."

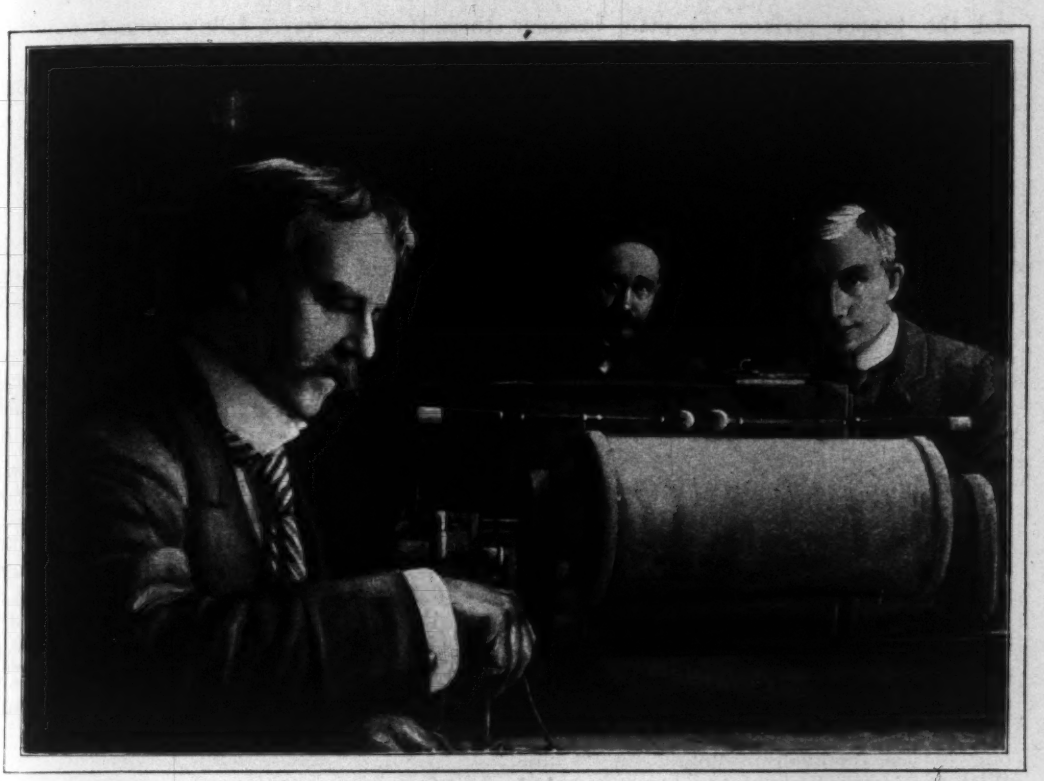
Once more the receiver set up its modest clicking.

"They're asking about a new coherer



THE APPARATUS EMPLOYED AT SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE FOR COMMUNICATING WITH THE GOODWIN SANDS LIGHTSHIP AND WITH BOULOGNE.

Drawn from a photograph.



TRANSMITTING-INSTRUMENT AT BOULOGNE STATION.

Drawn from a photograph.

we're putting in," he said, and proceeded to send the answer back. I looked out across the water, which was duller now under a gray sky. There was something uncanny in the thought that my young friend here, who seemed as far as possible from a magician or supernatural being, was flinging his words across this waste of sea, over the beating schooners, over the feeding cormorants, to the dim coast of England yonder.

"I suppose what you send is radiated in all directions?"

"Of course."

"Then any one within an eighteen-mile range might receive it?"

"If they had the proper kind of a receiver." And he smiled complacently, which drew further questions from me, and presently we were discussing the relay and the tapper and the twin silver plugs in the neat vacuum tube, all essential parts of Marconi's instrument for catching these swift pulsations in the ether. The tube is made of glass, about the thickness of a thermometer tube and about two inches long. It seems absurd that so tiny and simple an affair can come as a boon to ships and armies and a benefit to all mankind; yet the chief virtue of Marconi's invention lies here in this fragile coherer. But for this, induction coils would snap their messages in vain, for none could read them. The silver plugs in this coherer are so close together that the blade of a knife could scarcely pass between them; yet in that narrow slit nestle several hundred minute fragments of nickel and silver, the finest dust, siftings through silk, and these enjoy the strange property (as Marconi discovered) of being alternately very good conductors and very bad conductors for the Hertzian waves—very good conductors when welded together by the passing current into a continuous metal path, very bad conductors when they fall apart under a blow from the tapper. One end of the coherer is connected with the aërial wire, the other with the earth and also with a home battery that works the tapper and the Morse printing-instrument.

And the practical operation is this: When the impulse of a single spark comes through the ether down the wire into the coherer, the particles of metal cohere (hence the name), the Morse instrument prints a dot,

and the tapper strikes its little hammer against the glass tube. That blow decoheres the particles of metal, and stops the current of the home battery. And each successive impulse through the ether produces the same phenomena of coherence and decoherence, and the same printing of dot or dash. The impulses through the ether would never be strong enough of themselves to work the printing-instrument and the tapper, but they are strong enough to open and close a valve (the metal dust), which lets in or shuts out the stronger current of the home battery—all of which is simple enough after some one has taught the world how to do it.

Twenty-four hours later, after a breezy ride across the Channel on the self-reliant side-wheeler "Lymington," then an hour's railway journey and a carriage jaunt of like duration over gorse-spread sand dunes, I found myself at the Poole Signal Station, really six miles beyond Poole, on a barren promontory. Here the installation is identical with that at the Needles, only on a larger scale, and here two operators are kept busy at experiments, under the direction of Mr. Marconi himself and Dr. Erskine-Murray, one of the company's chief electricians. With the latter I spent two hours in profitable converse. "I suppose," said I, "this is a fine day for your work?" The sun was shining and the air mild.

"Not particularly," said he. "The fact is, our messages seem to carry best in fog and bad weather. This past winter we have sent through all kinds of gales and storms without a single breakdown."

"Don't thunder-storms interfere with you, or electric disturbances?"

"Not in the least."

"How about the earth's curvature? I suppose that doesn't amount to much just to the Needles?"

"Doesn't it though? Look across, and judge for yourself. It amounts to 100 feet at least. You can only see the head of the Needles lighthouse from here, and that must be 150 feet above the sea. And the big steamers pass there hulls and funnels down."

"Then the earth's curvature makes no difference with your waves?"

"It has made none up to twenty-five miles, which we have covered from a ship to shore; and in that distance the earth's dip amounts to about 500 feet. If the curvature counted against us then, the messages would have passed some hundreds of feet over the receiving-station; but nothing of the sort happened. So we feel reasonably confident that these Hertzian waves follow around smoothly as the earth curves."

"And you can send messages through hills, can you not?"

"Easily. We have done so repeatedly."

"And you can send in all kinds of weather?"

"We can."

"Then," said I after some thought, "if neither land nor sea nor atmospheric conditions can stop you, I don't see why you can't send messages to any distance."

"So we can," said the electrician, "so we can, given a sufficient height of wire. It has become simply a question now how high a mast you are willing to erect. If you double the height of your mast, you can send a message four times as far. If you treble the height of your mast, you can send a message nine times as far. In other words, the law established by our experiments seems to be that the range of distance increases as the square of the mast's height. To start with, you may assume that a wire suspended from an eighty-foot mast will send a message twenty miles. We are doing about that here."

"Then," said I, multiplying, "a mast 160 feet high would send a message eighty miles?"

"Exactly."

"And a mast 320 feet high would send a message 320 miles; a mast 640 feet high would send a message 1,280 miles; and a mast 1,280 feet high would send a message 5,120 miles?"

"That's right. So you see if there were another Eiffel Tower in New York, it would be possible to send messages to Paris through the ether and get answers without ocean cables."

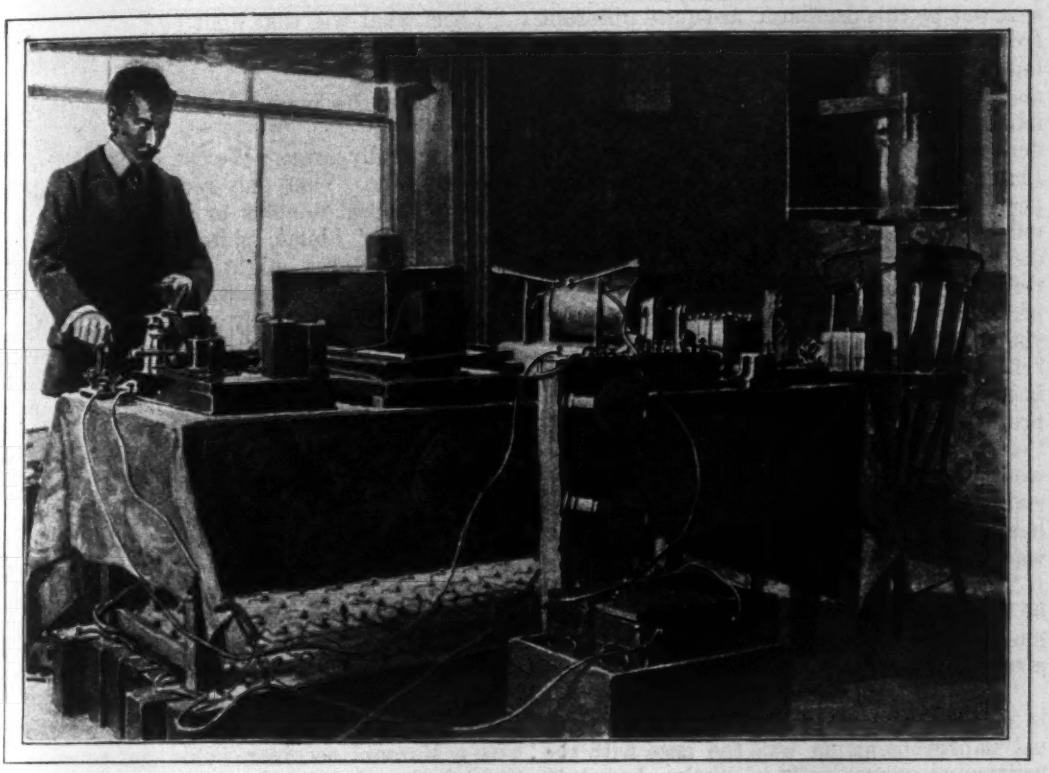
"Do you really think that would be possible?"

"I see no reason to doubt it. What are a few thousand miles to this wonderful ether, which brings us our light every day from millions of miles?"

"Do you use stronger induction coils," I asked, "as you increase the distance of transmission?"

"We have not up to the present, but we may do so when we get into the hundreds of miles. A coil with a ten-inch spark, however, is quite sufficient for any distances under immediate consideration."

After this we talked of improvements in the system made by Mr. Marconi as the result of experiments kept up continuously since these stations were established, nearly



THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT POOLE, SHOWING SENDING AND RECEIVING INSTRUMENTS. IN THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER IS THE COPPER REFLECTOR USED IN DIRECTING THE WAVES.

Drawn from a photograph.

two years ago. It was found that a horizontal wire, placed at whatever height, was of practically no value in sending messages; all that counts here is the vertical component. Also that it is better to have the wire conductor suspended out from the mast by a sprit. It was found, furthermore, that by modifying the coherer and perfecting various details of installation the total efficiency was much increased, so that the vertical conductor could be lowered gradually without disturbing communication. Now they are sending to the Needles with a sixty-foot conductor, whereas at the start a wire with 120 feet vertical height was necessary.

So much for my visits to these pioneer etherial stations (if I may so style them), which gave me a general familiarity with the method of wireless telegraphy and enabled me to question Mr. Marconi with greater pertinence during several talks which it was my privilege to have with him. What interested me chiefly was the practical and immediate application of this new system to the world's affairs. And one thing that came to mind naturally was the question of privacy or secrecy in the transmission of these aërial messages. In time of war, for instance, would communications between battleships or armies be at the mercy of any one, including enemies, who might have a Marconi receiver?

On this point Mr. Marconi had several things to say. In the first place, it was evident that generals and admirals, as well as private individuals, could always protect themselves by sending their despatches in cipher. Then, during active military operations, despatches could often be kept within a friendly radius by lowering the wire on the mast until its transmitting power came within that radius.

Marconi realizes, of course, the desirability of being able in certain cases to transmit messages in one and only one direction. To this end he has conducted a special series of experiments with a sending-apparatus different from that already described. He uses no wire here, but a Righi oscillator placed at the focus of a parabolic copper reflector two or three feet in diameter. The waves

sent out by this oscillator are quite different from the others, being only about two feet long, instead of three or four hundred feet, and the results, up to the present, are less important than those obtained with the pendent wire. Still in trials on the Salisbury Plain, he and his assistants sent messages perfectly in this way over a distance of a mile and three-quarters, and were able to direct these messages at will by aiming the reflector in one direction or another. It appears that these Hertzian waves, though invisible, may be concentrated by parabolic reflectors into parallel beams and projected in narrow lines, just as a bull's-eye lantern projects beams of light. And it was found that a very slight shifting of the reflector would stop the messages at the receiving end. In other words, unless the Hertzian beams fell directly on the receiver, there was an end of all communication.

"Do you think," I asked, "that you will be able to send these directed messages very much farther than you have sent them already?"

"I am sure we shall," said Marconi. "It is simply a matter of experiment and gradual improvement, as was the case with the undirected waves. It is likely, however, that a limit for directed messages will be set by the curvature of the earth. This stops the one kind, but not the other."

"And what will that limit be?"

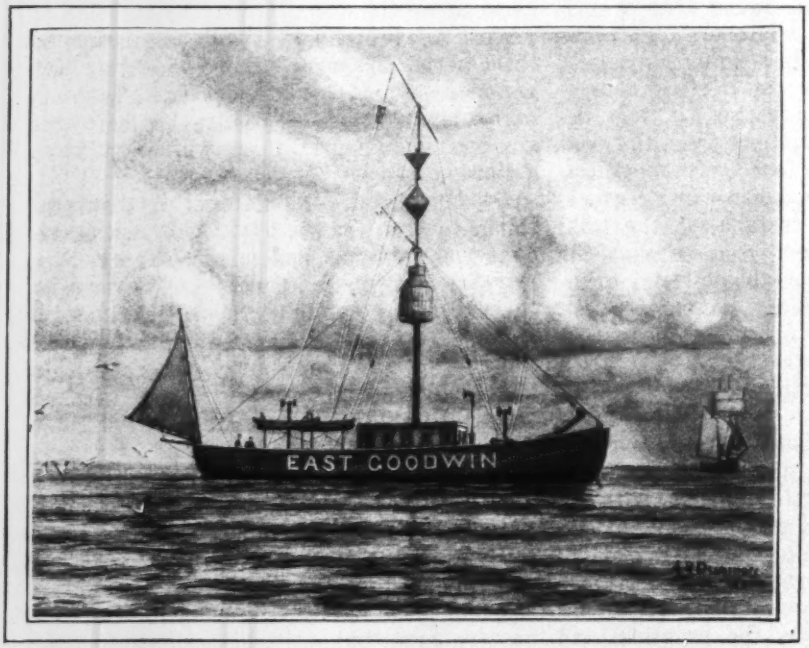
"The same as for the heliograph, fifty or sixty miles."

"And for the undirected messages there is no limit?"

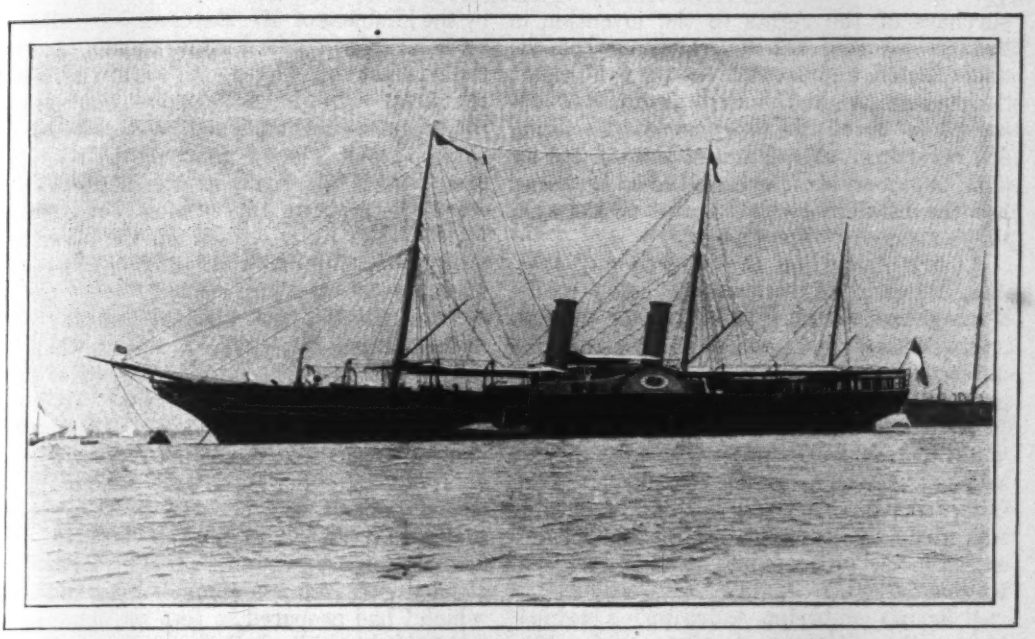
"Practically none. We can do a hundred miles already. That only requires a couple of high church steeples or office buildings. New York and Philadelphia, with their sky-scraping structures, might talk to each other through the ether whenever they wished to try it. And that is only a beginning. My system allows messages to be sent from one moving train to another moving train or to a fixed point by the tracks; to be sent from one moving vessel to another vessel or to the shore, and from lighthouses or signal stations to vessels in fog or distress."

Marconi pointed out one notable case where his system of sending directed waves might render great service to humanity. Imagine a lighthouse or danger spot in the sea fitted with a transmitter and parabolic reflector, the whole kept turning on an axis and constantly throwing forth impulses in the ether—a series of danger signals, one might call them. It is evident that any vessel fitted with a Marconi receiver would get warning through the ether (say by the automatic ringing of a bell) long before her lookout could see a light or hear any bell or fog-horn. Furthermore, as each receiver gives warning only when its rotating reflector is in one particular position—that is, facing the transmitter—it is evident that the precise location of the alarm station would at once become known to the mariner. In other words, the vessel would immediately get her bearings, which is no small matter in a storm or fog.

Again, the case of lightships off shore gives the Marconi system admirable opportunity of replacing cables, which



THE GOODWIN SANDS LIGHTSHIP.—Struck in a collision on April 28th, the lightship used her Marconi apparatus (shown suspended by a spar from the mast-head), and so got help from shore, twelve miles away.



THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE," FROM WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES TELEGRAPHED WITHOUT WIRES.

The sending and receiving wire is suspended from the rope connecting the two mast-heads, and can be distinguished by the wire cone near the top. From a photograph by A. E. Beken.

are very expensive and in constant danger of breaking. In December, 1898, the English lightship service authorized the establishment of wireless communication between the South Foreland lighthouse at Dover and the East Goodwin lightship, twelve miles distant; and several times already warnings of wrecks and vessels in distress have reached shore when, but for the Marconi signals, nothing of the danger would have been known. One morning in January, for instance, during a week of gales, Mr. Kemp, then stationed at the South Foreland lighthouse, was awakened at five o'clock by the receiver bell, and got word forthwith that a vessel was drifting on the deadly Goodwin Sands, firing rockets as she went. At this moment there was so dense a fog bank between the sands and the shore that the rockets could never have been seen by the coast-guards. They were now, however, informed of the crisis by telegraph, and were able to put out at once in their life-boats.

At another time, also in heavy fog, a warning gun sounded from the lightship, and at once the receiver ticked off: "Schooner headed for sands. Are trying to make her turn."

"Has she turned yet?" questioned Kemp.

"No. We've fired another gun."

"Has she turned yet?"

"Not yet. We're going to fire again. There, she turns." And the danger was over without calling on the life-boat men, who might otherwise have labored hours in the surf to save a vessel that needed no saving.

Another application of wireless telegraphy that promises to become important is in the signaling of incoming and outgoing vessels. With Marconi stations all along the coast it would be possible, even as the discovery stands to-day, for all vessels within twenty-five miles of shore to make their presence known and to send or receive communications. So apparent are the advantages of such a system that in May, 1898, Lloyds began negotiations for the setting up of instruments at various Lloyds stations; and a preliminary trial was made between Ballycastle and Rathlin Island in the north of Ireland. The distance signalled over here was seven and a half miles, with a high cliff intervening between the two positions; the results of many trials here were more than satisfactory.

I come now to that historic week at the end of March, 1899, when the system of wireless telegraphy was put to its most severe test in experiments across the English Channel between Dover and Boulogne. These were undertaken at the request of the French Government, which is considering a

purchase of the rights to the invention in France. During the several days that the trials lasted, representatives of the French Government visited both stations, and observed in detail the operations of sending and receiving. Mr. Marconi himself and his chief engineer, Mr. Jameson Davis, explained how the installations had been set up and what they expected to accomplish.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, March 27th, everything being ready, Marconi pressed the sending-key for the first cross-channel message. There was nothing different in the transmission from the method grown familiar now through months at the Alum Bay and Poole stations. Transmitter and receiver were quite the same; and a seven-strand copper wire, well insulated and hung from the sprit of a mast 150 feet high, was used. The mast stood in the sand just at sea level, with no height of cliff or bank to give aid.

"Brripp — brripp — brripp — brripp— brrrrrr," went the transmitter under Marconi's hand. The sparks flashed, and a dozen eyes looked out anxiously upon the sea as it broke fiercely over Napoleon's old fort that rose abandoned in the foreground. Would the message carry all the way to England? Thirty-two miles seemed a long way.

"Brripp—brripp—brrrrr—brripp—brrrrr—brripp—brripp." So he went, deliberately, with a short message telling them over there that he was using a two-centimeter spark, and signing three V's at the end.

Then he stopped, and the room was silent, with a straining of ears for some sound from the receiver. A moment's pause, and then it came briskly, the usual clicking of dots and dashes as the tape rolled off its message. And there it was, short and commonplace enough, yet vastly important, since it was the first wireless message sent from England to the Continent: First "V," the call; then "M," meaning, "Your message is perfect;" then, "Same here 2 c m s. V V V," the last being an abbreviation for two centimeters and the conventional finishing signal.

And so, without more ado, the thing was done. The Frenchmen might stare and chatter as they pleased, here was something come into the world to stay. A pronounced success surely, and everybody said so as messages went back and forth, scores of messages, during the following hours and days, and all correct.

On Wednesday, Mr. Robert McClure and I, by the kindness of Mr. Marconi, were allowed to hold cross-channel conversation, and, in the interests of our readers, satisfy ourselves that this wireless telegraphy marvel had really been accomplished. It was about three o'clock when I reached the Boulogne station (this was really at the little town of Wimereux, about three miles out of Boulogne). Mr. Kemp called up the other side thus: "Moffett arrived. Wishes to send message. Is McClure ready?"

Immediately the receiver clicked off: "Yes, stand by;" which meant that we must wait for the French officials to talk, since they had the right of way. And talk they did, for a good two hours, keeping the sparks flying and the ether agitated with their messages and inquiries. At last, about five o'clock, I was cheered by this service along the tape: "If Moffett is there, tell him McClure is ready." And straightway I handed Mr. Kemp a simple cipher message which I had prepared to test the accuracy of transmission. It ran thus:

MCCLURE, DOVER: Gniteerg morf Ecnarf ot Dnalgne hguorht eht rehte. MOFFETT.

Read on the printed page it is easy to see that this is merely, "Greeting from France to England through the ether," each word being spelled backward. For the receiving operator at Dover, however, it was as hopeless a tangle of letters as could have been desired. Therefore was I well pleased when the Boulogne receiver clicked me back the following:

MOFFETT, BOULOGNE: Your message received. It reads all right. Vive Marconi. MCCLURE.

Then I sent this:

MARCONI, DOVER: Hearty congratulations on success of first experiment in sending aërial messages across the English channel. Also best thanks on behalf of editors MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for assistance in preparation of article. MOFFETT.

And got this reply:

MOFFETT, BOULOGNE: The accurate transmission of your messages is absolutely convincing. Good-by. MCCLURE.

Then we clicked back "Good-by," and the trial was over. We were satisfied; yes, more, we were delighted.

I asked one of Marconi's chief engineers if the Boulogne and Dover installation would remain permanent now. He said that depended on the French and English governments. The latter has a monopoly in Eng-

land on any system of telegraphy in which electric apparatus is used; and all cross-channel cables are of British ownership.

"There must be a great saving by the wireless system over cables," I said.

"Judge for yourself. Every mile of deep-sea cable costs about $750; every mile for the land-ends about $1,000. All that we save, also the great expense of keeping a cable steamer constantly in commission making repairs and laying new lengths. All we need is a couple of masts and a little wire. The wear and tear is practically nothing. The cost of running, simply for home batteries and operators' keep."

"How fast can you transmit messages?"

"Just now at the rate of about fifteen words a minute; but we shall do better than that no doubt with experience. You have seen how clear our tape reads. Any one who knows the Morse code will see that the letters are perfect."

"Do you think there is much field for the Marconi system in overland transmission?"

"In certain cases, yes. For instance, where you can't get the right of way to put up wires and poles. What is a disobliging farmer going to do if you send messages right through his farm, barns and all? Then see the advantage in time of war for quick communication, and no chance that the enemy may cut your wires."

"But they may read your messages."

"That is not so sure, for besides the possibility of directing the waves with reflectors, Marconi is now engaged in most promising experiments in syntony, which I may describe as the electrical tuning of a particular transmitter to a particular receiver, so that the latter will respond to the former and no other, while the former will influence the latter and no other. That, of course, is a possibility in the future, but it bids fair soon to be realized. There are even some who maintain that there may be produced as many separate sets of transmitters and receivers capable of working only together as there are separate sets of Yale locks and keys. In that event, any two private individuals might communicate freely without fear of being understood by others. There are possibilities here, granting a limitless number of distinct tunings for transmitter and receiver, that threaten our whole telephone system. I may add, our whole newspaper system."

"Our newspaper system?"

"Certainly; the news might be ticked off tapes every hour right into the houses of all subscribers who had receiving-instruments tuned to a certain transmitter at the news-distributing station. Then the subscribers would have merely to glance over their tapes to learn what was happening in the world."

We talked after this of other possibilities in wireless telegraphy and of the services Marconi's invention may render in coming wars.

"If you care to stray a little into the realm of speculation," said the engineer, "I will point out a rather sensational rôle that our instruments might play in military strategy. Suppose, for instance, you Americans were at war with Spain, and wished to keep close guard over Havana harbor without sending your fleet there. The thing might be done with a single fast cruiser in this way: Supposing a telegraphic cable laid from Key West, or any convenient point on your shores, and ending at the bottom of the sea a few miles out from the harbor. Let us imagine this to have been done without knowledge of the Spaniards. And suppose a Marconi receiving-instrument, properly protected, to be lying there at the bottom in connection with the cable. Now, it is plain that this receiver will be influenced in the usual way by a Marconi transmitter aboard the cruiser, for the Hertzian waves pass well enough through water. In other words, you can now set the armature of a relay down at the ocean's bottom clicking off Morse signals as fast as you like, and it is a simple matter of electrical adjustment to make that armature repeat these signals automatically over the whole length of cable in the ordinary way.

"With this arrangement, the captain of your cruiser may now converse freely with the admiral of the fleet at Key West or with the President himself at Washington, without so much as quitting his deck. He may report every movement of the Spanish warships as they take place, even while he is following them or being pursued by them. So long as he keeps within twenty or thirty miles of the submerged cable-end, he may continue his communications, may tell of arrivals and departures, of sorties, of loading transports, of filling bunkers with coal, and a hundred other details of practical warfare. In short, this captain and his innocent-looking cruiser may become a never-closing eye for the distant American fleet, an eye fixed continually upon an enemy all unsuspicious of this communication and surveillance. And it needs but little thought to see how easily an enemy at such disadvan-

tage may be taken unawares or be led into betraying important plans."

This conception struck me as so interesting that I pressed my informant to say how far he thought it lay in the realm of speculation.

"Why," said he, "it is a sensible enough little dream that might be realized, if any one cared to spend the money and take the necessary trouble. There is no doubt our instruments could be made to operate a cable at sea-bottom, just as they could be made to blow up a powder magazine in a beleaguered city or steer a ship from a distance, or——"

"Steer a ship from a distance?" I interrupted.

"Certainly, a small one, say a lightship, with no one aboard her."

"How could you steer her?"

"Oh, by a simple arrangement of commutators and relays. It isn't worth while going into the thing, but you could send one signal through the ether that would part her cables, say by an explosive tube or a simple fusing process. Then you could send another signal that would open her throttle-valve and start her engines. Of course, I'm assuming fires up and boilers full. Then you could send other signals that would put her helm to starboard or port and so on. And straightway your lightship would go where you wanted her to. There may not seem to be much sense in steering an empty lightship about, but don't you see the vast usefulness in warfare of such control over certain other craft? Think a moment."

He smiled mysteriously while I thought.

"You mean torpedo craft?"

"Exactly. The warfare of the future will have startling things in it; perhaps the steering of torpedo craft from a distance will be counted in the number. But we may leave the details to those who will work them out."

And here, I think, we may leave this whole fascinating subject, in the hope that we have seen clearly what already is, and with a half discernment what is yet to be.

STALKY AND CO.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill.

VII.

THE LAST TERM.

IT was within a few days of the holidays, the term-end examinations, and, more important still, the issue of the College paper which Beetle edited. He had been cajoled into that office by the blandishments of Stalky and McTurk and the extreme rigor of study law. Once installed, he discovered, as others have done before him, that his duty was to do the work while his friends criticized. Stalky christened it the "Swillingford Patriot," in pious memory of Sponge—and McTurk compared the output unfavorably with Ruskin and De Quincey. Only the Head took an interest in the publication, and his methods were peculiar. He gave Beetle the run of his brown-bound, tobacco-scented library; prohibiting nothing, recommending nothing. There Beetle found a fat armchair, a silver inkstand, and unlimited pens and paper. There were scores and scores of ancient dramatists; there were Hakluyt, his voyages; French translations of Muscovite authors called Pushkin and Lermontoff; little tales of a heady and bewildering nature, interspersed with unusual songs—Peacock was that writer's name; there was Borrow's "Lavengro"; an odd theme, purporting to be a translation of something,

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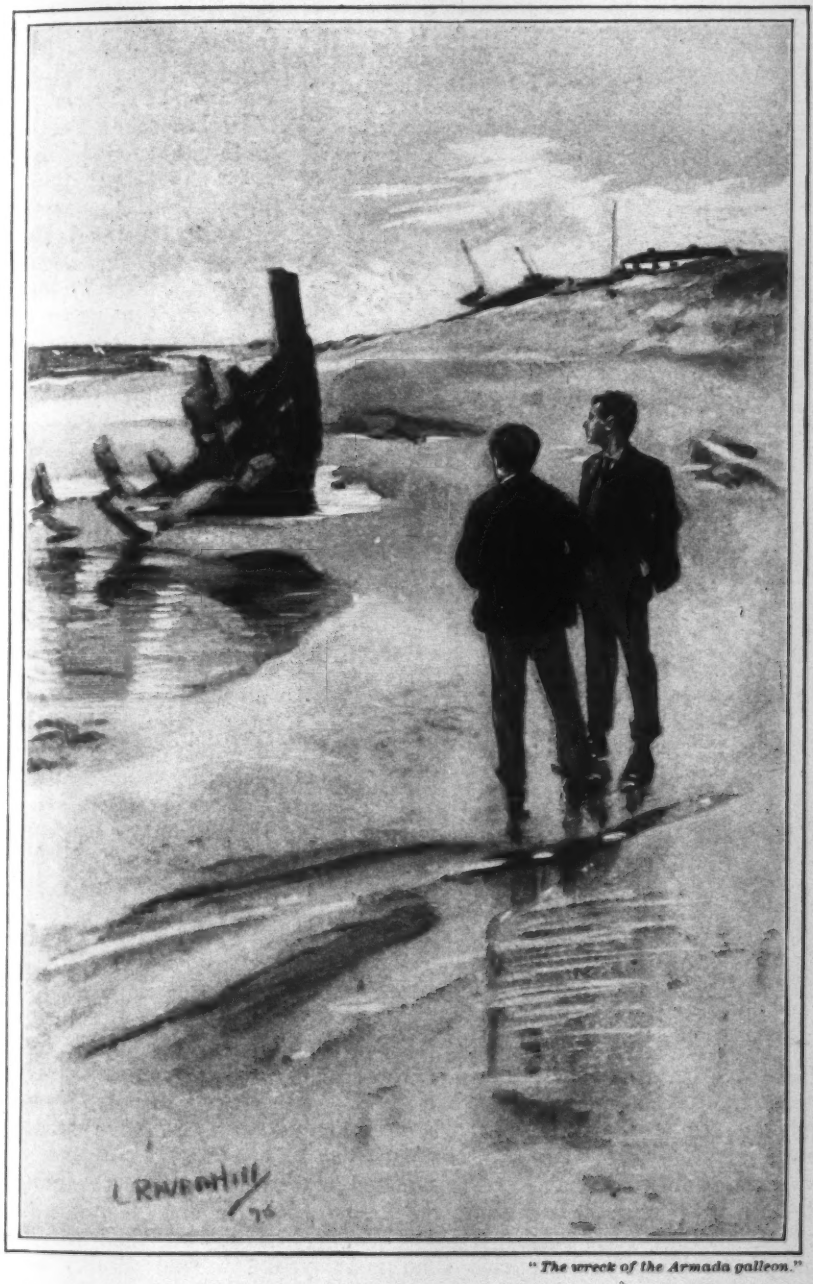


"The wreck of the Armada galleon."

called a "Rubáiyát," which the Head said was a poem not yet come to its own; there were hundreds of volumes of verse—Crashaw; Dryden; Alexander Smith; L.E.L.; Lydia Sigourney; Fletcher and a purple island; Donne; Marlowe's "Faust"; and this made McTurk (to whom Beetle conveyed it) sheer drunk for three days—Ossian; "The Earthly Paradise"; "Atalanta in Calydon"; and Rossetti—to name only a few. Then the Head, drifting in under pretense of playing censor to the paper, would read here a verse and here another of these poets, opening up avenues. And, slow breathing, with half-shut eyes above his cigar, would he speak of great men living, and journals, long dead, founded in their riotous youth; of years when all the planets were little new-lit stars trying to find their places in the uncaring void, and he, the Head, knew them as young men know one another. So the regular work went to the dogs, Beetle being full of other matters and meters, hoarded in secret and only told to McTurk of an afternoon, on the sands, walking high and disposedly round the wreck of the Armada galleon, shouting and declaiming against the long-ridged sea.

Thanks in large part to their house-master's experienced distrust, the three for three consecutive terms had been passed over for promotion to the rank of prefect—an office that went by merit, and carried with it the honor of the ground-ash, and liberty, under restrictions, to use it.

"*But*," said Stalky, "come to think of it, we've done more giddy jesting with the Sixth since we've been passed over than any one else in the last seven years."

He touched his neck proudly. It was en-

Mary Yeo.

circled by the stiffest of stick-up collars, which custom decreed could be worn only by the Sixth. And the Sixth saw those collars and said no word. "Pussy," Abanazar, or Dick Four of a year ago would have seen them discarded in five minutes or . . . But the Sixth of that term was made up mostly of young but brilliantly clever boys, pets of the house-masters, too anxious for their dignity to care to come to open odds with the resourceful three. So they crammed their caps at the extreme back of their heads, instead of a trifle over one eye as the Fifth should, and rejoiced in patent-leather boots on week-days, and marvelous made-up ties on Sundays—no man rebuking. McTurk was going up for Cooper's Hill, and Stalky for Sandhurst, in the spring; and the Head had told them both that, unless they absolutely collapsed during the holidays, they were safe. As a trainer of colts, the Head seldom erred in an estimate of form.

He had taken Beetle aside that day and given him much good advice, not one word of which did Beetle remember when he dashed up to the study, white with excitement, and poured out the wondrous tale. It demanded a great belief.

"*You* begin on a hundred a year?" said McTurk unsympathetically. "Rot!"

"*And* my passage out! It's all settled. The Head says he's been breaking me in for this for ever so long, and I never knew—I never knew. One don't begin with writing straight off, y'know. Begin by filling in telegrams and cutting things out o' papers with scissors."

"Oh, Scissors! What an ungodly mess you'll make of it," said Stalky. "But, anyhow, this will be your last term, too. Seven years, my dearly beloved 'earers—though not prefects."

"Not half bad years, either," said McTurk. "I shall be sorry to leave the old Coll.; shan't you?"

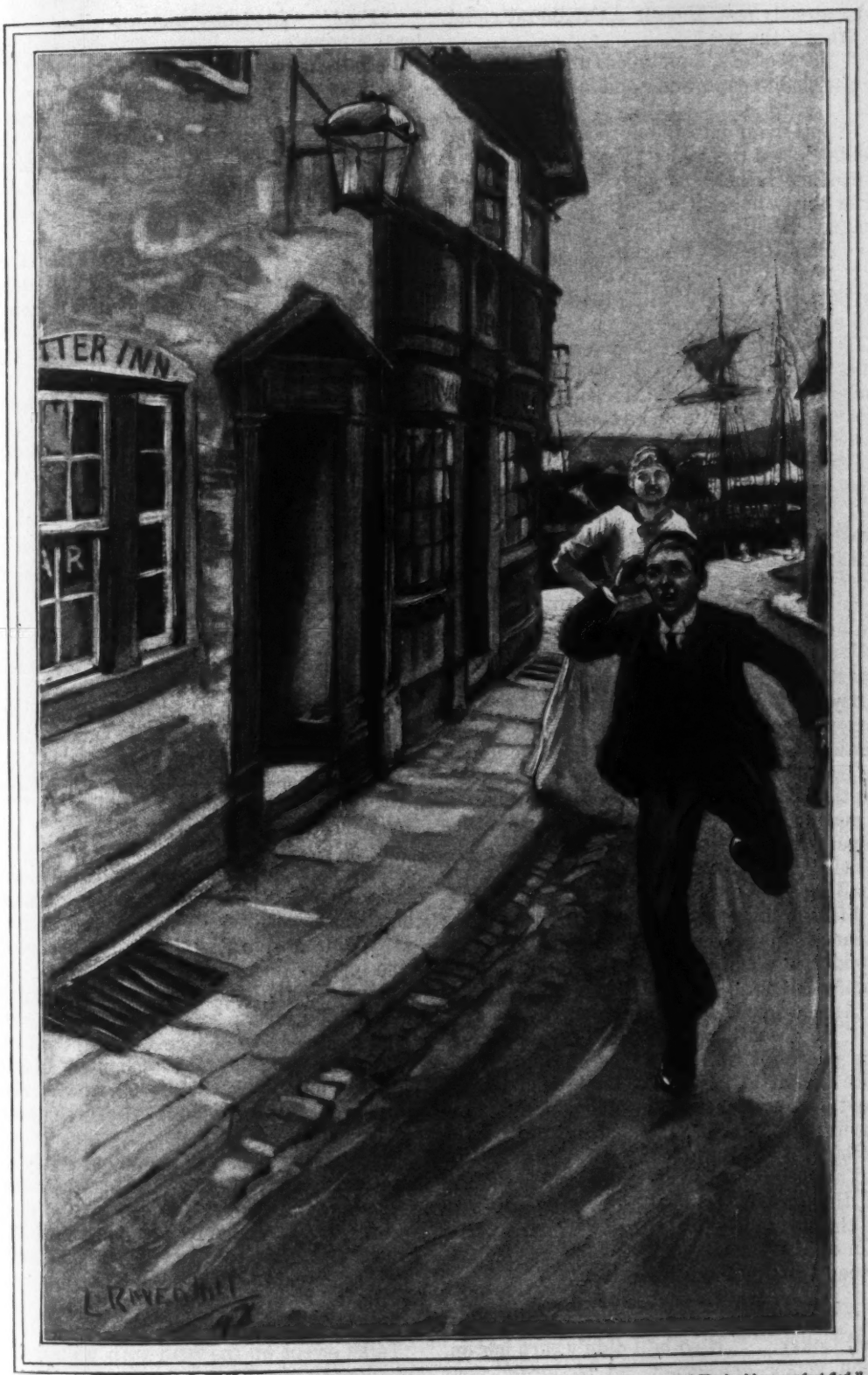
They looked out over the sea creaming along the Pebble Ridge in the clear winter light. "Wonder where we shall all be this time next year?" said Stalky absently.

"This time five years," said McTurk.

"Oh," said Beetle, "my leavin's between ourselves. The Head hasn't told any one. I know he hasn't, because Prout grunted at me to-day that if I were more reasonable—yah!—I might be a prefect next term. I suppose he's hard up for his prefects."

"Let's finish up with a row with the Sixth," suggested McTurk.

"Dirty little schoolboys!" said Stalky,



"The luckless prefect fled."

who already saw himself a Sandhurst cadet. "What's the use?"

"Moral effect," quoth McTurk. "Leave an imperishable tradition, and all the rest of it."

"Better go into Bideford an' pay up our debts," said Stalky. "I've got three quid out of my father—*ad hoc*. Don't owe more than thirty bob, either. Cut along, Beetle, and ask the Head for leave. Say you want to correct the 'Swillingford Patriot.'"

"Well, I do," said Beetle. "It'll be my last issue, and I'd like it to look decent. I'll catch him before he goes to his lunch."

Ten minutes later they wheeled out in line, by grace released from five o'clock call-over, and all the afternoon lay before them. So also unluckily did King, who never passed without witticisms. But brigades of Kings could not have ruffled Beetle that day.

"Aha! Enjoying the study of light literature, my friends," said he, rubbing his hands. "Common mathematics are not for such soaring minds as yours, are they?"

("One hundred a year," thought Beetle, smiling into vacancy.)

"Our open incompetence takes refuge in the flowery paths of inaccurate fiction. But a day of reckoning approaches, Beetle mine. I myself have prepared a few trifling foolish questions in Latin prose which can hardly be evaded even by your practised acts of deception. Ye-es. Latin prose. I think, if I may say so—but we shall see when the papers are set—'Ulpian serves *your* need.' Aha! '*Elucescebat*, quoth our friend.' We shall see! We shall see!"

Still no sign from Beetle. He was on a steamer, his passage paid into the wide and wonderful world—a thousand leagues beyond Lundy Island.

King dropped him with a snarl.

"He doesn't know. He'll go on correctin' exercises an' jawin' an' showin' off before the little boys next term—and next." Beetle hurried after his companions up the steep path of the furze-clad hill behind the College.

They were throwing pebbles on the top of the gasometer, and the grimy gas-man in charge bade them desist. They watched him oil a turncock sunk in the ground between two furze-bushes.

"Cokey, what's that for?" said Stalky.

"To turn the gas on to the kitchens," said Cokey. "If so be I didn't turn her on, yeou young gen'lemen 'ud be larnin' your book by candlelight."

"Um!" said Stalky, and was silent for at least a minute.

"Hullo! Where are you chaps going?"

A bend of the lane brought them face to face with Tulke, senior prefect of King's house—a smallish, white-haired boy, of the type that must be promoted on account of its intellect, and ever afterwards appeals to the Head to support its authority when zeal has outrun discretion.

The three took no sort of notice. They were on lawful pass. Tulke repeated his question hotly, for he had suffered many slights from Number Five study, and most mistakenly fancied that he had at last caught them tripping.

"What the devil is that to you?" Stalky replied with his sweetest smile.

"Look here, I'm not goin'—I'm not goin' to be sworn at by the Fifth!" sputtered Tulke.

"Then cut along and call a prefects' meeting," said McTurk, knowing Tulke's weakness.

The prefect became inarticulate with rage.

"Mustn't yell at the Fifth that way," said Stalky. "It's vile bad form."

"Cough it up, ducky!" McTurk said soothingly.

"I—I want to know what you chaps are doing out of bounds?" This with an important flourish of his ground-ash.

"Ah," said Stalky. "Now we're gettin' at it. Why didn't you ask that before?"

"Well, I ask it now. What are you doing?"

"We're admiring you, Tulke," said Stalky. "We think you're no end of a fine chap, don't we?"

"We do! We do!" A dog-cart with some girls in it swept round the corner, and Stalky promptly kneeled before Tulke in the attitude of prayer; so Tulke turned a color.

"I've reason to believe—" he began.

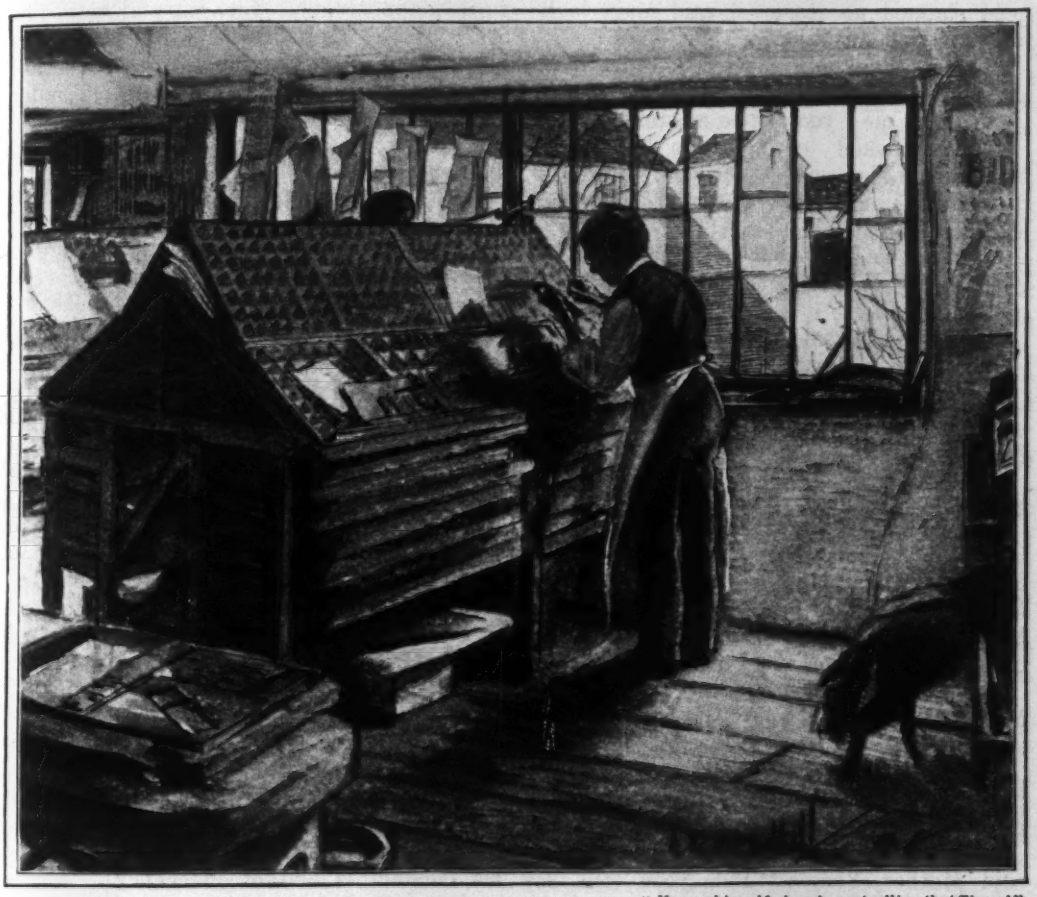
"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" shouted Beetle, after the manner of Bideford's town crier. "Tulke has reason to believe! Three cheers for Tulke!"

They were given. "It's all our giddy admiration," said Stalky. "You know how we love you, Tulke. We love you so much we think you ought to go home and die. You're too good to live, Tulke."

"Yes," said McTurk. "*Do* oblige us by dyin'. Think how lovely you'd look stuffed!"

Tulke swept up the road with an unpleasant glare in his eye.

"That means a prefects' meeting—sure



"He saw himself already controlling the 'Times.'"

pop," said Stalky. "Honor of the Sixth involved, and all the rest of it. Tulke'll write notes all this afternoon, and Carson will call us up after tea. They daren't overlook that."

"Bet you a bob he follows us!" said McTurk. "He's King's pet, and it's scalps to both of 'em if we're caught out. We must be virtuous."

"Then I move we go to Mother Yeo's for a last gorge. We owe her about ten bob, and Mary'll weep sore when she knows we're leaving," said Beetle.

"She gave me an awful wipe on the head last time—Mary," said Stalky.

"She does if you don't duck," said McTurk. "But she generally kisses one back. Let's try Mother Yeo."

They sought a little bottle-windowed half-dairy, half-restaurant, a dark-browed, two-hundred-year-old house, at the head of a narrow side street. They had patronized it from the days of their fagdom, and were very much friends at home.

"We've come to pay our debts, mother," said Stalky, sliding his arm round the fifty-six-inch waist of the mistress of the establishment. "To pay our debts and say good-by—and—and we're awf'ly hungry."

"Aie!" said Mother Yeo, "makkin' love to me! I'm shaamed of 'ee."

"Reckon us wouldn't du no such thing if Mary was here," said McTurk, lapsing into the broad North Devon that the boys used on their campaigns.

"Who'm takin' my name in vain?" The inner door opened, and Mary, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and apple-cheeked, entered with a bowl of cream in her hands. McTurk kissed her. Beetle followed suit, with exemplary calm. Both boys were promptly cuffed.

"Niver kiss the maid when 'e can kiss the mistress," said Stalky, shamelessly winking at Mother Yeo, as he investigated a shelf of jams.

"Glad to see *one* of 'ee don't want his

head slapped no more?" said Mary invitingly, in that direction.

"Neu! Reckon I can get 'em give me," said Stalky, his back turned.

"Not by me—yeou little masterpiece!"

"Niver asked 'ee. There's maids to Northam. Yiss—an' Appledore." An unreproducible sniff, half contempt, half reminiscence, rounded the retort.

"Aie! Yeou won't niver come to no good end. Whutt be 'baout, smellin' the cream?"

"'Tees bad," said Stalky. "Zmell 'un."

Incautiously Mary did as she was bid.

"Bidevoor kiss."

"Niver amiss," said Stalky, taking it without injury.

"Yeou—yeou—yeou—" Mary began, bubbling with mirth.

"They'm better to Northam—more rich, laike—an' us gets them give back again," he said, while McTurk solemnly waltzed Mother Yeo out of breath, and Beetle told Mary the sad news, as they sat down to clotted cream, jam, and hot bread.

"Yiss. Yeou'll niver zee us no more, Mary. We'm goin' to be passons an' missioners."

"Steady the Buffs!" said McTurk, looking through the blind. "Tulke *has* followed us. He's comin' up the street now."

"They've niver put us out o' bounds," said Mother Yeo. "Bide yeou still, my little dearrs." She rolled into the inner room to make the score.

"Mary," said Stalky, suddenly, with tragic intensity. "Do 'ee lov' me, Mary?"

"Iss—fai! Talled 'ee zo since yeou was zo high!" the damsel replied.

"Zee 'un comin' up street, then?" Stalky pointed to the unconscious Tulke. "He've niver been kissed by no sort or manner o' maid in hees borned laife, Mary. Oh, 'tees shaamful!"

"Whutt's to do with me? 'Twill come to 'un in the way o' nature, I reckon." She nodded her head sagaciously. "You niver want me to kiss un—sure-*ly*?"

"Give 'ee half-a-crown if 'ee will," said Stalky, exhibiting the coin.

Half-a-crown was much to Mary Yeo, and a jest was more; but——

"Yeu'm afraid," said McTurk, at the psychological moment.

"Aie!" Beetle echoed, knowing her weak point. "There's not a maid in Northam 'ud think twice. An' yeou such a fine maid, tu!"

McTurk planted one foot firmly against the inner door lest Mother Yeo should return inopportunely, for Mary's face was set. It was then that Tulke found his way blocked by a tall daughter of Devon—that county of easy kisses, the pleasantest under the sun. He dodged aside politely. She reflected a moment, and laid a vast hand upon his shoulder.

"Where be 'ee gwaine tu, my dearr?" said she.

Over the handkerchief he had crammed into his mouth Stalky could see the boy turn scarlet.

"Gie I a kiss! Don't they larn 'ee manners to College?"

Tulke gasped and wheeled. Solemnly and conscientiously Mary kissed him twice, and the luckless prefect fled.

She stepped into the shop, her eyes full of simple wonder.

"Kissed 'un?" said Stalky, handing over the money.

"Iss, fai! But, oh, my little body, *he*'m no Colleger. 'Zeemed tu-minded to cry, laike."

"Well, we won't. You couldn't make us cry that way," said McTurk. "Try."

Whereupon Mary cuffed them all round.

As they went out with tingling ears, said Stalky generally, "Don't think there'll be much of a prefects' meeting."

"Won't there, just!" said Beetle. "Look here. If he kissed her—which is our tack—he is a cynically immoral hog, and his conduct is blatant indecency. *Confer orationes Regis furiosissimi*, when he collared me readin' 'Don Juan.'"

"Course he kissed her," said McTurk. "In the middle of the street. With his house-cap on!"

"Time, 3.57 P.M. Make a note o' that. What d'you mean, Beetle?" said Stalky.

"Well! He's a truthful little beast. He may say he was kissed."

"And then?"

"Why, then!" Beetle capered at the mere thought of it. "Don't you see? The corollary to the giddy proposition is that the Sixth can't protect 'emselves from outrages an' ravishin's. Want nursemaids to look after 'em! We've only got to whisper that to the Coll. Jam for the Sixth! Jam for us! Either way it's jammy!"

"By Gum!" said Stalky. "Our last term's endin' well. Now you cut along an' finish up your old rag, and Turkey and me will help. We'll go in the back way. No need to bother Randall."

"Don't play the giddy garden-goat, then?" Beetle knew what help meant, though he was by no means averse to show-

"They heard him groping in the wet."

ing his importance before his allies. The little loft behind Randall's printing-office was his own territory, where he saw himself already controlling the "Times." Here, under the guidance of the inky apprentice, he had learned to find his way more or less circuitously about the case, and considered himself an expert compositor.

The school paper in its locked formes lay on a stone-topped table, a proof by the side; but not for worlds would Beetle have corrected from the mere proof. With a mallet and a pair of tweezers, he knocked out mysterious wedges of wood that released the forme, picked a letter here and inserted a letter there, reading as he went along and stopping much to chuckle over his own contributions.

"You won't show off like that," said McTurk, "when you've got to do it for your living. Upside down and backwards, isn't it? Let's see if I can read it."

"Get out!" said Beetle. "Go and read those formes in the rack there, if you think you know so much."

"Formes in a rack! What's that? Don't be so beastly professional."

McTurk drew off with Stalky to prowl about the office. They left little unturned.

"Come here a shake, Beetle. What's this thing?" said Stalky, in a few minutes. "Looks familiar."

Said Beetle, after a glance: "It's King's Latin prose exam. paper. *In—In Verrem: actio prima*. What a lark!"

"Think o' the pure-souled, high-minded boys who'd give their eyes for a squint at it!" said McTurk.

"No, Willie dear," said Stalky; "that would be wrong and painful to our kind teachers. You wouldn't crib, Willie, would you?"

"Can't read the beastly stuff, anyhow," was the reply. "Besides, we're leavin' at the end o' the term, so it makes no difference to us."

"'Member what the Considerate Bloomer did to Spraggon's account of the Puffin'ton-Hounds? We must sugar Mr. King's milk for him," said Stalky, all lighted from within by a devilish joy. "Let's see what Beetle can do with those forceps he's so proud of."

"Don't see how you *can* make Latin prose much more cock-eyed than it is, but we'll try," said Beetle, transposing an *aliud* and *Asiæ* from two sentences. "Let's see! We'll put that full-stop a little further on, and begin the sentence with the next capital. Hurrah! Here's three lines that can move up all in a lump."

"'One of those scientific rests for which this eminent huntsman is so justly cele-

brated.'" Stalky knew the Puffington run by heart.

"Hold on! Here's a *vol—voluntate quidnam* all by itself," said McTurk.

"I'll attend to her in a shake. *Quidnam* goes after *Dolabella*."

"Good old Dolabella," murmured Stalky. "Don't break him. Vile prose Cicero wrote, didn't he? He ought to be grateful for——"

"Hullo!" said McTurk, over another forme. "What price a giddy ode? *Qui—quis*—oh, it's *Quis multa gracilis*, o' course."

"Bring it along. We've sugared the milk here," said Stalky, after a few minutes' zealous toil. "Never thrash your hounds unnecessarily."

"*Quis munditiis?* I swear that's not bad," began Beetle, plying the tweezers. "Don't that interrogation look pretty? *Heu quoties fidem!* That sounds as if the chap were anxious an' excited. *Cui flavam religas in rosa*—Whose flavor is relegated to a rose. *Mutatosque Deos flebit in antro.*"

"Mute gods weepin' in a cave," suggested Stalky. "'Pon my Sam, Horace needs as much lookin' after as—Tulke."

They edited him faithfully till it was too dark to see.

. . . . . .

"'Aha! *Elucescebat*, quoth our friend.' Ulpian serves my need, does it? If King can make anything out of *that*, I'm a blue-eyed squatteroo," said Beetle, as they slid out of the loft window into a back alley of old acquaintance and started on a three-mile trot to the College. But the revision of the classics had detained them too long. They halted, blown and breathless, in the furze at the back of the gasometer, the College lights twinkling below, ten minutes at least late for tea and lock-up.

"It's no good," puffed McTurk. "Bet a bob the sergeant is waiting for defaulters under the lamp by the fives-court. It's a nuisance, too, because the Head gave us long leave, and one doesn't like to break it."

"'Let me now from the bonded ware-'ouse of my knowledge,'" began Stalky.

"Oh, rot! Don't Jorrock. Can we make a run for it?" snapped McTurk.

"'Bishops' boots Mr. Radcliffe also condemned, an' spoke 'ighly in favor of tops cleaned with champagne an' apricot jam.' Where's that thing Cokey was twiddlin' this afternoon?"

They heard him groping in the wet, and presently beheld a great miracle. The lights of the Coastguard cottages near the sea went out; the brilliantly illuminated windows of the golf-club disappeared, and were followed by the frontage of the two hotels. Scattered villas dulled, twinkled, and vanished. Last of all, the College lights died also. They were left in the pitchy darkness of a windy winter's night.

"'Blister my kidneys. It *is* a frost. The dahlias are dead!'" said Stalky. "Bunk!"

They squattered through the dripping gorse as the College hummed like an angry hive and the dining-rooms chorused, "Gas! gas! gas!" till they came to the edge of the sunk path that divided them from their study. Dropping that ha-ha like bullets, and rebounding like boys, they dashed to their study, in less than two minutes had changed into dry trousers and coat, and, ostentatiously slippered, joined the mob in the dining-hall, which resembled the storm center of a South American revolution.

"'Hellish dark and smells of cheese.'" Stalky elbowed his way into the press, howling lustily for gas. "Cokey must have gone for a walk. Foxy'll have to find him."

Prout, as the nearest house-master, was trying to restore order, for rude boys were flicking butter-pats across chaos, and McTurk had turned on the fags' tea-urn, so that many were parboiled and wept with an unfeigned dolor. The Fourth and Upper Third broke into the school song, the "*Vive la Compagnie*," to the accompaniment of drumming knife-handles; and the junior forms shrilled bat-like shrieks and raided one another's victuals. Two hundred and fifty boys in high condition, seeking for more light, are truly earnest inquirers.

When a most vile smell of gas told them supplies had been renewed, Stalky, waistcoat unbuttoned, sat gorgedly over what might have been his fourth cup of tea. "And that's all right," he said. "Hullo! 'Ere's Pomponius Ego!"

It was Carson, the head of the school, a simple, straight-minded soul, and a pillar of the First Fifteen, who crossed over from the prefects' table and in a husky, official voice invited the three to attend in his study in half an hour.

"Prefects' meetin'! Prefects' meetin'!" hissed the tables, and they imitated barbarically the actions and effects of the ground-ash.

"How are we goin' to jest with 'em?" said Stalky, turning half-face to Beetle. "It's your play this time!"

"Look here," was the answer, "all I want you to do is not to laugh. I'm goin' to take charge o' young Tulke's immorality

—*à la* King, and it's goin' to be serious. If you can't help laughin' don't look at me, or I'll go pop."

"I see. All right," said Stalky.

McTurk's lank frame stiffened in every muscle and his eyelids dropped half over his eyes. That last was a war-signal.

The eight or nine seniors, their faces very set and sober, were ranged in chairs round Carson's severely Philistine study. Tulke was not popular among them, and a few who had had experience of Stalky and Company doubted that he might, perhaps, have made an ass of himself. But the dignity of the Sixth was to be upheld. So Carson began hurriedly:

"Look here, you chaps, I've—we've sent for you to tell you you're a good deal too cheeky to the Sixth—have been for some time—and—and we've stood about as much as we're goin' to, and it seems you've been cursin' and swearin' at Tulke on the Bideford road this afternoon, and we're goin' to show you you can't do it. That's all."

"Well, that's awfully good of you," said Stalky, "but we happen to have a few rights of our own, too. You can't, just because you happen to be made prefects, haul seniors up and jaw 'em on spec., like a house-master. *We* aren't fags, Carson. This kind of thing may do for Davies Tertius, but it won't do for us."

"It's only old Prout's lunacy that we weren't prefects long ago. You know that," said McTurk. "You haven't any tact."

"Hold on," said Beetle. "A prefects' meetin' has to be reported to the Head. I want to know if the Head backs Tulke in this business?"

"Well—well, it isn't exactly a prefects' meeting," said Carson. "We only called you in to warn you."

"But all the prefects are here," Beetle insisted. "Where's the difference?"

"My Gum!" said Stalky. "Do you mean to say you've just called us in for a jaw—after comin' to us before the whole school at tea an' givin' 'em the impression it was a prefects' meeting? 'Pon my Sam, Carson, you'll get into trouble, you will."

"Hole-an'-corner business—hole-an'-corner business," said McTurk, wagging his head. "Beastly suspicious."

The Sixth looked at each other uneasily. Tulke had called three prefects' meetings in two terms, till the Head had informed the Sixth that they were expected to maintain discipline without the recurrent menace of his authority. Now, it seemed that they had made a blunder at the outset, but any right-minded boy would have sunk the legality and been properly impressed by the Court. Beetle's protest was distinct "cheek."

"'I'm Mister Corkran.'"

"Well, you chaps deserve a lickin'," cried one Naughten incautiously. Then was Beetle filled with a noble inspiration.

"For interferin' with Tulke's amours, eh?" Tulke turned a rich sloe color. "Oh, no, you don't!" Beetle went on. "You've had your innings. We've been sent up for cursing and swearing at you, and we're goin' to be let off with a warning! *Are* we? Now then, you're going to catch it."

"I—I—I—" Tulke began. "Don't let that young devil start jawing."

"If you've anything to say you must say it decently," said Carson.

"Decently? I will. Now look here. When we went into Bideford we met this ornament of the Sixth—is that decent enough?—hanging about on the road with a nasty look in his eye. We didn't know *then* why he was so anxious to stop us, *but* at five minutes to four, when we were in Yeo's shop, we saw Tulke *in* broad daylight, *with* his house-cap on, kissin' an' huggin' a woman *on* the pavement. Is that decent enough for you?"

"I didn't—I wasn't."

"We saw you!" said Beetle. "And now—I'll be decent, Carson—you sneak back with her kisses" (not for nothing had Beetle perused the later poets) "hot on your lips and call prefects' meetings, which aren't prefects' meetings, to uphold the honor of the Sixth." A new and heaven-cleft path

opened before him that instant. "And how do we know," he shouted—"how do we know how many of the Sixth are mixed up in this abominable affair?"

"Yes, that's what we want to know," said McTurk, with simple dignity.

"We meant to come to you about it quietly, Carson, but you *would* have the meeting," said Stalky sympathetically.

The Sixth were too taken aback to reply. So, carefully modeling his rhetoric on King, Beetle followed up the attack, surpassing and surprising himself.

"It—it isn't so much the cynical immorality of the biznai, as the blatant indecency of it, that's so awful. As far as we can see, it's impossible for us to go into Bideford without runnin' up against some prefect's unwholesome amours. There's nothing to snigger over, Naughten. *I* don't pretend to know much about these things—but it seems to me a chap must be pretty far dead in sin" (that was a quotation from the school Chaplain) "when he takes to embracing his paramours" (that was Hakluyt) "before all the city" (a reminiscence of Milton). "He might at least have the decency—you're authorities on decency, I believe—to wait till dark. But he didn't. You didn't! Oh, Tulke. You—you incontinent little animal!"

"Here, shut up a minute. What's all this about, Tulke?" said Carson.

"I—look here. I'm awfully sorry. I never thought Beetle would take this line."

"Because—you've—no decency—you—thought—I hadn't," cried Beetle all in one breath.

"Tried to cover it all up with a conspiracy, did you?" said Stalky.

"Direct insult to all three of us," said McTurk. "A most filthy mind you have, Tulke."

"I'll shove you fellows outside the door if you go on like this," said Carson angrily.

"That proves it's a conspiracy," said Stalky, with the air of a virgin martyr.

"I—I was goin' along the street—I swear I was," cried Tulke, "and—and I'm awfully sorry about it—a woman came up and kissed me. I swear I didn't kiss her."

There was a pause, filled by Stalky's long, liquid whistle of contempt, amazement, and derision.

"On my honor," gulped the persecuted one. "Oh, do stop him jawing."

"Very good," McTurk interjected. "We are compelled, of course, to accept your statement."

"Confound it!" roared Naughten. "You aren't head-prefect here, McTurk."

"Oh, well," returned the Irishman, "you know Tulke better than we do. I am only speaking for ourselves. *We* accept Tulke's word. But all I can say is that if *I*'d been collared in a similarly disgustin' situation, and had offered the same explanation Tulke has, I—I wonder what you'd have said. However, it seems on Tulke's word of honor——"

"And Tulkus—beg pardon—*kiss*, of course—Tulkiss is an honorable man," put in Stalky.

"——that the Sixth can't protect 'emselves from bein' kissed when they go for a walk!" cried Beetle, taking up the running with a rush. "Sweet business, isn't it? Cheerful thing to tell the fags, ain't it? We aren't prefects, of course, but we aren't kissed very much. Don't think that sort of thing ever enters our heads; does it, Stalky?"

"Oh, no!" said Stalky, turning aside to hide his emotions. McTurk's face merely expressed lofty contempt and a little weariness.

"Well, you seem to know a lot about it," interposed a prefect.

"Can't help it—when you chaps shove it under our noses." Beetle dropped into a drawling parody of King's most biting colloquial style—the gentle rain after the thunder-storm. "Well, it's all very sufficiently vile and disgraceful, isn't it? I don't know who comes out of it worst: Tulke, who happens to have been caught; or the other fellows who haven't. And we—" here he wheeled fiercely on the other two—"we've got to stand up and be jawed by them because we've disturbed their intrigues."

"Hang it! I only wanted to give you a word of warning," said Carson, thereby handing himself bound to the enemy.

"Warn? You?" This with the air of one who finds loathsome gifts in his locker. "Carson, *would* you be good enough to tell us what conceivable thing there is that you are entitled to warn us about after this exposure? Warn! Oh, it's a little *too* much. Let's go somewhere where it's clean."

The door banged behind their outraged innocence.

"Oh, Beetle! Beetle! Beetle! Golden Beetle!" sobbed Stalky, hurling himself on Beetle's panting bosom as soon as they

reached the study. "However did you do it?"

"Dear-r man!" said McTurk, embracing Beetle's head with both arms, while he swayed it to and fro on the neck, in time to this ancient burden—

"Pretty lips—sweeter than—cherry or plum,
Always look—jolly and—never look glum;
Seem to say—Come away. Kissy!—come, come!
Yummy-yum! Yummy-yum! Yummy-yum! Yum!"

"Look out. You'll smash my gig-lamps," puffed Beetle, emerging. "Wasn't it glorious? Didn't I 'Eric' 'em splendidly? Did you spot my cribs from King? Oh, blow!" His countenance clouded. "There's one adjective I didn't use—obscene. Don't know how I forgot that. It's one of King's pet ones, too."

"Never mind. They'll be sendin' ambassadors round in half a shake to beg us not to tell the school. It's a deuced serious business for them," said McTurk. "Poor Sixth—poor old Sixth!"

"Immoral young rips," Stalky snorted. "What an example to pure-souled boys like you and me!"

And the Sixth in Carson's study sat aghast, glowering at Tulke, who was on the edge of tears.

"Well," said the head-prefect acidly. "You've made a pretty average ghastly mess of it, Tulke."

"Why—why didn't you lick that young devil Beetle before he began jawing?" wailed Tulke.

"I knew there'd be a row," said a prefect of Prout's house. "But you would insist on the meeting, Tulke."

"Yes, and a fat lot of good it's done us," said Naughten. "They come in here and jaw our heads off when we ought to be jawin' them. Beetle talks to us as if we were a lot of blackguards and—and all that. And when they've hung us up to dry, they go out and slam the door like a house-master. All your fault, Tulke."

"But I didn't kiss her."

"You ass! If you'd said you *had* and stuck to it, it would have been ten times better than what you did," Naughten retorted. "Now they'll tell the whole school—and Beetle'll make up a lot of beastly rhymes and nick-names."

"But hang it. She kissed me!" Outside of his work, Tulke's mind moved slowly.

"I'm not thinking of you. I'm thinking of *us*. I'll go up to their study and see if I can make 'em keep quiet!"

"Tulke's awf'ly cut up about this business," Naughten began, ingratiatingly, when he found Beetle.

"Who's kissed him this time?"

"——and I've come to ask you chaps, and especially you, Beetle, not to let the thing be known all over the school. Of course, fellows as senior as you are can easily see why."

"Um!" said Beetle, with the cold reluctance of one who foresees an unpleasant public duty. "I suppose I must go and talk to the Sixth again."

"Not the least need, my dear chap, I assure you," said Naughten hastily. "I'll take any message you care to send."

But the chance of supplying the missing adjective was too tempting. So Naughten returned to that still undissolved meeting, Beetle, white, icy, and aloof, at his heels.

"There seems," he began, with laboriously crisp articulation, "there seems to be a certain amount of uneasiness among you as to the steps we may think fit to take in regard to this last revelation of the—ah—obscene. If it is any consolation to you to know that we have decided—for the honor of the school, you understand—to keep our mouths shut as to these—ah—obscenities, you—ah—have it."

He wheeled, his head among the stars, and strode statelily back to his study, where Stalky and McTurk lay side by side upon the table wiping their tearful eyes—too weak to move.

. . . . . .

The Latin prose paper was a success beyond their wildest dreams. Stalky and McTurk were, of course, out of all examinations (they did extra-tuition with the Head), but Beetle attended with zeal.

"This, I presume, is a par-ergon on your part," said King, as he dealt out the papers. "One final exhibition ere you are translated to loftier spheres? A last attack on the classics? It seems to confound you already."

Beetle studied the print with knit brows. "*I* can't make head or tail of it," he murmured. "What does it mean?"

"No, no!" said King, with scholastic coquetry. "We depend upon *you* to give us the meaning. This is an examination, Beetle mine, not a guessing-competition. You will find your associates have no difficulty in——"

Tulke left his place and laid the paper on the desk. King looked, read, and turned a ghastly green.

"Stalky's missing a heap," thought Beetle. "Wonder how King'll get out of it?"

"There seems," King began with a gulp, "a certain modicum of truth in our Beetle's remark. I am—er—inclined to believe that the worthy Randall must have dropped this in forme—if you know what that means. Beetle, you purport to be an editor. Perhaps you can enlighten the form as to formes."

"What, sir? Whose form? *I* don't see that there's any verb in this sentence at all, an'—an'—the Ode is all different, somehow."

"I was about to say, before you volunteered your criticism, that an accident must have befallen the paper in type, and that the printer reset it by the light of nature. No—" he held the thing at arm's length—"our Randall is not an authority on Cicero or Horace."

"Rather mean to shove it off on Randall," whispered Beetle to his neighbor. "King must ha' been as screwed as an owl when he wrote it out."

"But we can amend the error by dictating it."

"No, sir." The answer came pat from a dozen throats at once. "That cuts the time for the exam. Only two hours allowed, sir. 'Tisn't fair. It's a printed-paper exam. How're we goin' to be marked for it? It's all Randall's fault. It isn't *our* fault anyhow. An exam.'s an exam.," etc., etc.

Naturally Mr. King considered this was an attempt to undermine his authority, and, instead of beginning dictation at once, delivered a lecture on the spirit in which examinations should be approached. As the storm subsided, Beetle fanned it afresh.

"Eh? What? What was that you were saying to MacLagan?"

"I only said I thought the papers ought to have been looked at before they were given out, sir."

"Hear, hear!" from a back bench.

Mr. King wished to know whether Beetle took it upon himself personally to conduct the traditions of the school. His zeal for knowledge ate up another fifteen minutes, during which the prefects showed unmistakable signs of boredom.

"Oh, it was a giddy time," said Beetle, afterwards, in dismantled Number Five. "He gibbered a bit, and I kept him on the gibber, and then he dictated about a half of Dolabella & Co."

"*Good* old Dolabella! Friend of mine. Yes?" said Stalky.

"Then we had to ask him how every other word was spelt, of course, and he gibbered a lot more. He cursed me and MacLagan (Mac played up like a trump) and Randall, and the 'materialized ignorance of the unscholarly middle classes,' 'lust for mere marks,' and all the rest. It was what you might call a final exhibition—a last attack—a giddy par-ergon."

"But o' course he was blind squiffy when he wrote the paper. I hope you explained *that?*" said Stalky.

"Oh, yes. I told Tulke so. I said an immoral prefect an' a drunken house-master were legitimate inferences. Tulke nearly blubbed. He's awfully shy of us since Mary's time."

Tulke preserved that modesty till the last moment—till the journey-money had been paid, and the boys were filling the brakes that took them to the station. Then the three tenderly constrained him to wait awhile.

"You see, Tulke, you may be a prefect," said Stalky, "but I've left the Coll. *Do* you see, Tulke, dear?"

"Yes, I see. Don't bear malice, Stalky."

"Stalky? Curse your impudence, you young cub," shouted Stalky, magnificent in top-hat, stiff collar, spats, and high-waisted, snuff-colored ulster. "I want you to understand that *I'm* Mister Corkran, an' you're a dirty little schoolboy."

"Besides bein' frabjously immoral," said McTurk. "Wonder you aren't ashamed to foist your company on pure-minded boys like us."

"Come on, Tulke," cried Naughten, from the prefects' brake.

"Yes, we're comin'. Shove up and make room, you Collegers. You've all got to be back next term, with your 'Yes, sir,' and 'Oh, sir,' an' 'No, sir,' an' 'Please, sir'; but before we say good-by we're going to tell you a little story. Go on, Dickie" (this to the driver); "we're quite ready. Kick that hat-box under the seat, an' don't crowd your Uncle Stalky."

"As nice a lot of high-minded youngsters as you'd wish to see," said McTurk, gazing round with bland patronage. "A trifle immoral, but then—boys will be boys. It's no good tryin' to look stuffy, Carson. *Mister* Corkran will now oblige with the story of Tulke an' Mary Yeo!"

WITH TROOP M ON THE FRONTIER.

By W. J. Carney.

THERE is nothing that will cause more excitement in a frontier post than to hear, in the dead of night, the bugler blowing Boots and Saddles. To hear the same call in the daytime might mean many things—drill, exercise for the horses, or mounted inspection to give an officer an opportunity to show off his troop to some favored visitor. But to hear it after Taps, and when the garrison is quiet, means only one thing, and that is Indians.

It was the winter of '66 and '67 at Fort Sedgwick, Colorado Territory. The night was bitter cold, so cold that the men on guard had to be changed every hour instead of every two hours. The sentry out near the big haystacks had just called the hour of half-past twelve, and as the last words, "All's well," were said, the clear notes of the bugle could be heard from the Adjutant's office, blowing Boots and Saddles.

There was but one troop of cavalry at the fort and three companies of infantry. This one troop had to do the scouting and escort duty for one hundred miles in all directions. It was commanded by Captain John Fox, with Lieutenant Keene second in command. It was said that Troop M, Second United States Cavalry, with old Johnnie Fox at its head, could whip a thousand hostile Indians. Be that as it may, it was called on pretty often to perform hard services.

Thirty-seven men—all that were able to do duty—were soon in the saddle, with three days' rations and 100 rounds of cartridges. We crossed the Platte River on the ice, and headed for Pine Bluff, on what proved to be one of the most terrible expeditions that I ever experienced in my fourteen years on the frontier.

Of course, the officer in command was the only one who knew the object of the expedition; but before morning we learned that the government wood-choppers at work sixty miles northwest of the fort were besieged by Indians, and had not been able to leave their cabins to get wood or water for ten days. A wood-chopper who had made his escape from camp on the tenth night of the siege reported his companions as in desperate need of help. We kept moving all night, and just at daybreak had made Forty-two-Mile Ranch, or Pole Creek Crossing, on the Laramie road. The troop was commanded by Lieutenant Keene for some reason never explained, and the men were not allowed to leave the ranks during the few moments we stopped at this ranch, although many of us were already more or less frost-bitten: I am sure there were not ten men in the outfit who could load and fire their guns at this time, their hands were so numb with the cold.

About two miles out from the ranch we turned short to the right, and not a thousand yards away we saw a band of about a hundred Indians with their war-paint on; they had stopped to prepare arrows. We gave them a complete surprise, charged their camp, and fired a few wild shots which ought to have shown our Lieutenant how few of the men were able to fight. The Indians sprang to their ponies, and were away in a flash, with our troop hot on their trail. We kept within rifle range of them for three miles or so, firing a few scattering shots as we ran, but only two took effect. I thought every moment that the Indians must find out our helpless condition; if they had turned on us, we would have been killed like sheep in the shambles. I know that if my life had depended on it at that time, I could not have held my carbine except by letting it rest in the hollow of my arm; as for pulling the trigger, that would have been utterly impossible. We lost sight of the Indians in a ravine, and halted for a short time. The helpless condition of the men was made known to Lieutenant Keene; but, nevertheless, he kept on, and all that day we wandered about in the snow-drifts. Our only chance of keeping alive was by dropping off our horses every now and then, and running; when unable to keep up, we held to the stirrup, and the horses dragged us along. When all tired out, we would mount again, and so it went on all day long.

We had now been twenty-one hours without a fire or a drink, even of cold water.

". . . THE THERMOMETER FROM TEN TO THIRTY-THREE DEGREES BELOW ZERO, AND A BLIZZARD RAGING MORE THAN HALF THE TIME."

Never shall I forget with what feelings of despair I watched the night approaching. The air appeared blue, and there was a fine mist that froze to man and horse until the whole troop looked like white spectres. I know, in talking among ourselves, that not many expected to live until morning, unless we got to shelter and a fire. At times we would become so scattered among the drifts that the bugler would be instructed to sound a halt. Poor fellow, it was a strange noise he made with his cold lips—and by the way, he lost one of his feet on that trip, it being so badly frozen that amputation was necessary. At such times, those of us who had the most life would ride around, picking up others who were stuck in the snow-drifts and had given up the struggle. When we got together, we would plunge along again. About midnight we came upon a trail, and it gave us some hope of getting out of our terrible sufferings. Imagine our despair when, on closer inspection, we found it to be our own trail, and that we had been going around in a circle! The snow and mist, or sleet, was now so dense that one could hardly see the man in advance of him; the wind was a perfect roar; the poor horses were becoming weaker and weaker, and there was great danger that they would give out.

Along about daybreak we came to a wood-chopper's cabin. Our Lieutenant went in, and remained about ten minutes. We expected to stay and get warmed up, and have some hot coffee, but the Lieutenant, hearing of a camp further up, where there was more wood cut and plenty of water, started out again. Never was there a greater mistake, for the blizzard came on so severe that we were completely lost, and wandered about on that desolate ridge for two days and a night before we got out, making three days and three nights in the saddle, with the thermometer from ten to thirty-three degrees below zero, and a blizzard raging more than half the time.

About midnight of the third, or last, night the horses played out, so we were compelled to halt where we were. The snow was so deep that we formed a line two deep, and made a continual right about wheel until the snow was trampled down. Many of the men were unable to dismount, and had to be lifted out of their saddles. There we remained until morning, stamping our feet to keep from freezing to death. Some of the men were foolish enough to pull off their boots, and their frozen feet became so swollen that they could not get their boots on again and had to tear up their blankets for wrappings to do their feet up in. The spot where we passed that terrible night is where the Union Pacific Railroad depot now stands in the town of Sidney, Nebraska.

When daylight came, we knew we must be in the valley through which ran Lodge Pole Creek. Strange as it may seem, the Lieutenant planned to cut across the plain to the Platte River, a distance of thirty miles at least, and then, by following down the river, to strike Fort Sedgwick; this he planned knowing the possibilities of again being lost. We found out, when it was light enough to see, that two men were missing. One was Private Frank B. Flanders, who dropped out during the second night. He was picked up three days afterward by the wood train. It seemed nothing short of a miracle that he was alive. He was put into a wagon with snow piled around his legs to keep them frozen until he arrived at a place where he could get medical attendance. He had been five days without food or drink, save what snow he ate. Snow, by the way, was all any of us had while we were lost. Flanders had both legs cut off a little above the ankle; in another month he underwent a second operation, and had both legs cut off a little below the knees. He is now living in Goffstown, New Hampshire, or was in 1898.

Now, we all knew that by following down the creek it would not be many hours until we came to a ranch where we could get refreshments and a fire. It will be asked, Was not the Lieutenant undergoing the same hardships as the men, or did he ask them to suffer more than he did? There was one pack-horse with the outfit, and his load was made up entirely of the Lieutenant's belongings, which included plenty of blankets, so that he could be warm anywhere he lay down. He also had enough hard pitch-pine to cook a pot of coffee whenever he wished, and he had an extra horse, and a servant to attend to his wants. We all talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that in our pitiable plight it meant death to follow the Lieutenant, and there was a committee of three appointed to go to him and state our case. I was one of the three, and, not at all to my liking, I became spokesman. He treated us with contempt, and threatened to have us all court-martialed. I told him I would rather be shot for mutiny than die like a dog in a snow-drift.

We got orders to move, and the poor fellows who were unable to mount we helped to

"WE DISCOVERED IN A LITTLE RAVINE THREE MEN LYING DEAD WITH THEIR BODIES FULL OF ARROWS."

their horses. The creek was to be the test of our discipline. If the Lieutenant crossed it and kept on south, it certainly meant death to many of us. If he turned to the left and went down the creek, it meant that in a few hours we should be under shelter. Of course, it is a soldier's duty to obey orders, and there was not a man of us who would have flinched at any duty, no matter what the suffering, if there had been any sense or reason in it; but to go any farther seemed nothing short of madness. We crossed the creek and started south, and how our hopes sunk! We traveled about an hour, and I don't think there were ten words spoken. Then we all began to talk and shout, and the men were straggled all over the prairie. The storm was coming on again, and I think the Lieutenant got a little "rattled," for we saw him strike out at a trot with five men in an entirely different direction from the one we had been following. I had been all through this valley, and hunted for miles on each side of it, while doing escort duty for the surveyors of the Union Pacific Railroad; so I took it upon myself to guide the party that was left to a place called Loueye's Ranch, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon in a blinding blizzard, and found that the Lieutenant and his party were there ahead of us. We drew up in line in front of the ranch, and as the men began to dismount most of them fell to the ground with the left foot stuck in the stirrup. Colonel Kellogg, with his wife and their escorts, were staying at the ranch over night; he was on his way to Fort Phil Kearny. The Colonel and his beautiful wife helped to get the men into the ranch, and took care of them all through the long night. It was not until then that the awful condition of the men became fully known, for as the heat got to the parts frozen they became terribly swollen. The next day four six-mule government wagons and two mule ambulances came from Fort Sedgwick, and all possible speed was to be made to get the frozen men to the fort, where they could have medical attendance. The cold weather had not abated to any great extent, and it required sharp work to keep those of the men who were frozen the worst from going to sleep in the wagons.

Out of the thirty-seven men who had left the fort four days before, there were twenty-eight empty saddles; and one horse and a man were unaccounted for. The men who were able to ride led the saddled horses. I noted the angry face of Captain Fox as he saw the remnants of his company go by. He addressed a few remarks to Lieutenant Keene. I did not hear what he said, as enlisted men are not supposed to hear an officer when he reprimands another; but I don't think what he said would look nice in print, nor do I believe the Captain said anything that would prompt the Lieutenant to prefer mutiny charges. There were nine of those frozen men who lost parts of their bodies, some a foot, others a hand; one, a German, went to blow his nose a week or so later, and when he got through he held the fleshy part between his fingers and thumb. One man lost both legs; another lost three fingers; one an ear and the heel of his right foot, and many were discharged for disability.

It took all winter for M troop to get recruited up for the spring campaigns, which opened with active work in our vicinity on the Union Pacific Railroad. The Indians were very troublesome, killing and scalping all along the line. Three surveying parties were forced to come to the fort to escape slaughter. Finally, General Potter, the commander of the fort, gave Colonel Hill, the engineer in charge of the surveying party, twenty cavalrymen for an escort, and with the other men in the party it made a very strong force for those times. I went out with this outfit, and was gone four months, during which time we had many sharp brushes with the Indians. Some of the civilians with the surveying party had been picked up back in the States. It was hard to convince them that there was any danger of an attack by Indians, and when warned by the soldiers to keep up with the train, they made a laughing matter of it. One morning, after an early start from Table Rock, the new men began as usual to lag behind, hunting antelope and jack-rabbits. When about two miles from where we had camped the night before, we were startled by hearing rapid firing in the rear. Our sergeant, whose name was Freeman, called for ten of his men to follow, and we went at a fast gallop to the place where the firing had seemed to be. As we drew near, we discovered in a little ravine three men lying dead with their bodies full of arrows. The Indians had stripped them of every stitch of clothing, and then had taken their scalps. Two of the soldiers were sent after a wagon to bring the dead men into camp, and the rest of us took the trail, and followed the Indians; but they got away.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

A NOVEL.

By Booth Tarkington.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

By five years of hard, often disheartening, labor, John Harkless, "a young man from the East," has brought the "Carlow County Herald" from bankruptcy to prosperity, and made it a decided moral force in the town of Plattville. He has compelled an unsavory politician, Rodney McCune, to retire to private life; he has sent eight members of a gang of marauders, known as "White Caps," to the penitentiary; and he has retrieved from drunkenness a broken-down schoolmaster, Fisbee, and given him employment on the paper. By these achievements he has secured the gratitude of all concerned except the White Caps, who threaten vengeance. He pays no attention to the threats, and, therefore, some one of his friends, by a secret understanding among them, guards him at night, without his knowing it. One night, as he is about to enter the house of Judge Briscoe, in order to make a call on a visitor there, Miss Sherwood, he is fired upon. The fire is gallantly returned by William Todd, the appointed guard for that night; but while Harkless is still exposed to it, and is, indeed, making boldly for the very bush from which it comes, he is stopped by a pressure on his arm and a cry at his side. He turns, and sees a young woman whom, presumably, he has never seen before and does not know, but who has been foreshadowed to him in many a romantic dream. He urges her to return to the house; she refuses to leave him; he catches her up in his arms, and carries her in, a final bullet from the White Caps whistling in his ears as he goes. The young woman proves to be the visitor, Miss Sherwood; and she seems to be in some way related to the old man, Fisbee.

CHAPTER IV.

JUNE.

JUDGE BRISCOE smiled grimly, and leaned on his shotgun, in the moonlight by the veranda. He and William Todd had been kicking down the elder-bushes, and returning to the house, found Minnie alone on the porch. "Safe?" he said to his daughter, who turned an anxious face upon him. "They'll be safe enough now, and in our garden."

"Maybe I oughtn't to have let them go."

"Pooh! They're all right. That scalawag's half-way to Six-Cross-Roads by this time; isn't he, William?"

"He tuck up the fence like a scared rabbit," Mr. Todd responded, looking into his hat to avoid meeting the eyes of the lady; "and I didn't have no call to foller. He knowed how to run, I reckon. Time Mr. Harkless come out the yard again we see him take across the road to the wedge woods, near half-a-mile up. Somebody else with him then—looked like a kid. Must 'a' cut across the field to join him. They're fur enough toward home by this."

"Did Miss Helen shake hands with you four or five times?" asked Briscoe, chuckling.

"No. Why?" said Minnie.

"Because Harkless did. My hand aches, and I guess William's does, too. He nearly shook our arms off when we told him he'd been a fool. Seemed to do him good. I told him he ought to hire somebody to take a shot at him every morning before breakfast—not that it's any joking matter," the old gentleman finished thoughtfully.

"I should say not," said William, with a deep frown and a jerk of his head toward the rear of the house. "*He* jokes about it enough. Wouldn't even promise to carry a gun after this. Said he wouldn't know how to use it—never shot one off since he was a boy, on the Fourth of July. This is the third time he's be'n shot at this year, but he says the others was at a—what'd he call it?"

"'A merely complimentary range,'" Briscoe supplied. He handed William a cigar, and bit the end off another himself. "Minnie, you better go in the house and read, I expect—unless you want to go down to the creek and join those folks."

"*Me!*" she exclaimed. "I know when to stay away, I guess. Do go and put that terrible gun up."

"No," said Briscoe, lighting his cigar deliberately. "It's all safe, there's no question of that; but maybe William and I better go out and take a smoke in the orchard as long as they stay down at the creek."

In the garden, shafts of white light pierced the bordering trees and fell where June roses breathed the mild night breeze, and here, through summer spells, the editor of the "Herald" and the lady who had run to him at the pasture-bars strolled down a path trembling with shadows to where the creek tinkled over the pebbles. They walked

slowly, with an air of being well-accustomed friends and comrades, and for some reason it did not strike either of them as unnatural or extraordinary. They came to a bench on the bank, and he made a great fuss dusting the seat for her with his black slouch hat. Then he regretted the hat—it was a shabby old hat of a Carlow County fashion.

It was a long bench, and he seated himself rather remotely toward the end opposite her, suddenly realizing that he had walked very close to her coming down the narrow garden path. Neither knew that neither had spoken since they left the veranda, and it had taken them a long time to come through the little orchard and the garden. She rested her chin on her hand, leaning forward and looking steadily at the creek. Her laughter had quite gone; her attitude seemed a little wistful and a little sad. He noted that her hair curled over her brow in a way he had not pictured in the lady of his dreams; this was so much prettier. He did not care for tall girls. He had not cared for them for almost half an hour. It was so much more beautiful to be dainty and small and piquant. He had no notion that he was sighing in a way that would have put a furnace to shame, but he turned his eyes from her because he feared that if he looked longer he might blurt out some speech about her loveliness. His glance rested on the bank, but its diameter included the edge of her white skirt and the tip of a little white, high-heeled slipper that peeped out from beneath; and he had to look away from that, too, to keep from telling her that he meant to advocate a law compelling all women to wear crisp white gowns and white kid slippers on moonlight nights.

She picked a long spear of grass from the turf before her, twisted it absently in her fingers, then turned to him slowly. Her lips parted as if to speak. Then she turned away again. The action was so odd, and, somehow, as she did it, so adorable, and the preserved silence was such a bond between them, that for his life he could not have helped moving half-way up the bench toward her.

"What is it?" he asked, and he spoke in a whisper such as he might have used at the bedside of a dying friend. He would not have laughed if he had known he did so. She twisted the spear of grass into a little ball, and threw it at a stone in the water before she answered.

"Do you know, Mr. Harkless, you and I have not 'met,' have we? Didn't we forget to be presented to each other?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sherwood. In the perturbation of comedy I forgot."

"It was melodrama, wasn't it?" she said. He laughed, but she shook her head.

"Purest comedy," he said gaily, "except your part of it. You shouldn't have done it. This evening was not arranged in honor of 'visiting ladies.' But you mustn't think me a comedian; truly I didn't plan it. My friend from Six-Cross-Roads must be given the credit of devising the scene, though you divined it."

"It was a little too picturesque, I think. I know about Six-Cross-Roads. Please tell me what you mean to do."

"Nothing. What should I?"

"You mean that you will keep on letting them shoot at you, until they—until you—" She struck the bench angrily with her hand.

"There's no summer theater in Six-Cross-Roads; there's not even a church. Why shouldn't they?" he asked gravely. "During the long and tedious evenings it cheers the poor Cross-Roader's soul to drop over here and take a shot at me. It whiles away dull care for him, and he has the additional exercise of running all the way home."

"Ah," she cried indignantly, "they told me you always answered like this."

"Well, you see the Cross-Roads efforts have proved so thoroughly hygienic for me. As a patriot I have sometimes felt extreme mortification that such bad marksmanship should exist in the county, but I console myself with the thought that their best shots are unhappily in the penitentiary."

"There are many left. Can't you understand that they will organize again and come in a body, as they did before you broke them up? And then, if they come on a night when they know you are wandering out of town——"

"You have not had the advantage of an intimate study of the most exclusive people of the Cross-Roads, Miss Sherwood. There are about thirty gentlemen who remain in that neighborhood while their relatives sojourn under discipline. If you had the *entrée* over there, you would understand that these thirty could not gather themselves into a company and march the seven miles without physical debate in the ranks. They are not precisely amiable people, even amongst themselves. They would quarrel and shoot one another to pieces long before they got here."

"But they worked in a company once."

"Never for seven miles. Four miles was their radius. Five would see them all dead."

She struck the bench again. "Oh, you laugh at me! You make a joke of your own life and death, and laugh at everything. Have five years of Plattville taught you to do that?"

"I laugh only at taking the poor Cross-Roaders too seriously. I don't laugh at your running into fire to help a fellow-mortal."

"I knew there wasn't any risk. I knew he had to stop to load before he shot again."

"He did shoot again. If I had known you before to-night—I—" His tone changed, and he spoke gravely. "I am at your feet in worship of your divine philanthropy. It's so much finer to risk your life for a stranger than for a friend."

"That is a man's point of view, isn't it?"

"You risked yours for a man you had never seen before."

"Oh, no; I saw you at the lecture. I heard you introduce the Hon. Mr. Halloway."

"Then I don't understand your wishing to save me."

She smiled unwillingly, and turned her gray eyes upon him with troubled sunniness; and under the sweetness of her regard he set a watch upon his lips, though he knew it would not avail him long. He had driveled along respectably so far, he thought; but he had the sentimental longings of years, starved of expression, culminating in his heart. She continued to look at him wistfully, searchingly, gently. Then her eyes traveled over his big frame, from his shoes (a patch of moonlight fell on them; they were dusty; he drew them under the bench with a shudder) to his broad shoulders (he shook the stoop out of them). She stretched her small white hands toward him, and looked at them in contrast, and broke into the most delicious low laughter in the world. At this he knew the watch on his lips was worthless. It was a question of minutes till he should present himself to her eyes as a sentimental and susceptible imbecile. He knew it. He was in wild spirits.

"Could you realize that one of your dangers might be a shaking?" she cried. "Is your seriousness a lost art?" Her laughter ceased suddenly. "Ah, no. I understand. Thiers said the French laugh always in order not to weep. I haven't lived here five years. I should laugh, too, if I were you."

"Look at the moon," he responded. "We Plattvillians own that with the best of metropolitans; and, for my part, I see more of it here. You do not appreciate us. We have large landscapes in the heart of the city, and what other capital has advantages like that? Next winter the railway station is to have a new stove for the waiting-room. Heaven itself is one of our suburbs; it is so close that all one has to do is to die. You insist upon my being French, you see; and I know you are fond of nonsense. How did you happen to put 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' at the bottom of a page of Fisbee's notes?"

"Was it? How were you sure it was I?"

"In Carlow County!"

"He might have written it himself."

"Fisbee has never in his life read anything lighter than cuneiform inscriptions."

"Miss Briscoe——"

"She doesn't read Lewis Carroll, and it was not her hand. What made you write it on Fisbee's manuscript?"

"He was here this afternoon. I teased him a little about your heading in the 'Herald,' 'Business and the Cradle, the Altar and the Grave,' isn't it? And he said it had always troubled him, but your predecessor had used it, and you thought it good. So do I. He asked me if I could think of anything that you might like better and put in place of it, and I wrote, 'The time has come,' because it was the only thing I could think of that was as appropriate and as fetching as your head-lines. He was perfectly dear about it. He was so serious; he said he feared it wouldn't be acceptable. I didn't notice that the paper he handed me to write on was part of his notes; nor did he, I think. Afterward he put it back in his pocket. It wasn't a message."

"I'm not so sure he did not notice. He is very wise. Do you know, I have the impression that the old fellow wanted me to meet you."

"How dear and good of him!" She spoke earnestly, and her face was suffused with a warm light. There was no doubt about her meaning what she said.

"It was," John answered, unsteadily. "He knew how great was my need of a few minutes' companionableness with—with——"

"No," she interrupted. "I meant dear and good to me. I think he was thinking of me. It was for my sake he wanted us to meet."

It might have been hard to convince a woman, if she had overheard this speech,

that Miss Sherwood's humility was not the calculated affectation of a coquette. Sometimes a man's unsuspicion is wiser, and Harkless knew that she was not flirting with him. In addition, he was not a fatuous man; he did not extend the implication of her words nearly so far as she would have had him.

"But I had met you," said he, "long ago."

"What!" she cried, and her eyes danced. "You actually remember?"

"Yes; do you?" he answered. "I stood in Jones's field and heard you singing, and I remembered. It was a long time since I had heard you sing:

"'I was a ruffler of Flanders,
And fought for a florin's hire.
You were the dame of my captain
And sang to my heart's desire.'

"But that is the balladist's notion. The truth is that you were a lady at the court of Clovis, and I was a heathen captive. I heard you sing a Christian hymn, and asked for baptism."

She did not seem over-pleased with his fancy, for, the surprise fading from her face, "Oh, that was the way you remembered," she said.

"Perhaps it was not that way alone. You won't despise me for being mawkish to-night?" he asked. "I haven't had the chance for so long."

The night air wrapped them warmly, and the balm of the little breezes that stirred the foliage around them was the smell of damask roses from the garden. The creek splashed over the pebbles at their feet, and a drowsy bird, half-wakened by the moon, crooned languorously in the sycamores. The girl looked out at the sparkling water through downcast lashes. "Is it because it is so transient that beauty is pathetic," she said; "because we can never come back to it in quite the same way? I am a sentimental girl. If you are born so, it is never entirely teased out of you, is it? Besides, to-night is all a dream. It isn't real, you know. You couldn't be mawkish."

Her tone was gentle as a caress, and it made him tingle to his finger-tips. "How do you know?" he asked.

"I just know. Do you think I'm very bold and forward?" she said, dreamily.

"It was your song I wanted to be sentimental about. I am like one 'who through long days of toil'—only that doesn't quite apply—'and nights devoid of ease'—but I can't claim that one doesn't sleep well here, it is Plattville's specialty; like one who

"'Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.'"

"Yes," she answered, "to come here and to do what you have done, and to live this isolated village life that must be so desperately dry and dull for a man of your sort, and yet to have the kind of heart that makes wonderful melodies sing in itself—oh," she cried, "I say that is fine!"

"You do not understand," he returned, sadly, wishing, before her, to be unmercifully just to himself. "I came here because I couldn't make a living anywhere else. And the 'wonderful melodies'—I have only known you one evening—and the melodies—" He rose to his feet, and took a few steps toward the garden. "Come," he said, "let me take you back; let us go before I—" he finished with a helpless laugh.

She stood by the bench, one hand resting on it; she stood all in the tremulant shadow. She moved one step toward him, and a single long sliver of light pierced the sycamores and fell upon her head. He gasped.

"What was it about the melodies?" she said.

"Nothing. I don't know how to thank you for this evening that you have given me. I—I suppose you are leaving to-morrow. No one ever stays here. I——"

"What about the melodies?"

He gave it up. "The moon makes people insane," he cried.

"If that is true, then you need not be more afraid than I, because 'people' is plural. What were you saying about——"

"I *had* heard them—in my heart. When I heard your voice to-night, I knew that it was you who sang them there, had been singing them for me always."

"So!" she cried, gaily. "All that debate about a pretty speech!" Then, sinking before him in a courtesy, "I am beholden to you," she said. "Do you think no man ever made a little flattery for me before to-night?"

At the edge of the orchard, where they could keep an unseen watch on the garden and the bank of the creek, Judge Briscoe and Mr. Todd were ensconced under an apple-tree, the former still armed with his shotgun. When the young people got up from their bench, the two men rose hastily, then sauntered slowly toward them. When they met, Harkless shook each of them cor-

dially by the hand without seeming to know it.

"We were coming to look for you," explained the Judge. "William was afraid to go home alone; thought some one might take him for Mr. Harkless and shoot him before he got into town. Can you come out with Willetts in the morning, Harkless," he went on, "and go with the young ladies to see the parade? And Minnie wants you to stay to dinner, and go to the show with them in the afternoon."

Harkless seized his hand and shook it, and then laughed heartily as he accepted the invitation.

At the gate Miss Sherwood extended her hand to him, and said politely, while mockery shone from her eyes: "Good-night, Mr. Harkless. I do not leave to-morrow. I am very glad to have met you."

"We are going to keep her all summer if we can," said Minnie, weaving her arm about her friend's waist. "You'll come in the morning?"

"Good-night, Miss Sherwood," he returned, hilariously. "It has been such a pleasure to meet you. Thank you so much for saving my life. It was very good of you indeed. Yes; in the morning. Good-night, good-night." He shook hands with all of them again, including Mr. Todd, who was going with him. He laughed all the way home, and William walked at his side in amazement.

The Herald Building was a decrepit frame structure on Main Street; it had once been a small warehouse, and was now sadly in need of paint. Closely adjoining it, in a large, blank-looking yard, stood a low brick cottage, over which the second story of the old warehouse leaned in an effect of tipsy affection that had reminded Harkless, when he first saw it, of an old Sunday-school book wood-cut of an inebriated parent under convoy of a devoted child. The title to these two buildings and the blank yard had been included in the purchase of the "Herald," and the cottage was the editor's home.

There was a light burning up-stairs in the "Herald" office. From the street a broad, tumble-down stairway ran up on the outside of the building to the second floor, and at the stairway railing John turned and shook his companion warmly by the hand.

"Good-night, William," he said. "It was plucky of you to join in that muss to-night. I shan't forget it."

"I jest happened to come along," replied the other awkwardly; then, with a portentous yawn, he asked: "Ain't ye goin' to bed?"

"No; Parker wouldn't allow it."

"Well," observed William, with another yawn, which threatened to expose the veritable soul of him, "I d'know how ye stand it. It's closte on eleven o'clock. Good-night."

John went up the steps, singing aloud,

> "For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
> For to-night we'll merry, merry be,"

and stopped on the sagging platform at the top of the stairs, and gave the moon good-night with a wave of the hand and friendly laughter. At this it suddenly struck him that he was twenty-nine years of age, and that he had laughed a great deal that evening; laughed and laughed over things not in the least humorous, like an excited schoolboy making a first formal call; that he had shaken hands with Miss Briscoe, when he left her, as if he should never see her again; that he had taken Miss Sherwood's hand twice in one very temporary parting; that he had shaken the Judge's hand five times and William's four.

"Idiot!" he cried. "What has happened to me?" Then he shook his fist at the moon, and went in to work—he thought.

CHAPTER V.

MORNING.—"SOME IN RAGS, AND SOME IN TAGS, AND SOME IN VELVET GOWNS."

THE bright sun of circus-day shone into Harkless's window, and he awoke to find himself smiling. For a little while he lay content, drowsily wondering why he smiled, only knowing that there was something new. It was thus, as a boy, he had wakened on birthday mornings, or on Christmas, or on the Fourth of July, drifting happily out of pleasant dreams into the consciousness of long-awaited delights that had come true, yet lying only half awake in a cheerful borderland, leaving happiness undefined.

The morning breeze was fluttering at his window-blind, a honeysuckle vine tapped lightly on the pane. Birds were trilling, warbling, whistling, and from the street came the rumbling of wagons, merry cries of greeting, and the barking of dogs. What was it made him feel so young and strong and light-hearted? The breeze brought him the smell of June roses, fresh and sweet with dew, and then he knew why he had

come smiling from his dreams. He leaped out of bed, and shouted loudly: "Zen! Hello, Xenophon!"

In answer an ancient, very black darkey, his warped and wrinkled visage showing under his grizzled hair like charred paper in a fall of pine ashes, put his head in at the door and said: "Good-mawn', suh. Yessuh. Hit's done pump' full. Good-mawn', suh."

A few moments later the colored man, seated on the front steps of the cottage, heard a mighty splashing within, while the rafters rang with stentorian song:

"He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,
He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,
He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

"Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Johnnie's so long at the Fair!"

The listener's jaw dropped, and his mouth opened and stayed open. "*Him!*" he muttered faintly. "*Singin'!*"

"Well the old Triangle knew the music of our tread;
How the peaceful Seminole would tremble in his bed!"

sang the editor.

"I dunno huccome it," exclaimed the old man; "but, bless Gawd! de young man happy." A thought struck him suddenly, and he scratched his head. "Maybe he goin' away," he said, querulously. "What become o' ole Zen?" The splashing ceased, but not the voice, which struck into a noble marching chorus.

"Oh, my Lawd," said the colored man, "I pray you listen at dat!"

"Soldiers marching up the street.
They keep the time;
They look sublime!
Hear them play Die Wacht am Rhein—
They call it Schneider's Band.
Tra la la, la la."

The length of Main Street and all sides of the Square resounded with the rattle of vehicles of every kind. Since earliest dawn they had been pouring into the village, a long procession, on every country road. The air was full of exhilaration; everybody was laughing and shouting and calling greetings, for Carlow County was turning out, and from far and near the country people came; nay, from over the county line; and clouds of dust arose from every thoroughfare and highway, and swept into town to herald their coming.

Dibb Zane, the "sprinkling contractor," had been at work with the town water-cart since the morning stars were bright, but he might as well have watered the streets with his tears; which, indeed, when the farmers began to come in, bringing their cyclones of dust, he drew nigh unto, after a burst of profanity as futile as his cart.

"Tief wie das Meer soll deine Liebe sein,"

hummed the editor in the cottage. His song had taken on a reflective tone, as that of one who cons a problem, or musically ponders which card to play. He was kneeling before an old trunk in his bed-chamber. From one compartment he took a neatly folded pair of duck trousers and a light-gray tweed coat; from another, a straw hat with a ribbon of bright colors. He examined these musingly. They had lain in the trunk for a long time undisturbed. He shook the coat, and brushed it. Then he laid the garments upon his bed, and proceeded to shave himself carefully, after which he donned the white trousers, the gray coat, and, rummaging in the trunk again, found a gay pink cravat, which he fastened about his tall collar (also a resurrection from the trunk) with a pearl pin. He took a long time to arrange his hair with a pair of brushes. When at last it suited him and his dressing was complete, he sallied forth to breakfast.

Xenophon stared after him as he went out of the gate whistling heartily. The old darkey lifted his hands, palms outward.

"Lan' name, who dat!" he exclaimed aloud. "Who dat in dem pan-jingeries? He gone jine de circus?" His hands fell upon his knees, and he got to his feet rheumatically, shaking his head with foreboding. "Honey, honey, hit' baid luck, baid luck sing 'fo' breakfus'. Trouble 'fo' de day be done. Trouble, honey, great trouble. Baid luck, baid luck!"

Along the Square the passing of the editor in his cool equipments was a progress, and wide were the eyes and deep the gasps of astonishment caused by his festal appearance. Mr. Tibbs and his sister rushed from the post-office to stare after him.

"He looks just beautiful, Solomon," said Miss Tibbs.

Harkless usually ate his breakfast alone, as he was the latest riser in Plattville. (There were days in the winter when he did not reach the hotel until eight o'clock.) This morning he found a bunch of white roses, still wet with dew and so fragrant that the whole room was fresh and sweet with

their odor, prettily arranged in a bowl on the table, and, at his plate, the largest of all with a pin through the stem. He looked up smilingly and nodded at the red-faced, red-haired waitress who was waving a long fly-brush over his head. "Thank you, Charmion," he said. "That's very pretty."

"That old Mr. Wimby was here," she answered, "and he left word for you to look out. The whole possetucky of Johnsons from the Cross-Roads passed his house this morning, comin' this way, and he see Bob Skillett on the Square when he got to town. He left them flowers. Mrs. Wimby sent 'em to ye. *I* didn't bring 'em."

"Thank you for arranging them."

She turned even redder than she always was, and answered nothing, vigorously darting her brush at an imaginary fly on the cloth. After several minutes she said abruptly, "You're welcome."

There was a silence, finally broken by a long, gasping sigh. Astonished, he looked at the girl. Her eyes were set unfathomably upon his pink tie; the wand had dropped from her nerveless hand, and she stood rapt and immovable. She started violently from her trance. "Ain't ye goin' to finish yer coffee?" she asked, plying her instrument again, and, bending slightly, whispered: "Say, Eph Watts is over there behind ye."

At a table in a far corner of the room a large gentleman in a brown frock coat was quietly eating his breakfast and reading the "Herald." He was of an ornate presence, though entirely neat. A sumptuous expanse of linen exhibited itself between the lapels of his low-cut waistcoat, and an inch of bediamonded breastpin glittered there like an ice-ledge on a snowy mountain-side. He had a steady blue eye and a dissipated iron-gray mustache. This personage was Mr. Ephraim Watts, who, following a calling more fashionable in the eighteenth century than in the latter decades of the nineteenth, had shaken the dust of Carlow from his feet some three years previously, at the strong request of the authorities. The "Herald" had been particularly insistent upon his deportation. In the local phrase, Harkless had "run him out o' town." Perhaps it was because the "Herald's" opposition (as the editor had explained at the time) had been "merely moral and impersonal," and the editor had confessed to a liking for the unprofessional qualities of Mr. Watts, that there was but a slight embarrassment when the two gentlemen met to-day. His breakfast finished, Harkless went over to the other and extended his hand. Cynthia, the waitress, held her breath, and clutched the back of a chair. However, Mr. Watts made no motion toward his well-known hip-pocket. Instead, he rose, flushing slightly, and accepted the hand offered him.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Watts," said the journalist, cordially. "And, also, if you are running with the circus and calculate on doing business here to-day, I'll have you fired out of town before noon. How are you? You're looking extremely well."

"Mr. Harkless," answered Watts, "I cherish no hard feelings, and I never said but what you done exactly right when I left, three years ago. No, sir; I'm not here in a professional way at all, and I don't want to be molested. I've connected myself with an oil company, and I'm down here to look over the ground. It beats poker and fan-tan hollow, though there ain't as many chances in favor of the dealer and in oil it's the farmer that gets the rake-off. I've come back, but in an enterprising spirit, this time, to open up a new field and shed light and money in Carlow. They told me never to show my face here again; but if you say I stay, I guess I can. I always was sure there was oil in the county, and I want to prove it for everybody's benefit. Is it all right?"

"My dear fellow," laughed the young man, shaking the gambler's hand again, "it is all right. I have always been sorry I had to act against you. Everything is all right. Stay and bore to Korea if you like. Did ever you see such glorious weather?"

"I'll let you in on some shares," Watts called after him as he turned away. The other nodded in reply, and was leaving the room when Cynthia detained him by a flourish of the fly-brush. "Say," she said—she always called him "Say"—"you've forgot yer flower."

He came back, and thanked her. "Will you pin it on for me, Charmion?"

"I don't know what call you got to speak to me out of my name," she responded, looking at the floor moodily.

"Why?" he asked, surprised.

"I don't see why you want to make fun of me."

"I beg your pardon, Cynthia," he said, gravely. "I didn't mean to do that. I haven't been considerate. I didn't think you'd be displeased. I'm very sorry. Won't you pin it on my coat?"

Her face was lifted in grateful pleasure, and she began to pin the rose to his lapel. Her hands were large and red, and trembled.

She dropped the flower, and, saying huskily, "I don't know as I could do it right," seized violently upon a pile of dishes, and hurried from the room.

Harkless rescued the rose, pinned it on his coat himself, with the internal observation that the red-haired waitress was the queerest creature in the village, and set forth upon his holiday.

Mr. Lige Willetts, a stalwart bachelor, the most eligible in Carlow, and an habitual devotee of Minnie Briscoe, was seated on the veranda when Harkless turned in at the gate of the brick house. "The ladies will be down right off," he said, greeting the editor's cool finery with a perceptible agitation, and the editor himself with a friendly shake of the hand. "Mildy says to wait out here."

There was a faint rustling within the house: the swish of draperies on the stairs; a delicious whispering, when light feet descend, tapping, to hearts that beat an answer, the telegraphic message, "We come! We come! We are near! We are near!" Lige Willetts stared at Harkless. He had never thought the latter was good-looking until he saw him step to the door to take Helen Sherwood's hand and say, in a strange, low, tense voice, "Good-morning," as if he were announcing, at the least, "Every one in the world, except us two, died last night. It is a solemn thing, but I am very happy."

They walked, Minnie and Mr. Willetts a little distance in front of the others. Harkless could not have told, afterward, whether they rode, or walked, or floated on an air-ship, to the court-house. All he knew distinctly was that a divinity in a pink shirt-waist, and a hat that was woven of gauzy cloud by mocking fairies to make him stoop hideously to see under it, dwelt for the time on earth, and was at his side, dazzling him in the morning sunshine. Last night the moon had lent her a silvery glamour. She had something of the ethereal whiteness of night-dews in that watery light, a nymph to laugh from a sparkling fountain at the moon, or, as he thought, remembering her courtesy for his pretty speech, perhaps a little lady of King Louis's court, wandering down the years from Fontainebleau and appearing to clumsy mortals sometimes of a summer night when the moon was in their heads.

But to-day she was of the daintiest color, a pretty girl whose gray eyes twinkled to his in gay companionship. He marked how the sunshine danced across the shadows of her fair hair, and seemed itself to catch a luster rather than impart it, and the light of the June day drifted through the gauzy hat to her face, touching it with a delicate and tender flush that came and went like the vibrating pink of early dawn. She had the divinest straight nose, tip-tilted a faint, alluring trifle; and a dimple cleft her chin, "the deadliest maelstrom in the world!" He thrilled through and through. He had been only vaguely conscious of the dimple in the night. It was not until he saw her by daylight that he really knew it was there.

The village hummed with life before them. They walked through shimmering airs, sweeter to breathe than nectar is to drink. She caught a butterfly basking on a jimson-weed, and, before she let it go, held it out to him in her hand. It was a white butterfly. He asked which was the butterfly.

"Bravo!" she said, tossing the captive craft above their heads and watching the small sails catch the breeze. "And so you can make little flatteries in the morning, too. It is another courtesy you should be having from me, if it weren't for the dustiness of it. Wait till we come to the board walk."

She had some big pink roses at her waist.

Indicating these, he answered, "In the meantime, I know very well a lad that would be blithe to accept a pretty token of any lady's high esteem."

"But you have one already—a very beautiful one." She gave him a genial up and down glance from head to foot, half quizzical and half applauding, but so quick he scarcely saw it; and he was glad he had resurrected the straw hat with the youthful ribbon and his other festal vestures. "And a very becoming flower a white rose is," she continued, "though I am a bold girl to be blarneying with a young gentleman I met no longer ago than last night."

"But why shouldn't you blarney with a gentleman, when you began by saving his life?"

"Especially when the gentleman had the politeness to gallop about the county with me tucked under his arm." She stood still, and laughed softly but consummately, and her eyes closed tight with the mirth of it. She had taken one of the roses from her waist, and as she stood holding it by the long stem, its cool petals lightly pressed her lips.

"You may have it—in exchange," she said. He bent down to her, and she fastened her rose in place of the white one in his coat. She did not ask him, directly or

indirectly, who had put the white one there for him. She knew by the way it was pinned that he had done it himself. "Who is it that ev'ry morning brings me these lovely flow'rs?" she burlesqued, as he bent over her.

"Mr. Wimby," he returned. "I will point him out to you. You must see him, and Mr. Bodeffer, who is the 'oldest inhabitant—and the crossest—of Carlow."

"Will you present them to me?"

"No; they might talk to you and take some of my time with you away from me."

Her eyes sparkled into his for the merest fraction of a second, and she laughed. Then she dropped his lapel, and they proceeded. She did not put the white rose in her belt, but carried it.

The Square was heaving with a jostling, moving, good-natured, happy, and constantly increasing crowd that overflowed on Main Street in both directions, and whose good nature augmented in the ratio that its size increased. The streets were a kaleidoscope of many colors, and every window opening on Main Street or the Square was filled with eager faces. By nine o'clock all the windows of the court-house, in the center of the Square, were occupied. Here most of the damsels congregated to enjoy the spectacle of the parade, and their swains attended, posted at coigns of less vantage behind the ladies. Some of the faces that peeped from the windows of the dark, old, shady court-house were pretty, and some of them were not pretty; but nearly all of them were rosy-cheeked, and all were pleasant to see because of the good cheer they kept.

Here and there, along the sidewalk below, a father worked his way through the throng, a licorice-bedaubed cherub on one arm, his coat (borne with long enough) on the other, followed by a mother, with the other children hanging to her skirts and tagging exasperatingly behind, holding red and blue toy balloons and delectable candy batons of spiral-striped peppermint in tightly closed, sadly sticky fingers. A thousand cries rent the air—the strolling mountebanks and gypsying booth-merchants, the peanut-vendors, the boys with palm-leaf fans for sale, the candy-sellers, the popcorn peddlers, the Italian with the toy balloons that float like a cluster of colored bubbles above the heads of the crowd and the balloons that wail like a baby; the red-lemonade man, shouting in the shrill voice that reaches everywhere and endures forever: "Lemo'! Lemo'! Five a glass! Ice-cole lemo'! Five cents, a nickle, a half-a-dime, the twentiethpotofadollah! Lemo'! Ice-cole lemo'!"—all the vociferating harbingers of the circus crying their wares. Timid youths in shoes covered with dust through which the morning polish but dimly shone, and unalterably hooked by the arm to blushing maidens, bought recklessly of peanuts, of candy, of popcorn, of all known sweetmeats, perchance, and forced their way to the lemonade stands; and there, all shyly, silently sipped the crimson-stained ambrosia. Everywhere the hawkers dinned, and everywhere was heard the plaintive squawk of the toy balloon.

In the court-house yard, and so sinning in the very eye of the law, two swarthy, shifty-looking gentlemen were operating (with some greasy walnut shells and a pea) what the fanciful or unsophisticated might have been pleased to call a game of chance, and the most intent spectator of the group around them was Mr. James Bardlock, the Town Marshal. He was simply and unofficially and earnestly interested. Thus, the eye of the law may not be said to have winked upon the nefariousness now under its vision; it gazed with strong curiosity, an itch to dabble, and, it must be admitted, a growing hope of profit—the game was so direct and the player so sure. Several countrymen had won small sums; and one, a charmingly rustic stranger, with a peculiar accent (he said that him and his goil should now have a smoot' olt time off his winninks—though the lady was not manifested), had pocketed twenty-five dollars with no trouble at all. The two operators seemed depressed, declaring the luck against them and the Plattville people too brilliant at the game.

It was wonderful how the young couples worked their way arm-in-arm through the thickest crowds, never separating; even at the lemonade stands they drank holding the glasses in their outer hands; such are the sacrifices demanded by etiquette. But, observing the gracious outpouring of fortune upon the rare rustic just mentioned, a youth in a green tie disengaged his arm—for the first time in two hours—from that of a girl who looked upon him with fond, uncertain smiles, and conducting her to a corner of the yard, bade her remain there until he returned. He had to speak to Hartley Bowlder, he explained.

Then he plunged, red-faced and excited, into the circle about the shell manipulators, and offered to lay a wager.

"Hol' on there, Hen Fentriss," thickly objected a flus ed young man beside him. "Iss my turn."

"I'm first, Hartley," returned the other. "You can hold yer hosses, I reckon."

"Plenty fer each and all, gents," interrupted one of the shell-men. "Place yer spondulics on de little ball. W'ich is de nex' lucky gent to win our money? Gent bets four sixty-five he seen de little ball go under de middle shell. Up she comes! Dis time *we* wins; Plattville can't win *every* time. Who's de nex' lucky gent?"

Fentriss edged slowly out of the circle, abashed, and with rapidly whitening cheeks. He paused for a moment outside, slowly realizing that all his money had gone in one wild, blind whirl—the money he had earned so hard and saved so hard to make a holiday for his sweetheart and himself. He stole one glance around the building to where a patient figure waited for him. Then he fled down a side alley, and soon was out upon the country road, tramping soddenly homeward through the dust, his chin sunk in his breast, and his hands clenched tight at his sides. Now and then he stopped and bitterly hurled a stone at a piping bird on the fence or gay Bob White in the fields. At noon the patient figure was still waiting in the corner of the court-house yard, meekly twisting a coral ring upon her finger.

But the flushed young man who had spoken thickly to her deserter drew an envied roll of bank-bills from his pocket, and began to bet with tipsy caution, while the circle about the gamblers watched with fervid interest, especially Mr. Bardlock, Town Marshal.

From far up Main Street came the cry "She's a-comin'! She's a-comin'!" and this announcement of the parade proving only one of a dozen false alarms, a thousand discussions took place over old-fashioned silver timepieces as to when "she" was really due. Schofields' Henry was much appealed to as an arbiter in these discussions, from a sense of his having a good deal to do with time in a general sort of way; and thus Schofields' came to be reminded that it was getting on toward ten o'clock, whereas, in the excitement of festival, he had not yet struck nine. This, rushing forthwith to do, he did; and, in the elation of the moment, seven or eight besides. Miss Helen Sherwood was looking down on the mass of shifting color from a second-story window of the court-house, and she had the pleasure of seeing Schofields' emerge on the steps beneath her when the bells had done, and heard the cheers (led by Mr. Martin) with which the crowd greeted his appearance after the performance of his feat.

She turned beamingly to Harkless. "What a *family* it is!" she laughed. "Just one big, jolly family! I didn't know people could be like this until I came to Plattville."

"That is the word for it," he said, resting his hand on the casement beside her. "I used to think it was desolate, but that was long ago." He leaned from the window to look down. In his dark cheek was a glow the Carlow folks had never seen there, and somehow he seemed less thin and tired than usual; indeed, he did not seem tired at all; by far the contrary, and he carried himself upright (when he was not stooping to see under the hat), though not as if he thought about it. "I believe they are the best people I know," he went on. "Perhaps it is because they have been so kind to me; but they are kind to each other, too—kind, good people."

"I know," she said, nodding, "I know. There are fat women, women who rock and rock on piazzas by the sea, and they speak of country people as the 'lower classes.' How happy this big family is in not knowing it is the lower classes!"

"We haven't read Nordau down here," said John. "Old Tom Martin's favorite work is 'The Descent of Man,' and Miss Tibbs cares most for 'Lalla Rookh' and 'Beulah'—and why not?"

"It was a girl from Southeast Cottonbridge, Massachusetts," said Helen, "who heard I was from Indiana and asked me if I didn't 'hate to live so far away from things.'" There was a pause while she leaned out of the window with her face aside from him. Then she remarked, carelessly, "I met her at Winter Harbor."

"Do you go to Winter Harbor?" he asked.

"We have gone there every summer until this one for years. Have you friends who go there?"

"I had—once. There was a classmate of mine from Rouen——"

"What was his name? Perhaps I know him." She stole a glance at him, and saw that his face had fallen into sad lines.

"He's forgotten me, I dare say. I haven't seen him for seven years, and that's a long time, you know; and he's 'out in the world,' where remembering is harder. Here in Plattville we don't forget."

"Were you ever at Winter Harbor?"

"I was—once. I spent a very happy day there long ago, when you must have been a little girl. Were you there in——"

"Listen!" she cried. "The procession is coming. Look at the people!"

The parade had seized a psychological moment. There was a fanfare of trumpets in the east. Lines of people rushed for the streets; and as one looked down on the big straw hats and sunbonnets and many kinds of finer head apparel tossing forward, they seemed like surf sweeping up the long beaches. She *was* coming at last. The boys whooped in the middle of the street; some tossed their arms to heaven, others expressed their emotion by somersaults; those most deeply moved walked on their hands. In the distance one saw, over the heads of the multitude, tossing banners and the moving crests of triumphal cars, where "cohorts were shining in purple and gold."

There was another flourish of music. Then all the band gave sound, and, with the blare of brass and the crash of drums, the glory of the parade burst upon Plattville. Glory in the utmost! The impetus of the march-time music; the flare of royal banners; the smiling of beautiful court ladies and great silken nobles; the swaying of howdahs on camel and elephant, and the awesome shaking of the earth beneath the elephant's feet, and his devastating eye (every one declared he looked the alarmed Mr. Bill Snoddy, stoutest citizen of the county, full in the face as he passed him, and Mr. Snoddy felt not at all reassured when Tom Martin severely hinted that it was with the threatening glance of a rival); then the badinage of the clown, creaking by in his donkey-cart; the terrific recklessness of the spangled hero who was drawn along in a cage with two striped tigers—the delight of all this glittering pomp and pageantry needed even more than walking on your hands to express.

Last of all came the tooting calliope, followed by swarms of boys as it executed "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie," with infinite gusto.

When it had gone, Miss Sherwood's gaze relaxed—she had been looking on as eagerly as any child—and she turned to speak to Harkless, and discovered that he was no longer in the room; instead, she found Minnie and Mr. Willetts, whom he had summoned from another window.

"He was called away," explained Lige. "He thought he'd be back before the parade was over, and said you were enjoying it so much he didn't want to speak to you."

"Called away?"

Minnie laughed. "Oh, everybody sends for Mr. Harkless."

"It was a farmer name of Bowlder," added Mr. Willetts. "His son Hartley's drinking again, and there ain't any one but Harkless can do anything with him. You let him tackle a sick man to nurse or a tipsy feller to handle, and I tell you," Mr. Willetts went on with enthusiasm, "he *is* at home! It beats me; and lots of people don't think college does a man any good! Why, the way he cured old Fis—" Miss Briscoe interrupted him.

"See," she cried, pointing out of the window. "Look out there. Something's happened."

There was a swirl in the crowd below. Men were running around a corner of the court-house, and the women and children were harking after. They went so fast and there were so many of them, that immediately that whole portion of the yard became a pushing, tugging, squirming jam of people.

"It's on the other side," said Lige. "We can see from the hall window. Come quick, before these other folks fill it up."

They followed him across the building, and looked down on an agitated swarm of faces. Five men were standing on the entrance steps to the door below them, and the crowd was thickly massed beyond, leaving a little semicircle clear about the steps. Those behind struggled to get closer, and leaped in the air to catch a glimpse of what was going on. Harkless stood alone on the top step, his hand resting on the shoulder of the pale and contrite and sobered Hartley. On the lowest step Jim Bardlock was standing with sheepishly hanging head, and between him and Harkless the two gamblers of the walnut shells. The journalist held in his hand the implements of their profession.

"Yes, give up every cent," he said quietly. "You've taken eighty-six dollars from this boy. Hand it over."

The men began to edge down closer to the crowd, giving little, swift, desperate, searching looks from left to right and right to left, and moving nervously about like weasels in a trap.

"Close up there," said Harkless. "Don't let them out."

"W'y can't we git no square treatment here?" one of the gamblers whined; but his eyes blazed with a rage that belied the plaintive passivity of his tone. "We ain't been runnin' no skin. W'y d'ye say we gotter give up our own money? You gotter prove it was a skin. We risked our money fair."

"Prove it! Come up here, Eph Watts.

Friends," the editor turned to the crowd, smiling, "friends, here's a man we ran out of town once because he knew too much about things of this sort. He's come back to us again, and he's here to stay. He'll give us an object-lesson on the shell-game."

"It's pretty simple," remarked Mr. Watts. "The best way is to pick up the ball with your second finger and the back part of your thumb, as you pretend to lay the shell down over it: this way." He illustrated, and showed several methods of manipulation, with professional sang-froid; and as he made plain the vulgar swindle by which many had been duped that morning, there arose an angry and threatening murmur.

"You all see," said Harkless, raising his voice, "what a simple cheat it is—an old, worn-out one. Yet a lot of you lost your own money on it, and then stood by, staring like idiots, and let Hartley Bowlder lose eighty-six dollars; and not one of you lifted a hand. How hard did you work for what these two cheap crooks took from you? Ah!" he cried, "it is because you were greedy that they robbed you so easily. You know it's true. It's when you want to get something for nothing that the 'confidence-men' steal the money you sweat for and make you the laughing-stock of the country. And *you*, Jim Bardlock, Town Marshal! *You*, who confess that you 'went in the game sixty cents' worth' yourself—" His face was wrathful and stern as he raised his accusing hand and leveled it at the unhappy municipal.

The Town Marshal smiled uneasily and deprecatingly about him, and seeing only angry, frowning brows, hearing only words of condemnation, passed his hand unsteadily over his fat mustache, shifted from one leg to the other and back again, looked up, looked down; and then, an amiable and pleasure-loving man, beholding nothing but accusation and wrath in heaven and earth, and wishing nothing more than to sink into the waters under the earth, but having no way of reaching them, and finding his troubles quite unbearable and himself unable to meet the manifold eye of man, he sought relief after the unsagacious fashion of a larger bird than he. His burly form underwent a series of convulsions, not unlike sobs, and he shut his eyes tight, and held them so, presenting a picture of misery unequaled in the memory of any spectator. The editor's outstretched hand began to shake. "You!" he tried to continue—"you, a man elected to——"

There came from the crowd the sound of a sad, high-keyed voice drawling: "That's a nice vest Jim's got on, but it ain't hardly the feathers fitten for an ostrich, is it?"

Harkless broke into a ringing laugh, and turned to the shell-men. "Give up the boy's money. Hurry."

"Step down here and git it," said the one who had spoken.

There was a turbulent motion in the crowd, and a cry arose, "Run 'em out! Ride 'em on a rail! Tar and feathers! Run 'em out o' town!"

"I wouldn't dilly-dally long if I were you," said Harkless. A roll of bills was sullenly placed in his hand, which he counted and turned over to the elder Bowlder. One of the shell-men clutched the editor's sleeve with his dirty hand.

"We hain't done wit' youse," he said, hoarsely. "Don't belief it, not for a minute; see?"

The Town Marshal opened his eyes briskly, and placing a hand on each of the gamblers, said: "I do hereby arrest your said persons and declare you my prisoners."

The cry arose again, louder: "Run 'em out! String 'em up! Hang them! Hang them!" and a forward rush was made.

"This way, Jim. Quick!" cried Harkless, bending down and jerking one of the gamblers half-way up the steps. "Get through the hall to the other side, and then run 'em to the lock-up. No one will stop you that way. Watts and I will hold this door."

Bardlock hustled his prisoners through the doorway, and the crowd pushed up the steps, while Harkless struggled to keep the vestibule clear until Watts got the double doors closed. "Stand back, there!" he shouted. "It's all over. Don't be foolish. The law is good enough for us. Stand back, will you?" He was shoving vigorously with open hand and elbow, when a compact little group of men suddenly dashed up the steps together and a heavy stick swung out over their heads. A straw hat with a gay ribbon sailed through the air. The editor's long arms went out swiftly from his body in several directions, the hands not open, but clenched and hard. The next instant he and Mr. Watts stood alone on the steps, and a man with a bleeding, blaspheming mouth dropped his stick and tried to lose himself in the crowd. Mr. Watts was returning something he had not used to his hip-pocket.

"Prophets of Israel!" exclaimed William Todd, ruefully. "It wasn't Eph Watts's

pistol. Did you see Mr. Harkless? I was up on them steps when he begun. I don't believe he needs as much takin' care of as we think."

"Wasn't it one of them Cross-Roads devils that knocked his hat off?" asked Judd Bennett. "I thought I see Bob Skillett run up with a club."

Harkless threw open the doors behind him; the hall was empty. "You may come in now," he said. "This isn't my courthouse."

(To be continued.)

JOHN PAUL JONES' GREATEST FIGHT.

By the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "For Love of Country," etc.

ON the evening of Thursday, September 23, 1779, a rather small, brown-faced, dark-haired man, about thirty-two years of age, and of a melancholy, poetic, and even scholarly cast of countenance, clad in a blue naval uniform, stood on the weather side of the high poop-deck of a large warship, looking keenly about him with his bright, brilliant, black eyes. Sometimes his glance fell meditatively upon two gallant white ships under full sail, men-of-war evidently, which were slowly crossing his course at a right angle a mile or two ahead of him, and making in toward the not distant land the while. Anon, with thoughtful vision, he surveyed the crowded decks before and beneath him: the rude motley men, half-naked and armed with cutlass or pike and pistol, who were grouped about the grim great guns protruding menacingly through the open ports; the old gun captains squinting along the breech and blowing their smoking matches while looking to the priming of the guns; the little groups of pig-tailed veterans, sail trimmers, assembled about the masts; the brilliantly uniformed soldiers, or marines, in the scarlet and white of France; the agile topmen hanging in great human clusters over the broad tops above his head. Sometimes he turned about and swept the sea behind him with his eager gaze, frowning in high displeasure at what he saw.

The soft light of the setting sun streamed over the larboard quarter, and threw into high relief the lonely figure on the weather side of the ship. Seamanship spoke in the careless yet confident poise of the well-knit, muscular figure, as he unconsciously balanced himself and easily met the roll of the ship in the sea; intelligence and kindness sparkled in his eyes; power and force were instinct in every line of his aggressive person; and determination evidenced itself in the compressed lip, the firm, resolute mouth, and the tightly closed hand which hung easily by his side. The gentle breeze of the evening tenderly and softly fell on the worn sails of the ancient ship, swelling the soiled and weather-beaten cloths of canvas out in graceful, tremulous curves as if in caress, as she swept slowly toward the enemy. The ripple of the waves clinging about her cut-water alone broke the silence. The scene was as peaceful and as quiet as if the loud calling of the drum, which had so lately reëchoed along the decks, had been an invitation to church service, instead of a stern summons to quarters for action. A faint smell of balm and spicery, which clung about the ship, a reminder of her distant voyages in Eastern seas, was like incense to the soul.

Off toward the side of the sinking sun rose the bold shore of England. Flamborough headland, crowned by a lofty tower already sending a broad beam of warning light out over the waters to voyaging mariners, thrust out a salient wedge of massive rock-bound coast in rude, wave-piercing angle through the tossing sea. To the east the full moon, already some hours high, shot the soft silver of her rays, mingled with the fading gold of the dying day, over the pallid ocean. At this moment the mellow tones of the ship's bell forward striking three couplets in quick succession awakened the commander from the reveries in which he had been indulging, and he turned to find his first lieutenant mounting the poop-deck ladder to report the ship clear for action. The dark, expressive eye of the captain lin-

gered affectionately upon the form of the lithe, bright-eyed, honest, and able young subordinate who had yet to see his twenty-fourth birthday. Between the two officers subsisted the fullest confidence and the deepest affection.

Who was the lonely captain? The greatest novelist of England calls him a traitor. One of the most prominent naval authorities of to-day, from the same proud nation, describes him as a blackguard. Popular feeling among his contemporary enemies considered him as neither more nor less than a bloodthirsty, murdering pirate. The captain of the ship which he was about to conquer is reputed to have most ungraciously expressed his regret at having been compelled "to surrender to a man who fought with a halter around his neck." But the people who made and loved the flag, the stars and stripes, which fluttered above his head, and gave it a high place in the glorious blazonry of nations, told a different tale. The admiration of Washington, the incorruptible soldier and leader; the beloved of Franklin, the discerning statesman and philosopher; the friend of Robert Morris, the brilliant financier and patriot—John Paul Jones, the son of a poor Scotch gardener, who had left his native land in infancy and who had been brought up with the scanty advantages afforded by a life passed from childhood upon the sea, rose, against every sort of discouragement, by sheer merit alone, to be the greatest figure in the naval history of his adopted country for nearly an hundred years. By his indefatigable resolution and unsurpassable valor, his wonderful technical skill and fascinating personality, he became a Chevalier of France, an Admiral of Russia, the friend at once of two queens, one the most beautiful and unfortunate, the other the greatest and most splendid, of his age. He was an honored associate of the king of a great country; and yet never renounced that which he considered his proudest title to honor and by which, in that final end of things in which the truth that is in a man speaks out, he loved to describe himself —"a citizen of the United States."

This was a man who had been an apprentice boy at twelve, a sea officer at fifteen, a captain at twenty-one; who, in a slight, inconsiderable vessel, a small schooner, had rendered most notable service to his chosen country in the face of war vessels of overwhelming force; who, in a crank, lightly built sloop-of-war, the "Ranger," a year ago, had swept the Irish Channel, terrified the whole western seaboard of England, captured in fair fight a regularly commissioned English sloop-of-war of equal force with, and more heavily manned than, his own; and all this with a crew of mutineers, refusing to obey his orders, and even threatening his life at the last moment before the action.

His hands had hoisted the first American flag that ever fluttered from a masthead, the pinetree-rattlesnake flag, with its motto, "Don't tread on me," which seems, somehow, significant of the man himself. The same hand later on had thrown to the breeze the first banner of the stars and stripes that ever was seen upon the ocean. His address and resolution had elicited in the way of a naval salute the first official and public recognition of the new figure among the nations of the world from the authorized representative of a recognized government. As a fighter, as a lover, as a diplomat, he was among the first men of his time. He loved glory, and fame, and duty, with a passionate devotion, and, as he stated, "ever looked out for the honor of the American flag." He was afterward thanked by Congress, made the head of the American Navy, and especially commended in a public letter to the King of France, his friend, an unique honor in our history. Before he died he had participated in "twenty-three battles and solemn *rencontres* by sea."

A pirate, a traitor, a blackguard this? Nay, as true a man as ever fought for human freedom, as brave an officer as ever overcame heart-breaking adversity, as fearless a sailor as ever trod a heaving deck, and as gallant a lover as ever kissed a lady's hand. In the hundreds of letters written by and to him still extant, many of them on *affaires du cœur*, there is not a single coarse or rude expression to be found. I sum him up the hero and the gentleman. Not without his faults, of course, which I cheerfully refrain from cataloguing, for that is always a poor business; but they were not great and were counterbalanced by his many virtues.

Look at him now as he approaches the culmination of his career. After his brilliant cruise in the "Ranger," unable to obtain a decent war-vessel, forced to put up with a nondescript antique, a worn-out East-Indiaman, the "Duc de Duras," now renamed the "Bonhomme Richard," which had been filled with old and makeshift guns—ship so rotten that it was impossible to make the necessary alterations to properly fit her for her new service! Attended by a squad-

ron under his nominal command, one of the ships of which, and the best one, was manned largely by British seamen and commanded by an insane coward: at this very moment, previous acts of mutiny were culminating in a flagrant disobedience of orders to follow the "Richard" into the action! The "Alliance," fighting shy of the English warships, was sweeping toward the frightened convoy, huddling off for shelter under the lee of Scarborough Castle. Another vessel, the "Vengeance," French *in toto*, was fleeing with all speed from the action, and the third, the "Pallas," another Frenchman, the only thing American about her being the flag flying above her, hung quivering in the wind in frightful indecision as to whether she should engage the weaker of the two English ships before them.

At this moment the total crew on the "Bonhomme Richard" (so called from the nom-de-plume of Benjamin Franklin) was about three hundred, of which only one-fourth were Americans, about one-half French soldiers, and the balance the riff-raff of all nations, Portuguese preponderating. Two hundred desperate English prisoners were confined below in the hold. Besides the captain, not a single deck officer was left, through a series of mishaps, save Richard Dale, the first lieutenant, than whom no man ever was a better, by the way. Commodore Dale, who has been justly honored subsequently in the United States Navy, loved and venerated Jones above all other men, always speaking of him to the last day of his life with his eyes filled with tears of affection and regret as "Paul," which was, in truth, his captain's birth name. Why John Paul assumed the name Jones has never been discovered, certainly for no disgraceful reason, for whatever name he might have taken he would have honored.

The armament of the "Richard" consisted of twenty-eight twelve-pounders on the gun-deck; on the quarter-deck and forecastle were eight nine-pounders. In desperation, Jones had cut three ports on each side on the berth-deck, below the main battery, and mounted six old condemned eighteen-pounders therein. His ship had in all, therefore, forty-two guns, twenty-one in the broadside discharging a total weight of 258 pounds of shot. The larger ship of the enemy was the brand new, double-banked frigate "Serapis," mounting three tiers of guns, on two covered and one uncovered deck; twenty eighteens, twenty nines, and ten six-pounders, making a total of fifty guns, twenty-five in broadside throwing 300 pounds. As a further advantage, the destructive power of an eighteen-pound gun is immensely greater than that of a twelve. The crew of the "Serapis" was about three hundred and fifty trained and disciplined men. Her captain, Pearson, was a brave and determined sailor of reputation in the service.

There appeared to be no uncertainty in the mind of either commanding officer as to the character and force of his opponent. Pearson confidently expected an easy victory, which he certainly should have won; and Paul Jones determined to make him fight as no English ship had ever fought before for all he got. About half after seven in the evening the two ships drew within gun-shot distance of each other, the "Richard" rounding to off the port bow of the "Serapis." The thirty-two-gun ship "Pallas" at last gathered sufficient resolution to engage the "Scarborough," a twenty-gun sloop, and thus eliminated her from Paul Jones' calculations. The "Vengeance" had fled, and Captain Landais, in the "Alliance," was hovering after the convoy, out of range.

For some reason, as the "Richard" approached, Captain Pearson withheld his fire and hailed. The answer, which was indistinguishable, was followed by a shot from the "Richard," and the two ships immediately exchanged terrific broadsides. Of the three eighteen-pounders down on the berth-deck near the water line of the "Richard," two burst at the first discharge, killing and wounding a large part of their crews and blowing up a part of the deck. The other gun was, of course, abandoned. Side by side, in the bright moonlight of the autumn night, the two ships slowly sailed together for nearly an hour. The roar of one discharge answered the other, cheer met cheer, as the iron-hailed bullets wove a hideous net of death about the two ships.

Fearful that he might be raked astern by the "Serapis" (which some accounts say was done), Jones, who had kept slightly in the lead, finally threw his ship aback, checking her onward motion so that the "Serapis" passed slowly ahead of him. As Pearson drew ahead, Jones attempted to throw his vessel across the rear of the English ship to rake and board, which, of course, would have been his best plan, as in that case he could have made good use of the soldiers on his decks. The attempt was a failure on account of the sluggish motion of the unwieldly "Richard," which only swung in aft of and in line with the Englishman. No guns now

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bearing on either ship, except for the continuous small-arm fire, there was a slight lull in the action. As soon as the "Serapis," which had drawn further ahead, swung up into the wind and partially raked the "Richard," Jones filled away again, and the battle was at once resumed with determined energy. Pearson now checked the speed of his own ship by throwing all aback, or else wore short around to cross the "Richard's" bows and rake, and the two vessels slowly drew together again. The fire from both ships had been kept up with unremitting fury from every gun as they bore, but the "Serapis'" heavier metal had played havoc with the lighter American. The carnage and slaughter upon the "Richard" had been simply frightful. The rotten old ship was being beaten to

pieces beneath the feet of her crew by the terrific battery of the "Serapis." Gun after gun in the main battery had been dismounted. At this moment the "Richard," fortunately, drew ahead of the "Serapis" once more, in the game of see-saw they had been playing, and Jones, in a last desperate attempt to close, put his helm hard over, and this time the "Richard" paid off in front of and athwart the hawse of the "Serapis."

The jibboom of the English ship caught in the mizzen rigging of the American. The wind upon the after sail forced the stern of the "Serapis" round broadside to the "Richard," and they lay locked together, the bow of one by the stern of the other, the starboard batteries of both in contact. Pearson had, unknown to Jones, dropped his port bower anchor at the moment of contact, in an endeavor to drag clear of the "Richard," which he determined to knock to pieces at long range with his heavy guns; but, as Benjamin Franklin said, "Paul Jones ever loved close fighting," and he saw his opportunity and rose to it then and there. As the two ships fouled each other, with his own hands he passed the lashing which bound them together. He found time at this critical moment to reprove one of his officers for profanity. "Don't swear, Mr. Stacy," said he; "in another moment we all may be in eternity, but let us do our duty."

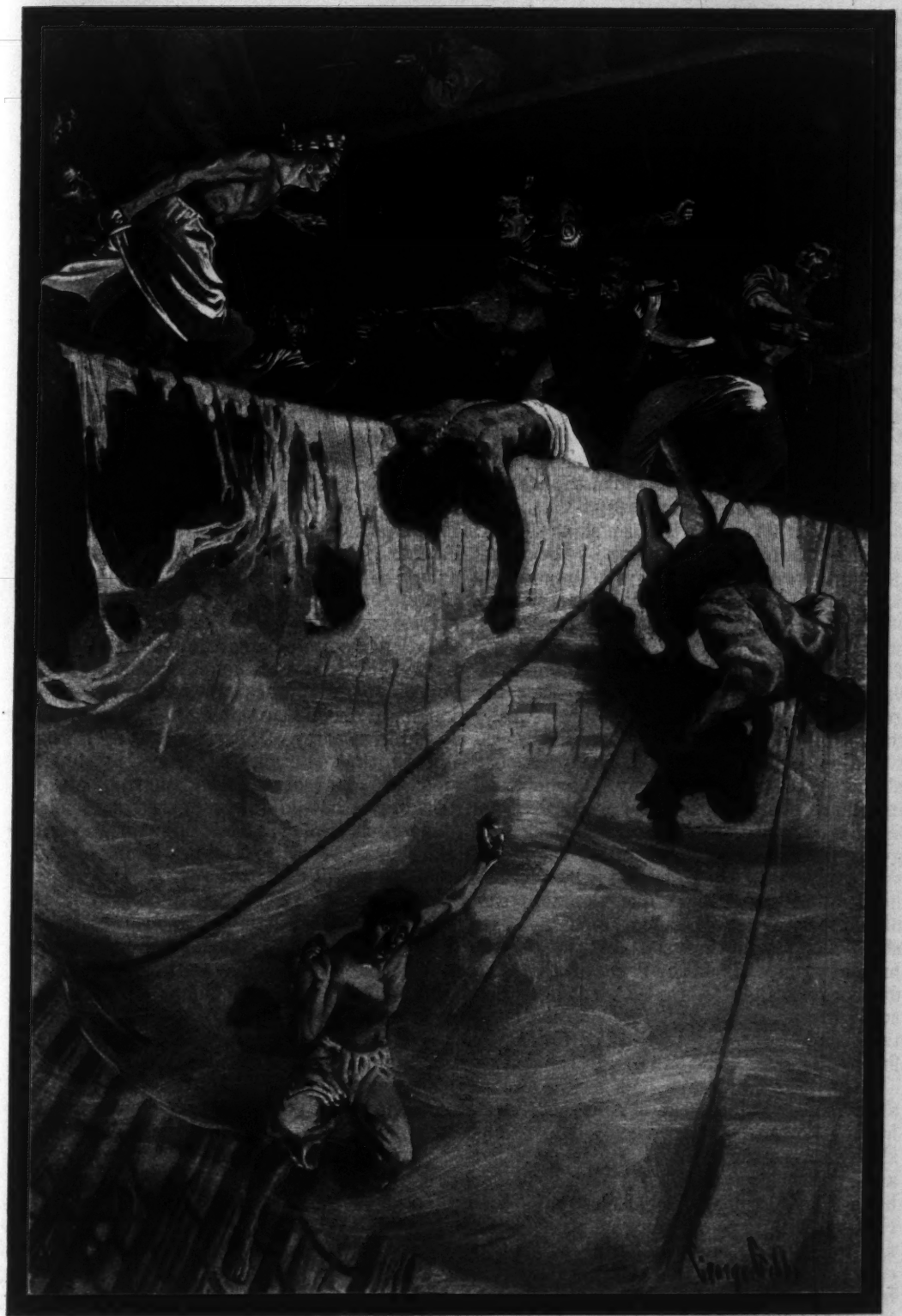
As the "Serapis" swung inboard, the starboard anchor of the "Richard" caught in the mizzen chains of the former, and the two ships were bound together in an embrace which nothing but death and destruction could sever. The Englishman's ports on the starboard side had been closed, and he worked his batteries by firing through them, thus blowing off the port lids. The vessels were so close together that the rammers and sponges of the great guns in one ship had to be extended through the ports of the other; they were so close, in fact, that, as they ground and chafed together in the waves, the men on the lower decks were actually fighting a hand-to-hand conflict with great guns. But the heavier fire of the "Serapis" was too strong for the endurance of the half-breed crew of the "Richard." The guns below were burst, silenced, and dismounted, and from the mainmast aft the timbers were beaten in and out until both sides of the American ship were literally blown away and disappeared, so that at last the "Serapis" actually fired her batteries through the open air without meeting any obstruction to their shot. There was really imminent danger that the upper decks aft on the "Richard" would collapse and sink down into the ruins below—why they did not was a mystery. Dale and a French colonel of infantry had toiled like heroes in the battery to the last, but the carpenter now reported six feet of water in the hold and the ship making water fast, and the frightened master-at-arms at once released the prisoners, crying that the ship was sinking, and the whole assemblage rushed headlong to the main deck, the carpenter and other petty officers in the lead, crying for quarter.

Things had gone better above, however. The heavy mass of men, including the riflemen in the tops of the "Richard" and the marines under De Chamillard, had simply swept the crowded decks of the "Serapis" with a searching rain of bullets from their small arms since the moment of contact and before. Nearly every man upon her, with the exception of the undaunted Pearson, had been disabled or driven below; the decks were covered with wounded, groaning and shrieking unheeded, and with dead. Some bold, reckless spirits on the "Richard" had run along the interlacing yard-arms, and after a dizzy hand-to-hand conflict in mid-air, had driven the English from the tops of the "Serapis," and gained possession, whence they poured a bitter musketry fire down the hatchways.

When the ships had come together, the English made an attempt to board. Jones seized a pike, and, followed by a few men, resolutely sprang to the point of attack, whence the British immediately retired. A like attempt of the Americans also failed. As the prisoners and crew came springing up from the useless guns and the decks below, several young American officers implored Jones to strike. He was not of the striking kind. The doctor ran from the cock-pit below, crying that the water was gaining so that it floated the wounded there, and they must surrender.

"What, Doctor," cried Jones, smiling, "would you have me strike to a drop of water? Help me to get this gun over."

The doctor concluded that the cock-pit was a safer place than the quarter-deck, and went below again to his ghastly station. The master-at-arms, not seeing Jones, now ran aft to lower the flag. Finding it had been shot away and was dragging in the water, he sprang on the rail, repeating his cry for quarter. Dale and a few determined men were busy below with the pumps, desperately trying to keep the ship from sinking beneath



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their feet. Jones—first braining with the butt of his pistol the carpenter, who was shrieking that the ship was sinking and also crying for quarter—with unequalled presence of mind, address, and resourcefulness, succeeded in quieting his alarmed crew, and then in compelling the confused prisoners to go to the pumps, on the plea that the English ship was sinking and their own would soon follow, if not kept afloat by their exertions. By this means he relieved a number of his own crew, and for the rest of the battle the singular spectacle was presented of a vessel being kept afloat by the people of the very nation against whom she fought. In a lull of the fire, as they came together, Pearson, probably hearing the carpenter or others crying for quarter, shouted: "Have you struck?"

To him Jones returned that immortal answer upon which Americans love to dwell:

"I have not yet begun to fight."

Think of it! On a beaten ship, sinking beneath his feet, kept afloat by the exertions of bewildered prisoners who outnumbered his own weakened, wavering crew, any other man would have struck long since, but Jones had not yet begun to fight! The battle recommenced at once, the English having their own way with their big guns below decks, the Americans equally successful above. With his own hands, assisted by some others, the captain, who had already acted as sail-trimmer, pikeman, and in nearly every capacity as well, dragged another nine-pound gun across the deck with great difficulty, and concentrated the fire of the three small guns, loaded with double-headed and grape shot, upon the mainmast of the "Serapis." During the contact both ships had caught fire repeatedly from the burning gun-wads or the flame of the close discharges, the "Serapis" no less than twelve times, and the "Richard" almost continuously. Dale now turned and fought the fire as gallantly as he had fought the British.

After the two ships had first grappled, about eight o'clock, the "Alliance" made her appearance on the scene. Landais sailed slowly across the stern of the two combatants, delivering a raking fire upon both from his starboard guns, which had been heavily charged with grape. More men were killed and wounded on the "Richard" by this discharge than on the "Serapis." Disregarding the warning shouts and signals of the "Richard," she then sailed away, and repeated her performances upon the two other ships. A few moments before ten o'clock, the battle between the "Serapis" and the "Richard" having continued with the utmost fury during the intervening period, she again crossed athwart the interlocked combatants. Once and again her broadside did more damage to her consort than to her enemy. That was her contribution to the fight.

A little before the last onslaught of the "Alliance," by Jones' orders, one of his seamen ran out on the main yard with a bucket of hand-grenades, which he deliberately proceeded to light and throw down the main hatch of the "Serapis." A number of powder charges had been carelessly allowed to accumulate upon the main deck by the too confident English, and a fearful explosion took place, which killed and wounded over forty of the crew. About the same time the battered mainmast of the Englishman, upon which Jones had been persistently playing with his small guns, fell over the side, carrying with it the mizzen-topmast as well. That was the end. At half after ten o'clock Captain Pearson with his own hand tore down the colors, which had been nailed to the mast by his orders, and surrendered his ship to his thrice-beaten enemy.

Dale, in spite of a severe wound which he had received, but of which he was not yet conscious, so great was the excitement of the battle, at once leaped upon the rail, and, followed by a party of boarders, swung himself aboard the "Serapis." As they landed upon the deck of the English ship, one of her crew, not knowing of the surrender, dangerously wounded Midshipman Mayrant, Dale's second, with a pike. From beneath their feet still came the roar of the "Serapis's" guns. Her crew, ignorant of the fact that she had struck, had been cheered to renewed exertions by an English shipmaster, one of the prisoners on the "Richard," who had escaped from the pumps and made his way to the lower decks of the "Serapis," revealing the desperate condition of their antagonist and encouraging them to persevere, when success would be both speedy and certain. So the English, in spite of their captain, fought on. However, as the fire of the "Richard" was at once stopped when Pearson tore down his colors, an English lieutenant came up on deck to see if she had struck. When he learned from his commander that his own ship had surrendered, he was astounded. He turned to go below, intending to notify the others, but Dale, fearing that he would resume the combat, compelled him to follow his reluctant captain to the deck of the "Richard."

There stood the indomitable Paul Jones in the midst of the dead and dying, wounded himself, and covered with blood and the soil of the battle, the "Richard" sinking beneath him, flames from his burning ship mingling with the moonlight and throwing an uncertain, ghastly illumination upon the scene of ineffable horror presented. Still locked in the deadly embrace of the "Richard" lay the beaten "Serapis," her white decks covered with the mangled bodies of her crew, her lofty masts broken and wrecked, her rigging tangled in inextricable confusion, flames breaking forth from her as well; the sullen English, filing up from below and laying down their arms at the behest of their blood-covered, battle-stained conquerors, completed the picture. It was at this moment that Pearson, handing his sword to Jones, is reported to have made the ungracious remark about the halter. With a magnanimity as sweet to think on as is his valor, Jones replied:

"Sir, you have fought like a hero; and I make no doubt your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

His words were prophetic, for Pearson, though he had lost his ship, was knighted for his gallant defense, and received pieces of plate, etc., for his efficient protection of his convoy. The "Scarborough," after a most gallant defense, had struck to the "Pallas," and Captain Piercy of the English ship was also substantially rewarded. When Jones heard of Pearson's advancement, he characteristically made this remark: "He deserves it, and if he get another ship and I fall in with him, I'll make a duke of him."

The English government put a price upon the head of Paul Jones, dead or alive, of £10,000, an immense sum and certainly equivalent to $100,000 to-day—considering his quality, they rated him cheaply, after all.

What of the fate of the "Serapis," and the "Richard" and her captain? It was impossible to save the American ship, though the most strenuous efforts were made to that end. On the 25th of September, therefore, Jones transferred his flag to the "Serapis," upon which jury-masts had been rigged, and at ten o'clock in the morning the brave old "Richard," still flying the great flag under which she had fought, sank, bow foremost, beneath the sea. Accounts of the casualties on the two ships differ, and are uncertain: it would be safe to estimate those on the "Richard" as within 150 killed and wounded, and those on the "Serapis" as within 200. There never was a more bloody and frightful battle fought on any sea. There is no battle on record where the individual personality of one man contributed to the result obtained as much as in this.

The little squadron now made its way to the Texel. Jones was compelled by the Dutch, at the instigation of the English, to either accept a French commission and set the French flag over the "Serapis" and the "Scarborough," or else give up his prizes. To his eternal honor, he chose the latter alternative, and shifted his colors to the "Alliance." From the moment he entered the Texel he had not ceased to fly the American flag, even in the face of the overwhelming enemy from whom he was desperately trying to escape.

Commodore Jones died in Paris in the year 1792. He was alone in his chamber at the time, and when his friends found him, he was lying face downward upon his bed. The hand of a conqueror whom no human power can resist had been laid upon him, and for the first time in his life the face of Paul Jones was turned away from the enemy.

"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE THE FACE OF PAUL JONES WAS TURNED AWAY FROM THE ENEMY."

A QUESTION OF RELIGION

By G. K. TURNER

In the center of The Holler, crouched along the road, lies the Old Mill, a decrepit old monster of blue and grayish native stone. Around it, like a group of ill-favored, ill-begotten children, clamoring to be fed, crowd the black, sodden, dejected little structures where the operatives live. The mongrel population of The Holler has absorbed the dejection of its surroundings. It has its philosophy of life, however, and it dedicates the end of the week to the worship of the goddess of freedom. Saturday night in The Holler is apt to hold over through Sunday.

The Old Mill has been ailing for a quarter century. Ever since they laid the railroad tracks five miles away it has gradually declined, until now it has reached the last halting stages of a lean and anxious old age. Occasionally it is shut down for lack of orders; occasionally its old vital organs refuse to work, and it is stopped two or three days for the tying up of the loose ends, during which time the language of the superintendent and proprietor—who are one—exceeds belief. Then the old machine goes flopping and clanking on again for another period. The way that machinery has been darned and stitched together would fill the mind of a really first-class machinist with a great awe. As for the engine which runs the thing, it has a certain value as a curiosity. And so, for that matter, has its engineer.

If you go down into the black hole which faces on the road, in the basement of the mill, you will reach first a narrow passageway; then, to the right of this, you will come to the joint boiler and engine room, where you will discover Pat Foley. He will appear sitting cross-legged on his shoe-box by the engine—a little, grimy, streaked man, with a dirty old stub of a clay pipe fixed, bowl downward, in his teeth. Beside him you will find Tom Donelan, the fireman. If he is propitious, Pat will give you the greasy armchair intended for his own consumption, but never used by him. You must then ask him for the story of his succession to the throne; it is worth hearing. He told it to me sometime last spring. Tom Donelan put me on the track when Pat had stepped out of the room.

"Ask the old man about him and Hoonter," he said.

"Who's Hunter?" I asked.

"Oh, he's the man before Pat."

Then Pat came back again.

"Well, Pat," I asked, "how is she today?" "She," according to the language of her operator, is the antique engine.

"Just look at her now," said Pat, "the decateful old crature; calm and swate and paceful as an unhatched egg. Who'd belave what a low, dirty, ramshus, contrary old baste she is, and me after havin' spint me whole blissed mornin' drivin' her to her duty."

He settled down on his shoe-box, and shook his dirty fist at her.

"They tell me you've had some lively times with her," I continued, angling. "How about that?"

"Correct, I have," said Pat, puffing away to light his pipe again. "Cursed be the moind that consaved her and the hand that laid her down. She niver yet was set to rights. 'Twas some little dry-goods clerk that made her, and no true machanist."

"Were you ever afraid of her?" I asked.

"No, I was not," said Pat.

"Thot toime with Hoonter, ye was," interrupted Tom.

"Will thin, wance I was, and wance only."

And so we had him hooked.

"Ye've seen thim writin's of his along the wall, mony a toime, no doubt," said Pat, waving comprehensively behind him with his pipe.

I got up, and stepped to where he indi-

cated. There along the wall, almost obliterated beneath a coat of grime, appeared crude representations of a herd of outlandish animals. Between and around them was a confusion of now unintelligible words and figures.

"No," I said, "I never did. What are they?"

"They're Hoonter's," said Pat; "his 'handwritin's on the wall,' he called 'em."

"They're almost gone," I said.

"True," said Pat, settling down. "Four years it is already, four years this blissed month, since Jim Hoonter was took. Ah me, how the toime goes! 'Tis not four weeks it sames. I can see him now, sor, sitting where you sit and radin' from the Book. Ye niver see Jim Hoonter, did ye, sor? No? Thin you missed the seein' of a most peculiar man. A most unusual man he was, was he not, Tom?"

"He was," said Tom, with great solemnity.

"'Oh,' says she, turnin' her eyes . . . 'how wonderful . . . '"

"A most unusual man. Big as an eliphunt he was. Not soft-loike, but bristlin' all over his anatoomy with bones. He had a chist on him loike thim boilers. Six feet three he stud, and his big white beard trailin' down to his waist—a foine old figger of a mon, for all the world loike the pictures of Moses and the blissed patriarchs. A loikely lad he must have been thot any woman might be proud of, but niver a woman had he looked at. 'They fright me, Pat,' says he. A quare-spakin' mon he was. 'Me only swateheart is this old machine,' says he, pointin' to the Old Girl, which was right; he was the greatest frind she iver had—the ungrateful old baste.

"A good feller was old Jim Hoonter, and a good frind. Thirteen year him and me lived together in affecshun that would put mony a bridal couple on their honeymoon to shame. Thin come the rayptile into Paradise in the form of a woman. Five years ago she come, and whin I learned it first I was near paralyzed. Siveral toimes I found Jim Hoonter gone to town at noight, and after a toime I asks him where he'd been.

"'It's called into town I've been,' says he, 'for social discourse.'

"'It's a woman,' says I.

"'A woman,' says he, 'nather more nor liss, but there are others as will.'

"'Oh, you old rascal,' says I. 'A noice toime this is to break down the raysolushuns of a loifetoime.'

"Thin, a little after, she come in from town to visit him. A dirty, misformed, unwomanly thing she was, loike a big slouchy rag doll, with a sour, yellow face.

"'Oh,' says she, turnin' her eyes up whin she looks at the Old Girl here, 'how wonderful are the works of the Lord!'

"'What is thot to do with it,' says I to meself. 'Madam,' says I aloud to her, 'she was made in Schenectady, New York.'

"'Who is the famale,' says I to Jim Hoonter whin she'd gone away.

"'She's no famale,' says Jim Hoonter, 'she's a woman of God.'

"'Look at her, . . . the decateful old crature.'"

"'Thin her face is not her loicinse,' says I.

"'She's opened the Scriptures to me,' says Jim.

"And thot she had in a most peculiar way. For a year thin Jim Hoonter did nothin' but rade the Book, sittin' where you sit now, sor, and get thot woman to point out what it mint. Thin he took to makin' thim pictures of strange bastes along the wall, as you see. And thin he fagured along side of thim. No mathematical jaynus he was, and it come hard for him to fagure; but fagure he did noight and day, mutterin' to himself.

"'And why don't you think on these things?' says he to me.

"'I lave it to thim better able,' says I.

"'You're a poor lost follower of the Babylonian woman,' says he, manin' the Holy Church of Rome.

"'Oh, out with ye,' says I, 'with your flyin' goats and your five-tailed rats and all your other bad drames. If I don't question your chice of women, you might have the dacency to lave moine alone.'

"And so we passed along, gettin' cowlder and cowlder, spakin' little, but lookin' a great dale, till four years ago this month came along.

"One mornin' I found him lookin' at me unusual — more fond loike than for mony a day. 'Pat,' says he, 'you poor lost soul, won't you listen to me and prepare?'

"'For what?' says I.

"'The ind is at hand.'

"'What ind?' says I.

"'The ind of the world,' says he.

"'Whin is it schedooled?' says I.

"'A wake from nixt Thursday, at noon,' says he. 'It was revaled to me.'

"'Oh, was it?' says I.

"'It was,' says he solemn loike, 'and there are others also who know the appointed toime.'

"'Do they?' says I. 'I'll bet you a month's wages, to be paid in hiven or hill, as may be, thot Thursday'll see none of your bloody foolishness, nor yet a wake from Thursday. And now,' says I, 'shut up; you make me mad.'

"That spache of moine turned Jim Hoonter aginst me to the ind. And thin I, loike the fool I was, shut me mouth about the whole blissed thing and goes about me business.

"Thursday mornin' come — cowld and black and lowry — a more disraputable day I niver care to see. Whin I come into the engine-room, there was Jim Hoonter before me — white and solemn loike, but most tremenjously excited — walkin' back and forth and mutterin' to himself.

"'Tis come,' says he, 'tis come, the great day of the faste.'

"'Tis a dirty day they took,' says I. Thin nothin' more was said, and I turned me to me work. A dirty day it was, sor, with a low, clutterin', most obnoxious draught, and for two hours thin I most broke me back buildin' up a most gorgeous foire to pacify the Old Girl here and make her do her work loike a dacent, respectable machine — as I've done for her mony a toime before and since. 'Twas near to tin o'clock whin I set me down again. Manewhoile old Jim Hoonter had set back where you're sittin' now, sor, porin' at his Book.

"At tin o'clock, Jim Hoonter steps over to me where I was sittin' on me box. 'Pat,' says he, 'you must lave me soon.'

"'How's thot?' says I.

"'The hour is at hand,' says old Hoonter, 'and much as I fale for you, Pat,' says he, 'twill not do for me to be found by the angel in your company, you poor benighted slave of the Babylonian woman.'

"'Why don't you go yourself,' says I; 'this is no place for resavin' angels. I'll take care of the Old Girl.'

"'Niver, Pat,' says he. 'Where should they look for me but here, where I've been these thirty years? No, you'll go yourself.'

"'She's no famale.'"

"'Niver,' says I, 'not wan step.' And thin for a little while he dropped it.

"At half-past tin it was, or near elivin, when he come at me again. 'Are you goin'?' says he, throwin' wide the door.

"'Not I,' says I.

"'You must,' says he.

"'''Twill take mony an insult to droive me from this place.'

"With thot he took me by me showlders and pitched me outside—I was no more than a poor mouthful for him—and the first thing I knew I was batterin' with both me fists against the outside of the door, shut and fastened in me face. 'Lit me in,' says I, shoutin' at the top of me voice.

"'Twas silent as the grave. Thin I nearly broke me showlder up against it, till I happened to think how it was fastened. Thin I stopped. Somebody'd put an iron bar across the whole of it—hiven knows whin nor why—and it fell in a big iron slot loike at the ind. You moight better buck against the foundations of the world.

"Me passion bein' knocked out of me, I took toime to think. It came across me all at wance. There was a ragin' foire in there, and the water was way down in the boiler. I was just gone to tind to it whin he shoved me out. Would he lit up on it whin 'twas toime? 'Twas nearly thot already, and no one could tell what the old thing would do if he didn't tind to her. Thin I tried me powers of persuashun. 'Jim,' says I. Niver a word.

"'Jim, me boy,' says I, 'listen to me. Maybe it'll be at noon-toime. You know bist, but for the love of Hiven take care of the Old Girl till twilve o'clock.'

"Thin I listened, but niver a word. I wint around, and looked in at the winder. There he stood before the boilers, radin', as if I'd niver spoke. I didn't wait a minute longer, but run straight up to the boss.

". . . Down they come, tumblin' out hid first. . . ."

"'For mercy's sake, sor,' says I, 'come along down and tind to Jim Hoonter.'

"'What's this?' says the boss.

"'It's Jim Hoonter,' says I. 'He thinks the world is comin' to an ind at the noon whistle. And he's locked himself in down there, and he's runnin' her wide open as this door,' says I.

"The boss wint down the stairs two steps at a toime, and began poundin' at the door. His language was outrajous. But not a word says Hoonter.

"'Plase, sor,' says I, 'try bein' more gintle and quiet loike with him, if I may make a suggestion.'

"'Come now, Hoonter,' says the boss, lowerin' his voice, 'be raysonable; come out of there.'

"'Depart,' says Hoonter in a solemn voice. 'You're disturbin' the spirit.'

"'But the boiler,' says the boss.

"'Niver fear,' says Hoonter, 'that boiler will last till the appointed toime.' And niver a syllable more could he git out of him.

"'There's some comfort in thot,' says I. 'We've got till twilve ony way. 'Tis he knows the Old Girl most thorough and ivery pound she can stand.'

"Thin, all at wance, some bloody idjut got word to the hands upstairs thot the boiler was goin' to bust, and down they come, tumblin' out hid first and droppin' iverything just where it was. The women wint out in a boonch under the big tree across the road, and the min and byes come over as close to us as they dared.

"It was elivin, half-past elivin o'clock, and nothin' done. All of a suddin there came a little whistlin', mutterin' noise inside.

"'What's thot?' says the boss.

"''Tis the safety-valve,' says I. Thin mony of the more cautious and timperate moves away, and the boss wint to kickin' the door and hollerin' frantic. But niver a word.

"'Lit's go roun',' says I, 'to the front winder.'

"Whin we come out, there was a crowd of small byes outside on the little ilivation beyond the winder, dancin' up and down, and throwin' small pibbles at the panes and hollerin', 'Whiskers! Whiskers! Whiskers!' fit to raise the did.

"And just as we stook our hids out the door, a big hunk of coal come a-flyin' out, and old Jim Hoonter was yillin', 'Depart from here, children of Belial.'

"'Git out of here, you little rats,' says the boss, and more to it; his language was tirrable.

"But they'd done their part; they'd got him wild and excited. There he was inside, walkin' about stately loike in the white steam from the boiler, loike a poor domned, sufferin' ghost in hill.

"'Lit's climb in here,' says the boss, makin' a move to go in at the winder.

"'Hold on, sor,' says I, grabbin' him.

"Old Jim Hoonter come over across the room, and set himself back in thot little alcove loike by the winder. He was draggin' an ax after him.

"'Lit's come back and talk it over,' says I.

"It was quarter to twilve, and the interest was tremenjous. It had begun rainin' a little, and the women were huddled together loike shape in a close boonch under the big tree, sobbin' some, and whisperin' to one another. Some of the men stood back by thim and some nearer us. 'Twas pretty still, only for the whistlin' of the safety-valve, and the noise of the old mill upstairs goin' floppin' and slappin' along by itself, where they'd gone off without shuttin' off the machinery.

"'We'll push in the door,' says the boss.

"'Niver,' says I; 'you can't break it in in an hour in thot little intry.'

"'There's the back door,' says he.

"'Thot's the same; only worse,' says I, 'bein' a smaller door.'

"'Thin,' says he, 'we'll get him by goin' in the winder.'

"Now, the winder stands up above the ground, as you see, sor, as high as a man's chin. You'd have to go scramblin' up loike a cat in a cellar. 'It would be loike smashin' eggs for him,' says I.

"Thin the boss lit loose. 'You dirty, low, blackguardly cowards,' says he to the min, 'what are ye standin' there gapin' for? I'll till you wan thing,' says he, yellin', 'they ain't wan cent's worth of insurance on her, and whin wance she goes up, your livin' goes with her, for she won't niver be built up agin.'

"Nobody says wan word.

"'What'll we do,' says the boss, 'what'll we do?'

"'There's only wan thing I know of,' says I. 'Lit a small man crawl down the manhole where they put in the coal and open the bar in the door.'

"'Oh, yis,' says ivery wan at wance, 'thot's it.'

"''Twill be very dangerous,' says I, 'gittin' over back of him without his seein' you.'

"'Better wan man loose his loife,' says Tim Moynihan, 'than the whole of us starve to dith.'

"'Thin you'll go,' says I.

"'Oh,' says Tim, stippin' back, 'only think of me poor family.'

"'You go,' says a young Frinch feller to me.

"'Go yourself,' says I, 'you're a single mon.'

"'Well,' says he, 'if I'd got us all into

trouble the way you have, I'd go pretty quick,' says he.

"'You're a brave mon,' says I.

"Thin the whole of thim took it up against me. 'Yis,' says Tim Moynihan, 'you're the mon; you ought to go. You know the way, too.'

"'Yis, yis,' says the rist of them.

"'You're mighty willin',' says I, 'for me to go in there and git split up from ind to ind loike an oyster.'

"But still they kipt comin' at me. Thin the blood of me ancestors rose up within me. 'I'm not so robustious as mony of you, but I'm not the coward nayther,' says I. 'Will ye come in the door if I open it?'

"'We will,' says they.

"'Lit me down,' I says; 'I'll go.'

"Thin they opened the manhole soft loike, and lit me down, a part of thim hollerin' fit to split themselves to draw Jim Hoonter's attenshun to the winder, and the rist goin' around with the boss to the door to jump in whin I pulled the bar.

"'Twas foive minutes to twilve that April day whin I had the expayrience of me loife, thot will make goin' down into hill—if iver I must go—loike a coostomary journey to me. 'Twas all dark and steamy below, so thot you couldn't see a thing outside the coal-bin, and the Old Girl lay there scramin' through her safety-valve, and gettin' ready to jump, for the world loike a big grasshopper—for hiven only knows where ayther of the craytures will go to whin they start. Thin across there somewhere was old Jim Hoonter, with his ax, manin' to be alone by the noon-toime, and intindin' to be, no matter what the consayquences.

"Whin I struck down on the coal, it wint slippin' down in the bin in spoite of all I could do. Of all the thunderin' noises I iver heard, sor, 'twas the very worst. But they was howlin' outside, and batin' on the winders with their sticks, and he niver heard it. Whin I seen this, I crawled down loike a cat, and wint sloidin' across the floor on me billy. I was only half-way across whin he see me, for it wasn't so dark in there as in the coal bin. Thin I jumped, and he jumped. Loocky for me, whin he started he dropped his ax. I rached the door just wan half second first and jerked up on the bar. Thin he grabbed me from behoind, and nearly crushed the loife out of me bones. I was no more than a fly to him. Till thin not wan word was said. But thin I thought 'twas all up with me.

"'Push,' cries I, 'for the love of God, push!'

"Thin I remimber no more beyond a crush, and a fiendish noise, and min rollin' round the floor before me loike tin thousand cats a-foightin'. They smashed me lig in two whin they come in, and I'd gone sinseless."

Without breaking the flow of his narrative, Pat now picked up the pipe he had long before laid on the box beside him. "But whin I come to, 'twas meself was the engineer, for there was nought left of poor Jim Hoonter but a ravin' lunatic."

He stopped, and rapped the ashes out of his pipe against the side of the box; but at the same time he gave me a solemn nod that intimated that his peroration was yet to come. The pipe emptied, he spoke: "Faith, if he war ruined by one woman, at layst he war rid of herself there foriver, and it's me that's had to be puttin' up with her, and coaxin' her, and dhrivin' her iver since, the onchristian schemer that she is! But for all and for all"—he began refilling the pipe—"she's niver got the upper hand of me, nor put the fright on me, but thot wance, and wance only!"

LINCOLN AND THE SOLDIERS.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

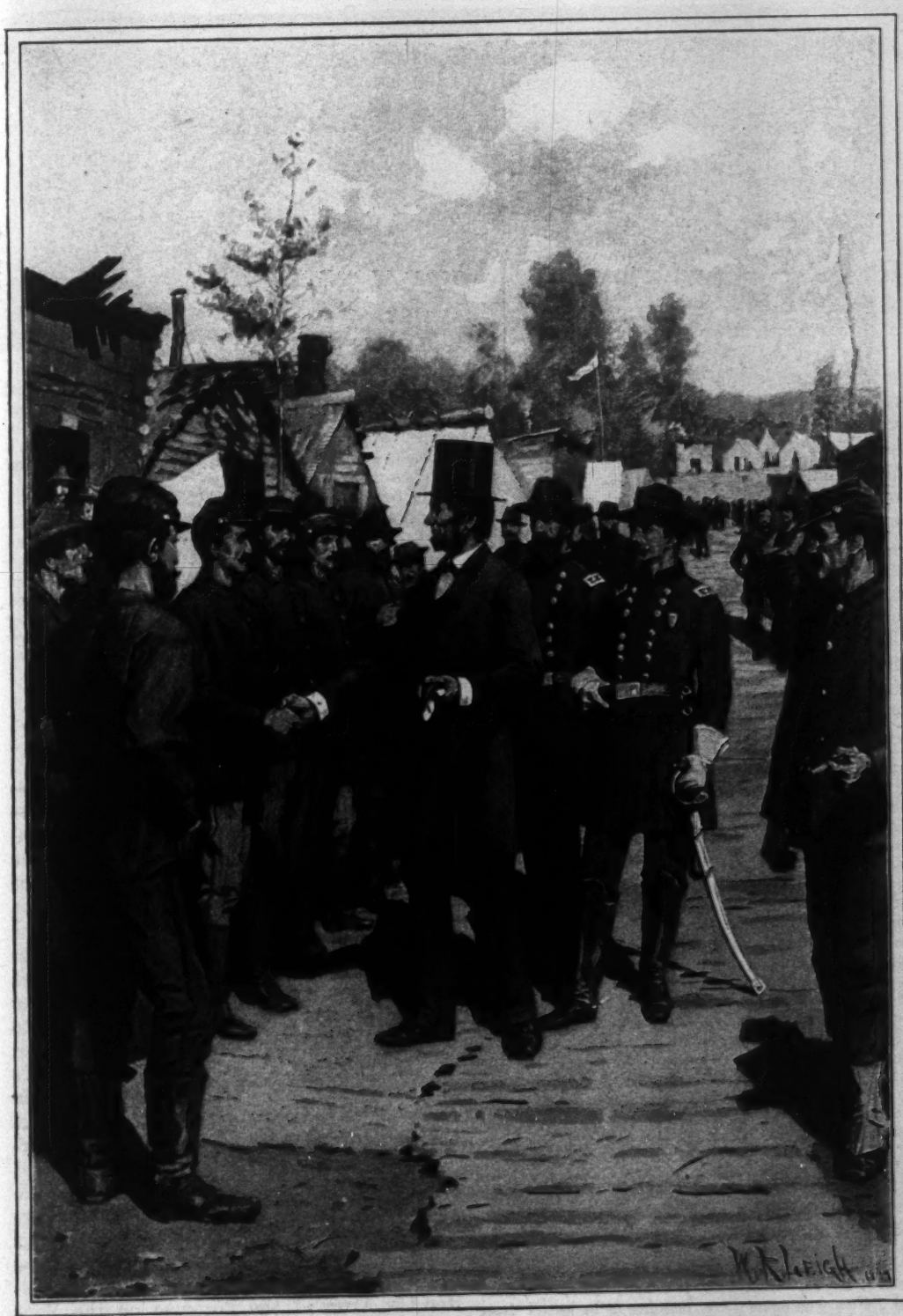
WHEN one recalls the eagerness with which men rushed into arms at the opening of the Civil War, it seems as if President Lincoln should never have had anxiety about filling the ranks of the army. For the first year, indeed, it gave him little concern. So promptly were the calls of 1861 answered that in the spring of 1862 an army of 637,126 men was in service. It was believed that with this force the war could be ended, and in April recruiting was stopped. It was a grave mistake. Before the end of May, the losses and discouragements of the Peninsular Campaign made it necessary to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. More men were needed, in fact, all along the line. Lincoln saw that, rather than an army of 600,000 men, he should have one of a million, and, July 2d, he issued a call for 300,000 men for three years, and August 4th an order was issued for a draft of 300,000 more for nine months.

By the end of 1862, nearly one and a half million men had been enrolled in the army. Nevertheless, the "strength of the army" at that time was counted at but 918,000. What had become of the half million and more? Nearly 100,000 of them had been killed or totally disabled on the battlefield; 200,000 more, perhaps, had fallen out in the seasoning process. Passed by careless medical examiners, the first five-mile march, the first week of camp life, had brought out in many some physical weakness which made soldiering out of the question. The rest of the loss was in three-months', six-months', or nine-months' men. They had enlisted for these short periods, and their terms up, they had left the army.

Moreover, the President had learned by this time that, even when the Secretary of War told him that the "strength of the army" was 918,000, it did not by any means follow that there were that number of men present for duty. Experience had taught him that about one-fourth of the reputed "strength" must be allowed for shrinkage; that is, for men in hospitals, men on furloughs, men who had deserted. He had learned that this enormous wastage went on steadily. It followed that, if the army was to be kept up to the million-men mark, recruiting must be as steady as, and in proportion to, the shrinkage.

Recruiting, so easy at the beginning of the war, had become by 1862 quite a different matter. Enthusiasm, love of adventure, patriotism could no longer be counted on to fill the ranks. It was plain to the President that hereafter, if he was to have the men he needed, military service must be compulsory. Nothing could have been devised which would have created a louder uproar in the North than the suggestion of a draft. All through the winter of 1862–63, Congress wrangled over the bill ordering it, much of the press in the meantime denouncing it as "despotic" and "contrary to American institutions." The bill passed, however, and the President signed it in March, 1863. At once there was put into operation a huge new military machine, the Bureau of the Provost-Marshal-General, which had for its business the enrolment of all the men in the United States whom the new law considered capable of bearing arms and of drafting enough of them to fill up the quota assigned to each State. This bureau was also to look after deserters.

A whole series of new problems was thrust on the President when the Bureau of the Provost-Marshal came into being. The quotas assigned the States led to endless disputes between the governors and the War Department; the drafts caused riots; an inferior kind of soldier was obtained by drafting, and deserters increased. Lincoln shirked none of these new cares. He was determined that the efficiency of the war engine should be kept up, and nobody in the government studied more closely how this was to be done, or insisted more vigorously on the full execution of the law. In assigning the quotas to the different States,



LINCOLN IN CAMP—"THEY NEVER FORGOT HIS FRIENDLY HAND-CLASP, HIS HEARTY 'GOD BLESS YOU.'"

certain credits were made of men who had enlisted previously. Many disputes arose over the credits and assignments, some of them most perplexing. Ultimately most of these reached the President. The draft bore heavily on districts where the percentage of death among the first volunteers had been large, and often urgent pleas were made to the President to release a city or county from the quota assigned. The late Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago "Tribune," once told me how he and certain leading citizens of Chicago went to Lincoln to ask that the quota of Cook County be reduced.

"In 1864, when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted," said Mr. Medill. "She had already sent 22,000 men up to that time, and was drained. When the new call came, there were no young men to go—no aliens except what were bought. The citizens held a mass meeting, and appointed three persons, of whom I was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton to give Cook County a new enrolment. I begged off; but the committee insisted, so I went. On reaching Washington, we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused entirely to give us the desired aid. Then we went to Lincoln. 'I cannot do it,' he said, 'but I will go with you to Stanton and hear the arguments of both sides.' So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Fry were there, and they, of course, contended that the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time, and finally was referred to Lincoln, who had been sitting silently listening. I shall never forget how he suddenly lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, in a voice full of bitterness, 'after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for Emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for men which I have made to carry out the war you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. Go home, and raise your 6,000 extra men. And you, Medill, you are acting like a coward. You and your 'Tribune' have had more influence than any paper in the Northwest in making this war. You can influence great masses, and yet you cry to be spared at a moment when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men.'

"I couldn't say anything. It was the first time I ever was whipped, and I didn't have an answer. We all got up and went out, and when the door closed, one of my colleagues said: 'Well, gentlemen, the old man is right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Let us never say anything about this, but go home and raise the men.' And we did—6,000 men—making 28,000 in the war from a city of 156,000. But there might have been crape on every door almost in Chicago, for every family had lost a son or a husband. I lost two brothers. It was hard for the mothers."*

MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE MEN IN CAMP.

Severe as Lincoln could be with any disposition to shirk what he considered a just and necessary demand, strenuously as he insisted that the ranks must be kept full, he never came to regard the army as a mere machine, never forgot the individual men who made it up. Indeed, he was the one man in the government who, from first to last, was big enough to use both his head and his heart. From the outset, he was the personal friend of every soldier he sent to the front, and somehow every man seemed to know it. No doubt, it was on Lincoln's visits to the camps around Washington, in the early days of the war, that the body of the soldiers got this idea. They never forgot his friendly hand-clasp, his hearty "God bless you," his remonstrance against the youth of some fifteen-year old boy masquerading as twenty, his jocular remarks about the height of some soldier towering above his own six feet four. When, later, he visited the Army of the Potomac on the Rap-

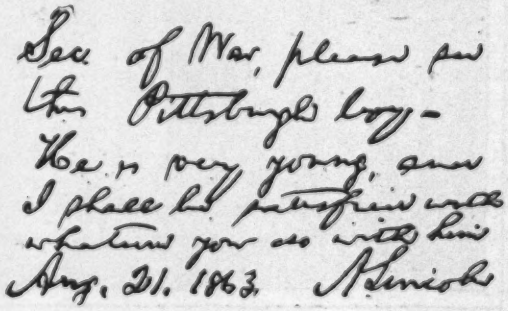
*These notes were made immediately after an interview given me by Mr. Medill in June, 1895. They were to be corrected before publication, but Mr. Medill's death occurred in March, before this article was in type, so that the account was never seen by him. I. M. T.

"MR. LINCOLN TOOK THE PAPERS FROM THE HANDS OF THE CRIPPLED SOLDIER, AND SAT DOWN WITH HIM AT THE FOOT OF A CONVENIENT TREE.

SUMMER COTTAGE OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON.

pahannock and at Antietam, these impressions of his interest in the personal welfare of the soldiers were renewed. He walked down the long lines of tents or huts, noting the attempts at decoration, the housekeeping conveniences, replying by smiles and nods and sometimes with words to the greetings, rough and hearty, which he received. He inquired into every phase of camp life, and the men knew it, and said to one another, "He cares for us; he makes us fight, but he cares."

Reports of scores of cases where he interfered personally to secure some favor or right for a soldier found their way to the army and gave solid foundation to this impression that he was the soldier's friend. From the time of the arrival of the first troops in Washington, in April, 1861, the town was full of men, all of them wanting to see the President. At first they were gay and curious merely, their requests trivial; but later, when the army had settled down to steady fighting, and Bull Run and the Peninsula and Antietam and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had cut and scarred and aged the army, the soldiers who haunted Washington were changed. They stumped about on crutches. They sat pale and thin in the parks, empty sleeves pinned to their breasts; they came to the White House begging for furloughs to see dying parents, for dismissal to support a suffering family. No man will ever know how many of these soldiers Abraham Lincoln helped. Little cards are constantly turning up in different parts of the country, treasured by private soldiers, on which he had written some brief note to a proper authority, intended to help a man out of a difficulty. Here is one:



SECRETARY OF WAR,—Please see the Pittsburgh boy. He is very young, and I shall be satisfied with whatever you do with him. A. LINCOLN.

August 21, 1863.

The "Pittsburgh boy" had enlisted at seventeen. He had been ill with a long fever. He wanted a furlough, and with a curious trust that anything could be done if he could only get to the President, he had slipped into the White House, and by chance met Lincoln, who listened to his story and gave him this note.*

Many applications reached Lincoln as he passed to and from the White House and the War Department. It was, no doubt, as he crossed the park that he saw the "colored man with one leg" designated in the check shown in facsimile on page 158, and after listening to his story, gave him the money to help him out of his trouble.

Mr. A. W. Swan of Albuquerque, New Mexico, relates a pleasing incident that fell under his own eye between Lincoln and a soldier in this same path between the White House and the War Department:

"In company with a gentleman, I was on the way to the War Department one day. Our way led through a small park between the White House and the War Department building. As we entered this park we noticed Mr. Lincoln just ahead of us, and meeting him a private soldier who was evidently in a violent passion, as he was swearing in a high key, cursing the Government from the President down. Mr. Lincoln paused as he met the irate soldier, and asked him what was the matter. 'Matter enough,' was the reply. 'I want my money. I have been discharged here, and can't get my pay.' Mr. Lincoln asked if he had his papers, saying that he used to practise law in a small way and possibly could help him. My friend and I stepped behind some convenient shrubbery where we could watch the result. Mr. Lincoln took the papers from the hands of the crippled soldier, and sat down with him at the foot of a convenient tree, where he examined them carefully, and writing a line on the back, told the soldier to take them to Mr. Potts, Chief Clerk of the War Department, who would doubtless attend to the matter at once. After Mr. Lincoln had left the soldier, we stepped out and asked him if he knew whom he had been talking with. 'Some ugly old fellow who pretends to be a lawyer,' was the reply. My companion asked to see the papers, and on their being handed to him, pointed to the endorsement they had received. This indorsement read: 'Mr. Potts, attend to this man's case at once and see that he gets his pay. A. L.' The initials were too familiar with men in position to know them to be ignored. We went with the soldier, who had just returned from Libby Prison and had been given a hospital certificate for discharge, to see Mr. Potts, and before the Paymaster's office was closed for the day, he had received his discharge and check for the money due him, he in the meantime not knowing whether to be the more pleased or sorry to think he had cursed 'Abe Lincoln' to his face."

It was not alone the soldier to whom the President listened; it was also to his wife, his mother, his daughter.

"I remember one morning," says Mr. A. B. Chandler, "his coming into my office with a distressed expression on his face and saying to Major Eckert, 'Eckert, who is that woman crying out in the hall? What is the matter with her?' Eckert said he did not know, but would go and find out. He came back soon, and said that it was a woman who had come a long distance expecting to go down to the army to see her husband, that she had some very important matters to consult him about. An order had gone out a short time before to allow no women in the army, except in special cases. She was bitterly disappointed, and was crying over it. Mr. Lincoln sat moodily for a moment after hearing this story, and suddenly looking up, said, 'Let's send her down. You write the order, Major.' Major Eckert hesitated a moment, and said, 'Would it not be better for Colonel Hardie to write the order?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'that is better; let Hardie write it.' The major went out, and soon returned, saying, 'Mr. President, would it not be better in this case to let the woman's husband come to Washington?' Mr. Lincoln's face lighted up with pleasure. 'Yes, yes,' he said; 'let's bring him up.' The order was written, and the woman was told that her husband would come to Washington. This done, her sorrows seemed lifted from Mr. Lincoln's heart, and he sat down to his yellow tissue telegrams with a serene face."

The futility of trying to help all the soldiers who found their way to him must have come often to Lincoln's mind. "Now, my man, go away, *go away*," General Fry overheard him say one day to a soldier who was pleading for the President's interference in his behalf; "I cannot meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac with a teaspoon as attend to all the details of the army."

LINCOLN AND COMPANY K.

The President's relations with individual soldiers were, of course, transient. Washington was for the great body of soldiers, whatever their condition, only a half-way house between North and South. The only body of soldiers with which the President had long association was Company K of the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers. This company, raised in Crawford County, in northwestern Pennsylvania, reached Washington in the first days of September, 1862. September 6th, Captain D. V. Derickson of Meadville, Pennsylvania, who was in command of the company, received orders to march his men to the Soldiers' Home, to act there as a guard to the President, who was occupying a cottage in the grounds.

"The next morning after our arrival," says Mr. Derickson, "the President sent a messenger to my quarters, stating that he would like to see the captain of the guard at his residence. I immediately reported. After an informal introduction and handshaking, he asked me if I would have any objection to riding with him to the city. I replied that it would give me much pleasure to do so, when he invited me to

*The "Pittsburgh boy" is still living, at Washington, Pennsylvania. His name is W. B. Post, and it is to his courtesy that we owe the facsimile of the note.

take a seat in the carriage. On our way to the city, he made numerous inquiries, as to my name, where I came from, what regiment I belonged to, etc. . . .

"When we entered the city, Mr. Lincoln said he would call at General Halleck's headquarters and get what news had been received from the army during the night. I informed him that General Cullum, chief aid to General Halleck, was raised in Meadville and that I knew him when I was a boy. He replied, 'Then we must see both the gentlemen.' When the carriage stopped, he requested me to remain seated, and said he would bring the gentlemen down to see me, the office being on the second floor. In a short time the President came down, followed by the other gentlemen. When he introduced them to me, General Cullum recognized and seemed pleased to see me. In General Halleck I thought I discovered a kind of quizzical look, as much as to say, 'Isn't this rather a big joke to ask the Commander-in-chief of the Army down to the street to be introduced to a country captain?' . . .

"Supposing that the invitation to ride to the city with the President was as much to give him an opportunity to look over and interview the new captain as for any other purpose, I did not report the next morning. During the day I was informed that it was the desire of the President that I should breakfast with him and accompany him to the White House every morning, and return with him in the evening. This duty I entered upon with much pleasure, and was on hand in good time next morning; and I continued to perform this duty until we moved to the White House in November. It was Mr. Lincoln's custom, on account of the pressure of business, to breakfast before the other members of the family were up; and I usually entered his room at half-past six or seven o'clock in the morning, where I often found him reading the Bible or some work on the art of war. On my entering, he would read aloud and offer comments of his own as he read.

"I usually went down to the city at four o'clock and returned with the President at five. He often carried a small portfolio containing papers relating to the business of the day, and spent many hours on them in the evening. . . . I found Mr. Lincoln to be one of the most kind-hearted and pleasant gentlemen that I had ever met. He never spoke unkindly of any one, and always spoke of the rebels as 'those Southern gentlemen.'" *

This kindly relation begun with the captain, the President extended to every man of his company. It was their pride that he knew every one of them by name. "He always called me Joe," I heard a veteran of the guard say, a quaver in his voice. He never passed the men on duty without acknowledging their salute, and often visited their camp. Once in passing when the men were at mess, he called out, "That coffee smells good, boys; give me a cup." And on another occasion he asked for a plate of beans, and sat down on a camp-stool and ate them. Mrs. Lincoln frequently visited the company with the President, and many and many a gift to the White House larder from enthusiastic supporters of the Administration was sent to the boys—now a barrel of apple butter, now a quarter of beef. On holidays, Mrs. Lincoln made it a rule to provide Company K with a turkey dinner.

Late in the fall of 1862, an attempt was made to depose the company. Every member of the guard now living can quote verbatim the note which the President wrote settling the matter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
November 1, 1862.

To Whom it May Concern: Captain Derickson, with his company, has been for some time keeping guard at my residence, now at the Soldiers' Retreat. He and his company are very agreeable to me, and while it is deemed proper for any guard to remain, none would be more satisfactory than Captain Derickson and his company.

A. LINCOLN.

The welfare of the men, their troubles, escapades, amusements, were treated by the President as a kind of family matter. He never forgot to ask after the sick, often secured a pass or a furlough for some one, and took genuine delight in the camp fun.

"While we were in camp at the Soldiers' Home in the fall of 1862," says Mr. C. M. Derickson of Mercer, Pennsylvania, "the boys indulged in various kinds of amusement. I think it was the Kepler boys who introduced the trained elephant. Two men of about the same size, both in a stooped position, were placed one ahead of the other. An army blanket was then thrown over them so that it came about to their knees, and a trunk, improvised by wrapping a piece of a blanket around a small elastic piece of wood, was placed in the hands of the front man. Here you have your elephant. Ours was taught to get down on his knees, stand on one leg, and do various other tricks. While the elephant was going through his exercises one evening, the President strolled into camp. He was very much amused at the wonderful feats the elephant could perform, and a few evenings after he called again and brought a friend with him, and asked the captain if he would not have the elephant brought out again, as he would like to have his friend see him perform. Of course it was done, to the great amusement of both the President and his friend."

No doubt much of the President's interest in Company K was due to his son Tad. The boy was a great favorite with the men, and probably carried to his father many a tale of the camp. He considered himself, in fact, no unimportant part of the organization, for he wore a uniform, carried a lieutenant's commission, often drilled with the men or rode on his pony at their head in reviews, and much of the time messed with them. One of the odd duties which devolved upon Company K was looking after Tad's goats. These animals have been given a place in history by Lincoln himself in telegrams to Mrs. Lincoln, duly filed in the rec-

* Major D. V. Derickson in the Centennial Edition of the Meadville "Tribune-Republican."

ords of the War Department: "Tell Tad the goats and father are very well, especially the goats," he wired one day; and again, "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats." They were privileged beings on the White House lawn, and were looked after by the company because of Tad's affection for them. They met an untimely end, being burned to death in a fire which destroyed the White House stables, February 10, 1864.*

LINCOLN AND THE HOSPITALS.

The two most harrowing consequences of war, the havoc of the battlefield and the disease of camp life, from the beginning to the end of the Civil War, centered in Washington. It was the point to which every man disabled in the Army of the Potomac must come sooner or later for care or to be transferred to the North. After battles, the city seemed turned into one great hospital. For days then a long, straggling train of mutilated men poured in. They came on flat cars or open transports, piled so close together that no attendant could pass between them; protected occasionally from the cold by a blanket which had escaped with its owner, or from the sun by green boughs placed in their hands or laid over their faces. When Washington was reached, all that could be done was to lay them in long rows on the wharfs or platforms until ambulances could carry them to the hospitals. It is when one considers the numbers of wounded in the great Virginia battles that he realizes the length and awfulness of the streams which flowed into Washington. At Fredericksburg they numbered 9,600; at Chancellorsville, 9,762; in the Wilderness, 12,037; at Spottsylvania, 13,416.

In the early days of the war, Washington was so poorly supplied with hospitals that after the first battle of Bull Run churches, dwellings, and government buildings were seized to place the wounded in, and there were so few nurses that the people of Washington had to be called upon. Very rapidly little settlements of board barracks or of white army tents multiplied in the open spaces in and around the town, quarters for the sick and wounded. Nurses poured in from the North. Organizations for relief multiplied. By the end of 1862, Mr. Lincoln could scarcely drive or walk in any direction about Washington without passing a hospital. Even in going to his summer cottage, at the Soldiers' Home, the President did not escape the sight of the wounded. The rolling hillside was dotted with white hospital tents during the entire war. In many places the tents were placed close to the road, so as to get more air, the grounds being more thickly wooded than they are now. As he drove home, after a harrowing day in the White House, the President frequently looked from his carriage upon the very beds of wounded soldiers.

Every member of the government, whether he would or not, was obliged to give some attention to this side of the war. It became a regular feature of a congressman's life in those days to spend every Saturday or Sunday afternoon in the hospitals, visiting the wounded men from his district. He wrote their letters, brought them news, saw to their wants. If he had not done it, his constituents would have disposed of him in short order.

In the President's family the needs of the hospitals were a constant interest. Mrs. Lincoln visited them regularly, and through her many delicacies went to the inmates. Among the papers of Francis S. Corkran, formerly of Baltimore, Maryland, is the following telegram from Mr. Lincoln:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *September* 30, 1863.

HON. FRANCIS S. CORKRAN,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Mrs. L. is now at home and would be pleased to see you at any time. If the grape time has not passed away she would be pleased to join in the enterprise you mentioned. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.*

The "enterprise" was simply to furnish grapes to the hospitals.

In the unpublished telegrams of the War Department is the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *August* 16, 1862.

HON. HIRAM BARNEY,
NEW YORK.

Mrs. L. has $1,000 for the benefit of the hospitals, and she will be obliged, and send the pay if you will be so good as to select and send her $200 worth of good lemons and $100 worth of good oranges.

A. LINCOLN.

In 1862, Mr. Lincoln called Dr. D. Willard Bliss from the field to Washington, to aid in organizing a more perfect system of general hospitals in and about the city. One result of Dr. Bliss's coming was the building of

*These recollections of President Lincoln and the White House Guard I owe to the courtesy of Mr. M. M. Miller of Hartstown, Pennsylvania; Mr. C. M. Derickson, Mercer, Pennsylvania; and to Mr. Boyles and Mr. Dickson of Meadville, Pennsylvania.

*An unpublished telegram loaned by Mr. Clarence G. Corkran of Lutherville, Maryland.

Armory Square Hospital, one of the best conducted institutions of the Civil War. Lincoln gave his personal attention to the building of Armory Square, and for a long time met Dr. Bliss twice each week to consider the ingenious appliances which the latter devised to aid in caring for and treating the wounded. Some of these appliances the President paid for out of his own pocket. Not infrequently he had some suggestion to make for the comfort of the place. It was due to him that Armory Square became a bower of vine and bloom in the summer. "Why don't you plant flower seeds?" he asked Dr. Bliss one day. The doctor said he would if he had seeds. "I'll order them for you from the Agricultural Department," replied the President, and sure enough he did; and thereafter, all through the season, each of the long barracks had its own flower bed and vines.

The President himself visited the hospitals as often as he could, visits never forgotten by the men to whom he spoke as he passed up and down the wards, shaking hands here, giving a cheering word there, making jocular comments everywhere. There are men still living who tell of a little scene they witnessed at Armory Square in 1863. A soldier of the 140th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, had been wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Chancellorsville and taken to Washington. One day, as he was becoming convalescent, a whisper ran down the long row of cots that the President was in the building and would soon pass by. Instantly every boy in blue who was able arose, stood erect, hands to the side, ready to salute his commander-in-chief. The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. As the President approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement, and casting his eyes from head to foot and from foot to head, as if contemplating the immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless. At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed, "Hello, comrade, do you know when your feet get cold?"*

Lincoln rarely forgot a patient whom he saw a second time, and to stubborn cases that remained from month to month he gave particular attention. There was in Armory Square Hospital for a long time a boy known as "little Johnnie." He was hopelessly crippled—doomed to death, but cheerful, and a general favorite. Lincoln never failed to stop at "little Johnnie's" cot when he went to Armory Square, and he frequently sent him fruit and flowers and a friendly message through Mrs. Lincoln.

Of all the incidents told of Lincoln's hospital visits, there is nothing more characteristic, better worth preservation, than the one following, preserved by Dr. Jerome Walker of Brooklyn:

"Just one week before his assassination, President Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac, at City Point, Virginia, and carefully examined the hospital arrangements of the Ninth, Sixth, Fifth, Second, and Sixteenth corps hospitals and of the engineer corps, there stationed. At that time I was an agent of the United States Sanitary Commission attached to the Ninth Corps Hospital. Though a boy of nineteen years, to me was assigned the duty of escorting the President through our department of the hospital system. The reader can imagine the pride with which I fulfilled the duty, and as we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentleness, his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact, and his genuine interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

"Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said, 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only *rebels*.' I will never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean *Confederates*.' And I have meant Confederates ever since.

"There was nothing left for me to do after the President's remark but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men as when he was among our own soldiers.

"As we returned to headquarters, the President urged upon me the importance of caring for them as faithfully as I should for our own sick and wounded. When I visited next day these three wards, the Southern officers and soldiers were full of praise for 'Abe' Lincoln, as they called him, and when a week afterwards the news came of the assassination, there was no truer sorrow nor greater indignation anywhere than was shown by these same Confederates."

LINCOLN AND THE DESERTER.

One great cause of sorrow to Lincoln throughout the war was the necessity of punishing soldiers. Not only did the men commit all the crimes common to society, like robbery and murder; they were guilty of others peculiar to military organization and war, such as desertion, sleeping on post, disobedience to orders, bounty jumping, giving information to the enemy. As the army grew larger, desertion became so common and so disastrous to efficiency that it had to be treated with great severity. Lincoln seems to have had his attention first called

* Letter from James C. Burns, Monmouth, Illinois.

to it seriously when he visited McClellan's army in July, 1862, for he wrote to McClellan, July 13th:

My dear Sir: I am told that over 160,000 men have gone into your army on the Peninsula. When I was with you the other day, we made out 86,500 remaining, leaving 73,500 to be accounted for. I believe 23,500 will cover all the killed, wounded, and missing in all your battles and skirmishes, leaving 50,000 who have left otherwise. Not more than 5,000 of these have died, leaving 45,000 of your army alive and not with it. I believe half or two-thirds of them are fit for duty to-day. Have you any more perfect knowledge of this than I have? If I am right, and you had these men with you, you could go into Richmond in the next three days. How can they be got to you, and how can they be prevented from getting away in such numbers for the future?

A. LINCOLN.

About the same time, Buell reported 14,000 absentees from his army. In the winter of 1862 and 1863 it grew worse. General Hooker says that when he took charge of the Army of the Potomac in January, 1863, the desertions were at the rate of 200 a day. "I caused a return to be made of the absentees of the army," he continues, "and found the number to be 2,922 commissioned officers and 81,964 non-commissioned officers and privates. These were scattered all over the country, and the majority were absent from causes unknown."

When the Bureau of the Provost-Marshal was established in March, 1863, finding and punishing deserters became one of its duties. Much of the difficulty was due to the methods of recruiting. To stimulate volunteering for long periods, the government began in 1861 to offer bounties. The bounties offered by the government were never large, however, and were paid in installments, so that no great evil resulted from them. But later, when the quota of each State and district was fixed, and the draft instituted, State and local bounties were added to those of the government. In some places the bounties offered aggregated $1,500, a large part of which was paid on enlistment. Immediately a new class of military criminals sprang up, "bounty-jumpers," men who enlisted, drew the bounty, deserted, and rëenlisted at some other point.

The law allowed men who had been drafted to send substitutes, and a new class of speculators, known as "substitute-brokers," appeared. They did a thriving business in procuring substitutes for drafted men who, for one reason or another, did not want to go into the war. These recruits were frequently of a very poor class, and a large percentage of them took the first chance to desert. It is said that, out of 625 recruits sent to reinforce one regiment, over forty per cent. deserted on the way. In the general report of the Provost-Marshal-General made at the close of the war, the aggregate deserting was given at 201,397.

The result of all this was that the severest penalties were enforced for desertion. The President never ceased to abhor the death penalty for this offense. While he had as little sympathy as Stanton himself with the frauds practised and never commuted the sentence of a bounty-jumper, as far as I have been able to discover, over the great number of sentences he hesitated. He seemed to see what others ignored, the causes which were behind. Many and many a man deserted in the winter of 1862–1863 because of the Emancipation Proclamation. He did not believe the President had the right to issue it, and he refused to fight. Lincoln knew, too, that the "copperhead" agitation in the North reached the army, and that hundreds of men were being urged by parents and friends hostile to the Administration to desert. His indignation never was against the boy who yielded to this influence.

"Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts," he said, "while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father, or brother, or friend into a public meeting, and there working upon his feelings until he is persuaded to write the soldier boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case, to silence the agitator, and save the boy, is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

Another cause he never forgot was that mortal homesickness which so often ate the very heart out of a boy away from home for the first time. It filled many a hospital cot in the Civil War, and shriveled the nerves and sapped the courage until men forgot everything but home, and fled. Lincoln seemed to see in a flash the whole army history of these cases: the boy enlisting in the thrill of perhaps his first great passion; his triumphal march to the field; the long, hard months of seasoning; the deadly longing for home overtaking him; a chance to desert taken; the capture. He could not condemn such a boy to death.

The time Lincoln gave to listening to the intercessions of friends in behalf of condemned deserters, the extent of his clemency, is graphically shown in the manuscript

records of the War Department which refer to prisoners of war. Scores of telegrams are filed there, written out by Lincoln himself, inquiring into the reasons for an execution or suspending it entirely. These telegrams, which have never been published, furnish the documentary proof, if any is wanted, of the man's great heart, his entire willingness to give himself infinite trouble to prevent an injustice or to soften a sorrow. "Suspend execution and forward record for examination," was his usual formula for telegrams of this nature. The record would be sent, but after it was in his hands he would defer its examination from week to week. Often he telegraphed, "Suspend execution of death sentence until further orders." "But that does not pardon my boy," said a father to him once.

"My dear man," said the President, laying his hand on his shoulder, "do you suppose *I* will ever give orders for your boy's execution?"

In sending these orders for suspension of execution, the President frequently went himself personally to the telegraph office and watched the operator send them, so afraid was he that they might not be forwarded in time. To dozens of the orders sent over from the White House by a messenger is attached a little note signed by Mr. Lincoln, or by one of his secretaries, and directed to Major Eckert, the chief of the office: "Major Eckert, please send above despatch," or "Will you please hurry off the above? To-morrow is the day of execution." Not infrequently he repeated a telegram or sent a trailer after it inquiring, "Did you receive my despatch suspending sentence of——?"

Difficulty in tracing a prisoner or in identifying him sometimes arose. The President only took additional pains. The following telegrams are to the point:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *November* 20, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE,
ARMY OF POTOMAC.

If there is a man by the name of K— under sentence to be shot, please suspend execution till further order, and send record.

A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *November* 20, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE,
ARMY OF POTOMAC.

An intelligent woman in deep distress called this morning, saying her husband, a lieutenant in the Army of the Potomac, was to be shot next Monday for desertion, and putting a letter in my hand, upon which I relied for particulars, she left without mentioning a name or other particular by which to identify the case. On opening the letter I found it equally vague, having nothing to identify it, except her own signature, which seems to be Mrs. A—— S. K——. I could not again find her. If you have a case which you think is probably the one intended, please apply my despatch of this morning to it.

A. LINCOLN.

In another case, where the whereabouts of a man who had been condemned were unknown, Lincoln telegraphed himself to four different military commanders, ordering suspension of the man's sentence.

The execution of very young soldiers was always hateful to him. "I am unwilling for any boy under eighteen to be shot," he telegraphed Meade in reference to one prisoner. And in suspending another sentence he gave as an excuse, "His mother says he is but seventeen." This boy he afterwards pardoned "on account of his tender age."

If a reason for pardoning was not evident, he was willing to see if one could not be found:

S—— W——, private in —— ——, writes that he is to be shot for desertion on the 6th instant. His own story is rather a bad one, and yet he tells it so frankly, that I am somewhat interested in him. Has he been a good soldier except the desertion? About how old is he?

A. LINCOLN.

Some of the deserters came very close to his own life. The son of more than one old friend was condemned for a military offense in the war, and in the telegrams is recorded Lincoln's treatment of these trying cases. In one of them the boy had enlisted in the Southern Army and had been taken a prisoner. "Please send him to me by an officer," the President telegraphed the military commander having him in charge. Four days later he telegraphed to the boy's father:

Your son —— has just left me with my order to the Secretary of War to administer to him the oath of allegiance, discharge him and send him to you.

In another case, where the son of a friend was under trial for desertion, Lincoln kept himself informed of the trial, telegraphing to the general in charge, "He is the son of so close a friend that I must not let him be executed."

And yet, in spite of the evident reluctance which every telegram shows to allowing the execution of a death sentence, there are many which prove that, unless he had what he considered a good reason for suspending a sentence, he would not do it. The following telegrams are illustrative:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *November* 23, 1863.

E. P. EVANS,
WEST UNION, ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO.

Yours to Governor Chase in behalf of J—— A. W—— is before me. Can there be a worse case than to desert, and with letters persuading others to desert? I cannot interpose without a better showing than you make. When did he desert? When did he write the letters?

A. LINCOLN.

In this case sentence was later suspended "until further orders."

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *April* 21, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL DIX,
NEW YORK.

Yesterday I was induced to telegraph the officer in military command at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Massachusetts, suspending the execution of C—— C——, to be executed to-morrow for desertion. Just now, on reading your order in the case, I telegraphed the same order withdrawing the suspension, and leaving the case entirely with you. The man's friends are pressing me, but I refer them to you, intending to take no further action myself.

A. LINCOLN.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *April* 25, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE,
ARMY OF POTOMAC.

A Mr. Corby brought you a note from me at the foot of a petition, I believe, in the case of D——, to be executed to-day. The record has been examined here, and it shows too strong a case for a pardon or commutation, unless there is something in the poor man's favor outside of the record, which you on the ground may know, but I do not. My note to you only means that if you know of any such thing rendering a suspension of the execution proper, on your own judgment, you are at liberty to suspend it. Otherwise I do not interfere.

A. LINCOLN.

It is curious to note how the President found time to attend to these cases even on the most anxious days of his administration. On the very day on which he telegraphed to James G. Blaine in response to the latter's announcement that Maine had gone for the Union, "On behalf of the Union, thanks to Maine. Thanks to you personally for sending the news," he sent two telegrams suspending sentences. Such telegrams were sent on days of great battles, in the midst of victory, in the despair of defeat. Whatever he was doing, the fate of the sentenced soldier was on his heart. On Friday, which was usually chosen as execution day, he often was heard to say, "They are shooting a boy at —— to-day. I hope I have not done wrong to allow it." In spite of his frequent interference, there were 267 men executed by the United States military authorities during the Civil War. Of these, 141 were executed for desertion, and eight for desertion coupled with some other crime, such as murder. After those for desertion, the largest number of executions were for murder, sixty-seven in all. As to the manner of the executions, 187 were shot, seventy-nine hung, and in one case the offender was sent out of the world by some unknown way.

Incidents and documents like those already given, showing the care and the sympathy President Lincoln felt for the common soldier, might be multiplied indefinitely. Nothing that concerned the life of the men in the line was foreign to him. The man might have shown cowardice. The President only said, "I never felt sure but I might drop my gun and run away if I found myself in line of battle." The man might be poor and friendless. "If he has no friends, I'll be his friend," Lincoln said. The man might have deserted. "Suspend execution, send me his record," was the President's order. He was not only the Commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, he was the father of the army, and never did a man better deserve a title than did he the one the soldiers gave him—"Father Abraham."

ONE VIRGINIA NIGHT.

BY KENNETH BROWN.

MOST of the wedding-guests were in the parlor. In one corner of the sitting-room were the hero and the heroine. Of what? Oh! nothing much, only of each other. The room was bare of furniture, for dancing; she sat on a footstool, clasping her hands around her knees and looking down at him; and he sat on a music-book, for the sake of his clothes, at the heroine's feet, for the sake of her. A red-headed girl and her escort were over in the opposite corner, and she made complimentary remarks about the heroine in a stage undertone. The remarks were strictly true, but the heroine

despised" the red-headed girl, and considered them impertinent; the hero considered them superfluous.

"If she does not stop talking about me," said the heroine, "I shall go away."

"And punish me for the sins of the red-headed girl," the hero asked, "when I have been so good all the evening? This is almost the only time I have monopolized you to-night."

"Yes; but you have been rewarded by knowing that I *wanted* to talk with you, instead of the others."

"Trying to believe that, by myself, isn't over satisfactory."

"Isn't *this* satisfactory?" Her eyes had a slightly hurt look in them that was very effective.

He half-way reached his hand out to hers; then remembered the red-headed girl. "It is worth ages of being good, dear," he said softly. "It is worth so much that I shan't even tease you to do something which I know you can't, but which I *do* wish you could."

"What is that?"

"It is to drive down to the station with me when the bride goes away. I know you can't, but wouldn't it be nice?"

The heroine sat a minute thinking. "Yes, it *would* be nice," she said slowly, reflecting. "I don't suppose I *could* go."

"Oh! *can't* you?" he cried eagerly, hope springing up where he had thought there was no room for hope.

"I must go away now," she said, jumping to her feet. She turned as she reached the door. "I'll see," she called back.

He would have followed her, except that that would not have been "good," and he knew he would lose everything unless he were good. It was an unfair game; she could move swiftly away from him without attracting attention; while he could not move after her at all, though really a better walker than she. But then he had so much more to gain than she. And by practice he had become philosophic, which is a good thing if one become not so philosophic as to seem indifferent—and even that has its uses.

He went into the parlor, and danced with the bride. They were very good friends, and had his mind not been filled with the heroine, he would have regretted that so nice a girl should be married. The guests dwindled away a few at a time, except some of the more intimate friends who were going to stay until the bride went to the train at two o'clock. By and by the dancing stopped, and some one began to play plaintive airs from Heller's "Studies," and "Martha," and part of the "Pathetic Sonata" which fitted in. The people sat down on the sofa and the chairs, then on footstools, and the men on the floor. The bride nestled down at her father's feet, and leaned against his knees, arranging her dress around her in the way girls have to keep it from getting soiled, until she appeared like a fluffy nautilus.

Some listened to the music, and some talked softly of the wedding and of the bride's chances for happiness. There were those who had married and lived unhappily ever after; yet the woman who had suffered most was the most optimistic. To the hero it seemed a long time that the heroine required him to be good. He was really more unhappy than if she had not given him the hope of driving in with her; he kept telling himself that there was not the faintest chance—he was Polycrates throwing his ring into the sea.

At last she came and stood beside him. "I will come if I can," she said in a low tone; then moved a step away from him, and raising her voice spoke of other matters, for the room to hear. She asked him one or two questions without getting an answer; stopped, and looked inquiringly at him.

"You may as well go on talking for the gallery," he said; "I am paying absolutely no attention, except to what you said first; there is nothing else I care for now—if it is only true."

She moved a step nearer to him, and stooped down to examine the ferns on the mantelpiece. "Please don't look at me like that," she whispered; "it's such a—such a give-away."

He dropped his eyes to her hands nervously arranging the ferns. "I must be 'good' with my eyes, too, must I? But it isn't polite to gaze at the ceiling while talking with—now don't give the obvious retort that in that case it would be wiser not to talk."

They were standing very close together, as people who examine ferns sometimes do. She raised her eyes to his; she who could preach so well had better practice, for her soul was in her eyes, and much protestation would be needed to unsay what her eyes revealed.

She left him standing by the ferns and the candles, in front of the mantelpiece. To him it all was background to her eyes, it and the people and the lights, and further back the

music, and even the wedding ceremony itself. He felt as though he had been lost and drunk up in her eyes—as though there remained but the husk of himself, now that she was gone.

Next came the getting ready to drive to the train. Some men who had waited, half-sentimentally, to go down with the bride, bustled about cheerfully, glad of the nearer prospect of sleep. One of the girls called to know in which carriage the heroine was going, and the hero's heart stopped as he waited to hear her answer, certain that she would not dare, before them all, to say that she was going with him. But the heroine was upstairs, and the hero kept on telling himself that at the last minute something would happen to prevent.

At last she came down. There was a block of various vehicles driving up to the door, and he asked her in a low tone if she would mind walking to where his horse was tied to a tree. "He does not stand well," he explained. She went with him, disbelieving the excuse, out into the dark beneath the trees; and they drove down the winding road behind a "dayton" full of cheerful men, the horse plunging and trying to run, from his long wait in the cool air.

"It *was* true, you see, you boy of little faith."

"And now I can look at you in the starlight without fear and without reproach—or rather without fear of reproach."

"No, you can't. I can look at *you* in the starlight; but you, poor thing, have to be circumspect, as though there were a dozen people around, because the road is narrow and on your driving depends the unbrokenness of two very nice necks—and it's *so* unromantic to break a girl's neck."

They trotted swiftly along the sinuous, undulating road. On the left the dark, wooded hills rose steeply from the edge of the road, while on the right the meadow, three or four feet below them, invited an easy upset. The red Piedmont clay makes night driving an affair of keen sight, not reflecting that glimmer of light which dirt or gravel roads do. Providence has wisely given the red roads to the South, where such obstacles to social intercourse are not considered.

The heroine held the hero's left hand between hers. At times he had to snatch it suddenly away, to save them from driving over the edge of an unprotected bridge, or down into a more than usually encroaching ditch; for driving a not over-well-broken horse with one hand requires more care than the hero was willing to give, when the heroine was beside him. The stars above them gave that light more clear and unearthly than any moonlight; and for a time the hero was content.

When they got out on the country road he no longer had to pay so much attention to the horse. He looked at her pure, starlit face beside him, and once or twice he leaned toward her till his cheek touched hers.

"Some one will see," she said gently, but not moving from him.

"Please, ma'am, how good do you think people's sight is?" he asked.

"But it is getting lighter!" she protested.

"Yes, I expect the moon is beginning to rise—I shall have to drive a little more slowly."

"O-h!" she laughed; "I wish I hadn't spoken."

A long hill was before them, and when they got to the top, they saw the waning moon just rising in the east and dimming the stars.

"And you are coming back with me, too, aren't you?" he asked when they were halfway to town.

"Why are you never content?" she reproached him. "When you have something, you are always worrying about something else."

"But you *will*, won't you?" he persisted.

"*Please* don't ask me! No, I don't believe I can. There will be plenty of room in the trap, and it would be silly for you to drive 'way out in the country again with me."

It was the bitter in the sweet, the thought of this drive back which he could not have. It in a way spoiled the present for him, and yet in a way also it made every moment with her inexpressibly dear. He pleaded most of the rest of the way to be allowed to drive her home, but she would not promise. "It would look so," she said, which is a strong argument with a girl. Just before they got to the station she yielded a little. "Well, if I can without its seeming funny, I will," she said reluctantly; and with that he had small hope.

The train was late, as the night train in Virginia always is when any one is going away. The bride sat on a bench, near the stove which tempered the chill of the October night. The other girls clustered around her; sitting down, and getting up again to stray off into the corners of the room with

the men. At times couples went out on the platform to see whether the train was coming, and to watch the moon and the long shadows it cast across the country.

The bride and the heroine sat all the time together, loving each other as girls do on mournful occasions. The heroine was the only one of the girls who didn't wander off; and she stayed partly because the bride cared for her more than she did for any of the others, but more because she had driven in with the hero and felt as if she must do penance for that. The hero stood in front of them, that the electric light might not shine into their eyes. This was kind of him, since he wanted to see the heroine's eyes; but he was willing to do anything to earn the drive home.

The three happened to be alone once, and he resolved to risk everything on one throw.

"I wish to ask you something"—he leaned toward the bride. "Mayn't I drive her home?"

"Oh! but that's absurd," quickly interposed the heroine, "to take you all that way out into the country again, when I can just as well as not go back in the trap with the others."

Then the hero was glad he had not awaited the course of events. He paid no attention to the heroine's disclaimer; the bride was his friend, and he felt that she would understand.

"Mayn't I?" he asked again. "You're a nice married lady now, and can say."

"Why, yes—" The bride broke off and turned to the heroine. "Do you *want* to go with him?" she demanded.

It was the critical moment. The hero dared not glance at the heroine. His eyes would have implored too much, and others might see the imploring, and then she certainly would say no.

For just an instant she hesitated. Then, quite naturally, she answered, "Yes, I think I should *like* to go with him."

She got up and stood by the stove as some of the moon-gazers came in.

"Then it is all settled?" he said in an undertone.

She nodded, moved slightly away from him, and talked to others with vivacity. The hero knew the safest way now was to act as though there were only one course open. He thought the train would never come; and when it came, it did not hasten away again as a well-regulated train should, but loitered about, puffing and panting like a broken-winded old horse that has been over-driven.

When the heroine was safe in the hero's buckboard at last, he sighed.

"That was *such* a sigh," she said.

"Now I am perfectly happy," he said.

"Are you, dear?" she answered. "I don't believe I have ever seen you perfectly happy before. It's worth something to make you so." She put out her hand and took his again, and he gave it, though there were still corners to turn. He was willing to drive by faith.

The trap took the other road, and for a time the heroine did not even worry lest they should not get home as soon as it. The splendor of the moon descended on them. Late as the hour was, there was not yet the feel of morning that, earlier in the summer, so soon chases the glorious night away. When the road dipped into the hollows it was cool, so cool that the hero doubled the rug and wrapped it all around the heroine's knees; and she did not protest at his depriving himself, but leaned a little more toward him and thanked him.

The horse traveled steadily along. He seemed to know that this was one of the times when a horse should show his sagacity. Up the long hill, into the warm upper air, the horse walked.

"We are going very slowly," the heroine said.

"Yes," he answered, and she said no more.

The moonlit landscape stretched out at their feet; it was hard to believe that anything sordid or wicked could exist amid such beauty. The hero turned to the heroine: "It seems to me now, dear, as if, even if we were married, I should be satisfied with this. I don't suppose I should, but it seems so to-night."

She did not answer, she only pressed a little closer to her bosom the hand she held in hers. The horse began of his own accord to trot down the other side of the hill, and the hero let the reins flap on his back.

"Such a night as this, dearest, is worth dying for; it would make a life worth having lived." His voice was so low that she could hardly hear him.

"Yes," she answered.

Far below, where the two roads came together, they could hear the trap and the hoof-beats of the horses.

"We must hurry a little now," she said, turning to him.

He slapped the reins on the horse's back, and the horse jumped forward, and clattered down the hill.

DEWEY'S CAPTURE OF MANILA.

By Oscar King Davis,

Correspondent of the New York "Sun" at Manila.

HOW THE SPANIARDS CAME TO SURRENDER WITHOUT A STUBBORN RESISTANCE.—NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF M. EDOUARD ANDRE, THE MEDIUM OF THE NEGOTIATIONS.

A FEW days after the surrender of Manila to the Americans on August 13th of last year, the commanding general, in a general order, formally congratulated his troops "upon the capture by assault of the defenses of Manila." There had been a little fighting on the American right as our troops advanced that day, and this general order served to make the men who had been engaged feel satisfied with their work. There were a few men, however, in the fleet which had been waiting in front of Manila for over three months who smiled a little over this order, because they knew that the surrender was due to negotiations which had been carried on between Admiral Dewey and the Spanish captain-generals for a period of several weeks. These negotiations had been conducted through the friendly offices of M. Edouard André, the Belgian consul in Manila, who had been very steadfast in his faith that they would result satisfactorily. It was known to some extent among the Americans that these negotiations were proceeding, and some at least, if not all, of the general officers knew in detail what was going on. But on the morning of August 14th, Admiral Dewey said to me:

"I have been working for a month for this, and I was the only man who believed I could succeed. Merritt did not believe it, Anderson and Greene did not believe it; why, even my flag lieutenant thought I would not succeed."

This is the story of how those negotiations were conducted. It is taken from the notes M. André made in his diary at the times of his various visits to Admiral Dewey and the Spanish commanders. It will be seen from this how completely the Spanish army, at least, knew what was going to happen. General Anderson has assured me that although he was the second in command of the American land forces, he did not know how far the negotiations had gone, nor did he have any idea how definitely the arrangements had been completed.

It is a fact that all the summer the Spaniards knew that they were facing surrender. Several white flags had waved over the city during the greater part of the 1st of May, after it became apparent that Montojo's fleet had been destroyed. Augustin, the Spanish Captain-General, knew that he could make no defense; and Jaudenes, who succeeded him, really hoped for nothing more than the honorable capitulation he got. But as time went on and the Americans delayed attacking, the Spaniards began to pluck up heart and determined to make at least a show of resistance. Spanish honor, which is peculiarly theatrical, required some sort of a spectacle if it was to be saved. The Spanish custom of court-martialing and sometimes shooting officers who surrender had to be reckoned with, and the Spanish commanders argued that they might as well die gloriously in defense of the city, even though a few hundred or a few thousand innocent lives were lost because of their action, as to go home and die disgracefully for surrendering the city, even though all the lives of the innocent were saved. Admiral Dewey, however, held tenaciously to the idea that it was best to save the lives of the non-combatants; and in the end he prevailed.

ANDRÉ'S FIRST VISIT TO DEWEY.

Manila was in an intensely nervous state during the month of May. The suspense was very great. Business was at a standstill. Nothing came in or went out. Every day the Spaniards expected to see the American transports come into the bay with the soldiers to destroy the city. It was with a

view of ending, if possible, this state of affairs that M. André decided to offer his services to Admiral Dewey. He had lived in Manila for a good many years, and he knew the conditions there very well. His official station, as well as his business, had brought him into more or less intimate relations with the Spanish officials, and he understood that they realized clearly how they were situated. About the 1st of June, M. André paid his first visit to Admiral Dewey. He wanted to get the Admiral's permission for a little Spanish steamer—which was lying in the Pasig River—to go out into the bay under the French flag for the use of French and Belgian refugees. This request Admiral Dewey granted at once. While M. André was waiting on the "Olympia" with Admiral Dewey, the captain of the British gunboat "Swift" came on board, saying that he had mail from Hong Kong, and asked if he would be allowed to land it. Admiral Dewey appeared to be in doubt, and turned to Captain Parfit of the French cruiser "Bruix," who had accompanied M. André, and asked him and the Belgian consul if they thought it would be all right to land the mail. They said they thought it would be, and Dewey replied:

"Well, all right. Let them have the letters. It will please their families. I hope the ladies will have a good opinion of me. How about them? Are they frightened? I hope not, for I do not make war against women and children."

On June 8th, M. André went out to visit the Spanish trenches to the south and east of Manila. In command of the Paco Bridge he found Captain Don Juan de la Concha, who had been in command of the cruiser "Don Juan de Austria" on the 1st of May and had taken his sailormen into the trenches to help keep the insurgents out. André stopped to talk with Captain Concha, and General Jaudenes, who was then second in command, came up. Captain Concha was in a bad temper. Some of his men had been killed, and he didn't like it. He said he was unwilling to lose Spanish lives in fighting for the monks, and went on to rail against the friars and to say that the country was priest-ridden. Jaudenes agreed with him. André said he was going to see Augustin, the Captain-General, and asked leave to use the names of Jaudenes and Concha. Both agreed. That night André called upon Augustin, and found the archbishop there. Nevertheless he spoke plainly to the Captain-General, and told him how Jaudenes and Concha felt. Augustin listened closely to all André had to say. He made little comment, but gave André the impression that he agreed with the two commanders. Afterward he kept shifting the troops in the trenches constantly to prevent their coming to an understanding with the insurgents.

In the latter part of June, M. André had several conversations with Admiral Dewey, and was interested in negotiating with the insurgents on behalf of Augustin. The Spanish General Monet and Augustin's family had been taken prisoners at San Fernando, Pampanga, and Augustin was particularly anxious to have André arrange for their release. André finally got from Pedro Paterno, one of the insurgent leaders, a promise that nothing should happen to the prisoners if Augustin would publish a decree of self-government. Augustin permitted Paterno to publish a pamphlet authorized by the Spanish general, stating the basis of self-government, but explaining that he had no power to grant autonomy. He promised, however, that if all the chiefs would sign a proper agreement to end the rebellion, which was then gathering force, he would then make concessions. The chiefs demanded the concessions first, and said they would sign afterward. Then they added to their demands the expulsion of the friars. So nothing came of the negotiations.

About this time it was reported in Manila that 7,000 American troops had landed in Sual, on the north coast of Luzon. This report produced great alarm in Manila. A day or two later, Manila was stirred up again by the report that Cámara's squadron was coming and that it had been seen in Chinese waters. A few days later, it was reported that the reinforcements under Cámara had passed Aden and that the squadron consisted of several armored ships, transports with 10,000 men, and three colliers. The uncertainty as to what was going to happen rendered it practically impossible for M. André to make any advance toward a pacific surrender of the city to the Americans. He had talked only in general terms to Augustin so far, and had at no time made a definite proposition. However, he had gone far enough to lead him to believe that Augustin recognized the inevitable, or would recognize it if it became apparent that reinforcements could not reach him.

This was the situation when, on the 30th of June, the United States cruiser "Charleston" and the transports "Australia,"

"Peking," and "City of Sidney," with General Anderson and about 2,500 men, arrived to reinforce the Americans. The next day, when M. André saw Augustin, the Spaniard told him that the American reinforcements consisted of 2,300 very young and very green volunteers, 300 regulars, 300 artillerymen, and 100 sailors. A few days later, Augustin asked André to find out how many American troops were coming and when they would come. He also wanted to know when the despatch-boat "Zafiro" would be sent to Hong Kong again. He wanted to send some despatches to his government, and he was accustomed to make use of the American despatch-boat for this purpose, mailing his despatches to Hong Kong either through André or through Dr. Krüger, the German consul. André went to see Admiral Dewey about this time, and was informed that General Merritt was coming with 20,000 troops and that two battleships would come along in a few days. Dewey told André that he would give forty-eight hours' notice before he attacked the city.

Two or three days after this, André went again to the "Olympia" to see Admiral Dewey, and while he was there the "McCulloch" got under way and started for Malabon, on the bay just north of Manila. She steamed in very close to the city, and the Admiral saw her, and had signal made calling her back. Then he signaled to Captain Hooper to come aboard. When Captain Hooper came aboard, Admiral Dewey said:

"Would you like to die?"

"No," said Captain Hooper, very much surprised.

"Do you like to disturb people?" asked the Admiral.

"No," replied Captain Hooper again.

"Then," said the Admiral, "why do you go within range of the guns in there? Don't you know that the Spaniards are trembling with anger? They will fire on you, and I shall be obliged to bombard Manila, and I don't like to do it."

Captain Hooper went back to the "McCulloch," and took a course further from the city on his way to Malabon. But before André left the ship that afternoon, Admiral Dewey found opportunity to ask him to report to Augustin the conversation with Captain Hooper which he had overheard that afternoon.

About this time, Augustin ordered the captain of the port to place his best launch at the disposal of M. André. André was obliged to go very frequently to visit the "Olympia," which was then lying in front of Cavité, seven miles from Manila. The launch "Trueno" was given to him, and from that time until the surrender of the city he kept it pretty busy.

THE SPANISH COMMANDER HOPELESS.

It was on July 23d that Augustin practically admitted the hopelessness of his case by consenting to have André negotiate with Admiral Dewey. Theretofore all of André's work had been rather roundabout. All who were concerned understood what was going on clearly enough, but each kept up the fiction of concealment. Now, however, Augustin talked openly with André, and agreed that the Belgian should consult the American Admiral and should report to Dewey the substance at least of Augustin's conversation. There had been a time, earlier in the month, when Augustin had felt much more sanguine of his own position. This was when a despatch had been received, on July 8th, reporting that Shafter had lost 1,000 men near Santiago and had been repulsed. The news that had come since that time, however, of the difficulties with which Cámara was struggling had practically destroyed the hopes which Augustin had cherished of receiving reinforcements. So when André talked with Augustin on July 23d, he found the Captain-General more willing to speak plainly than he had ever been before. It was on the occasion of this interview that André made his first definite reference to the surrender. Augustin said that he was willing to surrender to the Americans, but he wanted to know how the Admiral would manage to keep the insurgents out of the city, in case the Spaniards should surrender. André asked how strong the insurgents were, and Augustin replied that they had taken 12,000 rifles from the militia-Filipino; had bought 10,000 in Hong Kong, and had got 1,600 either captured from the guardia civil or taken from the arsenal at Cavité after the May 1st fight. André suggested to Augustin that he should have a letter to Admiral Dewey setting forth the Spaniard's views with reference to a possible surrender. Augustin thought a minute, and replied:

"*Que sea de palabras*—let it be by speech."

"How will he keep out the Indians when he attacks Manila," asked Augustin after a minute's silence, "and prevent them from mingling with his own troops? Suppose I should surrender to the Americans! Would

they allow us to go to a province where there is now no war against the Americans; for instance, Iloilo?"

At this same interview Augustin told André that he thought he should make it a condition of surrendering that Aguinaldo and other insurgent chiefs should either be surrendered to him or that they should be taken care of by the Americans. "Get them out of the way," was the way he put it.

The next day, André went to see Admiral Dewey and reported the interview which he had had with the Spanish general. He told the Admiral Augustin's estimate of the strength of the insurgents and how anxious the Spaniard was to prevent the Indians from getting into the city. He suggested himself that the Admiral should get Aguinaldo and his chiefs on a steamer and hold them. To this the Admiral replied:

"I am sorry, but I can't do it."

A little later in the conversation, which continued for some time, the Admiral said:

"They can't do otherwise; they must surrender one of these days."

André then went back to his conversation with Augustin, and remarked again upon Augustin's anxiety to know what the Americans would do in case he surrendered. To this Admiral Dewey replied that they would enter the city and keep the Indians out; that the Spanish troops would be sent to Spain; the Americans would replace the Spaniards in the trenches, and in this way prevent the insurgents from getting into the city. The Spaniards should retain their side-arms and have all the honors of war. Aguinaldo should not be permitted to enter the city if the Spanish general desired that he be kept out. André asked the Admiral if he had treated with the Indians, and Dewey replied that he had made no promise whatever to the insurgents.

The day after General Merritt arrived, André went again to see Admiral Dewey on the "Olympia." Signal was made to the "Newport," and General Merritt came over from the transport, and there was a long conference on the flag-ship. The Admiral, the General, and the consul sat on the quarter-deck of the "Olympia," and had a general discussion of the situation and of possible plans for the capture of the city. General Merritt asked many questions as to the conditions in Manila: were the people scared; were the Indians strong; did the people have confidence in their generals; were they tired; were they hungry; would they hold out?—all about them. This talk lasted for more than an hour, and then General Merritt asked M. André the direct question how could Manila be taken.

André's reply was that the attack must be made on the one side only, in order that the insurgents could be kept out. He suggested that all the American troops be landed south of Manila, and pushed in quickly through Malate, spreading out toward Paco, and so on around to the north. It was impossible to attack from the north, he said, owing to the character of the country, which was full of swamps that would make the attack very difficult, if not impossible; and where it was not swampy, was covered with Nipa huts that would be fired, absolutely stopping the advance of troops.

Until this time General Merritt had only asked questions, letting Admiral Dewey do most of the talking. But now he began to talk about the condition of his troops and to express the fear that there would be a great deal of sickness among the men. To this André replied that it was quite unnecessary to attack Manila; that the surrender could be arranged; that if the General undertook to take the city by any other means, he would only have a good many men killed uselessly. André then asked General Merritt what his relations would be with the insurgents. General Merritt replied that he had come with orders not to treat with the Indians; not to recognize them, and not to promise anything to them.

"Aguinaldo is just the same to me," he said, "as a boy in the street."

A CONFISCATED INSURGENT LETTER.

On July 28th, M. André had another talk with Augustin. He reported his interview with Dewey, and Augustin was encouraged by the Admiral's assurance that the insurgents would be kept out. At this time Augustin showed André a letter which had been taken from a native who was going through the Spanish trenches at Pasay on the way to Manila. The letter was not signed. It said:

Dear Knapp: I gave the 2,000 to Emma and Don Emilio (Aguinaldo) orders me to issue a loan of $400,000 to deposit in Hong Kong. He writes that the loan should be made among the rich Bulacanos, and to give them receipts.

Augustin suggested that André should show this letter to Admiral Dewey, because he believed that Aguinaldo wanted to raise money and run away. He also wanted to

know if the Admiral knew anything about negotiations for peace.

The next day, André went to see the Admiral, showing the letter that Augustin had given him the day before. The Admiral read it, shrugged his shoulders, and said, with reference to Augustin's suggestion:

"It may be, but I don't believe it."

A few days before this interview Admiral Dewey, at M. André's request, had released two surgeons, two assistant surgeons, and some officers who were sick, who had been among the prisoners taken at Guam, or on the little gunboat "Leyte." Two of these doctors had told Augustin that they had seen Americans selling ammunition to the insurgents. Augustin had complained to André about it, and this day, after being with Admiral Dewey, André went into Cavité, and inquired among the Spanish prisoners in Fort San Felipe. Several of them said that the Americans were selling ammunition and rifles, but the insurgents whom André asked laughed and said it was a Spanish lie—which it was.

SPANIARDS HEAR OF CERVERA'S DEFEAT.

On July 30th, André saw Augustin again, but for a very short time. There was a little talk as to the surrender. Augustin was particularly anxious to know whether anything had been heard about peace negotiations. The news about the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the fall of Santiago had been confirmed, so that even he was compelled to believe it. He foresaw the approaching cessation of hostilities, and began to hope that he would be able to hold out until an armistice had been arranged, and so save the Philippines to Spain.

André went out at once and saw Admiral Dewey, but the Admiral had heard nothing about the negotiations for peace, except what was contained in a press telegram to Hong Kong. The Admiral gave André a copy of this telegram to show to Augustin. It said:

> The Americans will not consent to suspend hostilities until Spain gives binding pledges that she will abide by a broad preliminary condition of peace.

Dewey said again that, when he got ready to attack the city, he would notify the commanders of neutral warships in the bay, who would tell their consuls. André said that he had better hurry up, for they were all sick and half starved in Manila, and were hopeless, realizing that they would be obliged to surrender to the Americans. They were beginning to wonder why the Americans delayed so long.

On the night of July 31st, the Americans in our trenches south of Malate mistook the regular Sunday evening musketry practice of the Spanish for an attack, and there was some pretty sharp fighting, in which we lost several men. The next day, when André called on Captain-General Augustin, the Spaniard expressed great surprise because of the occurrence of the night before. He said he didn't understand why the Americans had exposed themselves to the Spanish guns by attacking the Spanish trenches. It was very foolish indeed, he said, because nothing was to be gained.

In an interview with André two days later, Augustin declared that the Spanish had not attacked the Americans that night, but that the only purpose of their fire was to keep the insurgents out. No one slept in Manila that night, Augustin said. He himself had gone to the trenches. He had been surprised by the American fire. At first he thought it was the usual Sunday night insurgent attack, but he was convinced by the volley firing that it came from the Americans. André asked him why it was that the Spaniards had permitted the Americans to throw up breastworks and intrench themselves in plain view of the Spanish fortifications, and without molestation for three days. Augustin replied that they did not shoot at the Americans, because they were glad to see them displacing the insurgents. The American action was confirmatory of the American promise through M. André to keep the insurgents out of the city. Augustin was very much surprised to find that the Americans believed that they had been attacked by the Spaniards, and again said that they had begun firing simply because they supposed they had been attacked by the insurgents.

In this 3d of August interview, Augustin gave André a curious list of guns which he said the Spaniards had disabled in the American trenches: two fourteen-centimeters; one twelve-centimeter; two nine-centimeters; one eight- and four fifteen-centimeters. He said that the Americans had only two rapid-fire thirty-eight-millimeters and four of from nine to twelve millimeters left.

André started to return to his office after this interview, but was called back by Augustin, who asked him to find out exactly what the American loss had been. While he was there, Colonel Tejeiro, the chief of staff, came in and gave some papers to Augustin.

The Captain-General turned to André, and said:

"Sit down. It is a telegram I have just received from Madrid. I will read it to you."

The telegram was dated July 22d, and said:

> We are hurrying peace negotiations. It is very necessary for you to hold out at all hazards. Hold your position at all cost. We highly commend your behavior and that of the citizens of Manila, and we shall reward it in time.

WHY AUGUSTIN WAS DISMISSED.

This telegram was signed "Sagasta." With it was another telegram, dated two days later, or July 24th. This telegram dismissed Augustin from the captain-generalship, and ordered him to surrender the command to Jaudenes. It expressed the hope that Jaudenes would understand how necessary it was for him to hold the city for Spain—"*conservar las Filipinas a la soberania de la España*," was the language of the telegram.

André said that it was very queer to send a telegram one day giving him great praise which he deserved and two days later to send a telegram dismissing him. Augustin smiled, and showed André his telegraph book, saying, "This is why."

The telegram which he showed to M. André was a long one, describing very fully the extremely critical condition of affairs in Manila. Augustin had told the Sagasta government frankly that his troops were exhausted by hard and continuous work in the trenches; that they were suffering greatly from sickness; that they had no food; that the men could hardly walk because their legs were swollen so terribly as a result of exposure in the trenches; that the rain was pouring continually; that the people had nothing to eat—there was no bread; that there was no chance of rescue; that there was no hope; that the morale of the troops and the citizens was very low; that the American forces were constantly increasing; that the city was completely besieged by insurgents; that it was impossible to get away or to get food supplies through the lines. In view of all these things, General Augustin "declined the responsibility of the situation caused by the return of Cámara's squadron to Spain."

It was for sending this telegram that he was deposed and ordered to turn over the command to Jaudenes, and it was with that fact staring him in the face that André undertook to get Jaudenes into the same frame of mind with reference to surrendering to the Americans in which Augustin had been.

Jaudenes was familiar with a great deal that had gone on between André and Augustin. He had a long talk with Augustin with reference to the matter, and then had an interview with André, in which the Belgian consul went over again the most forcible of his arguments for avoiding a bombardment. Finally Jaudenes said:

"Well, go on. Go see the Admiral. It is better to have bad news than no news at all. But what are the Americans doing, not taking Manila, anyway? Maybe they are afraid now, with this water pouring down. Not used to that, hey? If it were whisky, now, they'd like it."

André explained that the delay was probably due to the impossibility of debarking troops or supplies in the very bad weather which was prevailing at that time. Jaudenes looked out of the window at the ships of Dewey's squadron, and said, with a shrug of his shoulders: "If it was not for those ships, we would lick 'em."

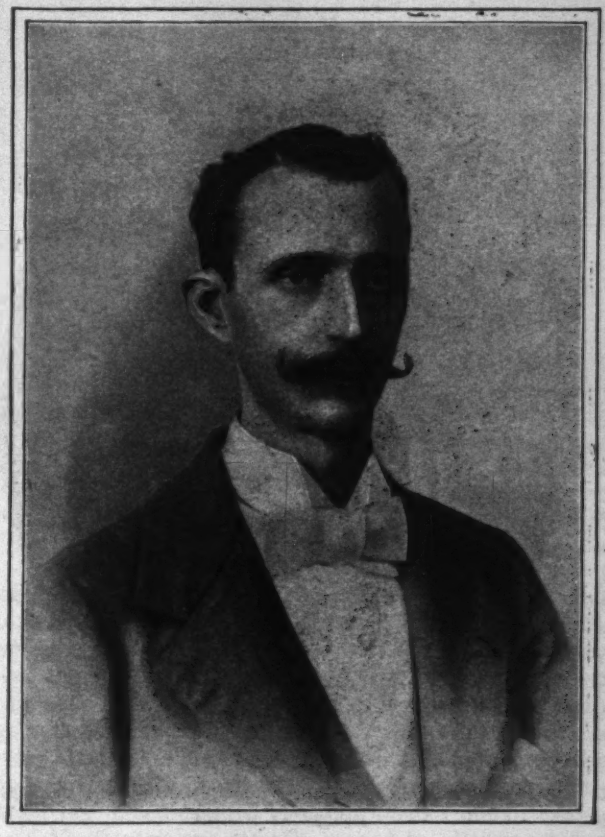
After the first conflict between the Spaniards and the Americans, the firing was renewed nearly every night. It was almost impossible to keep the American soldiers from shooting, and when they did shoot, they invariably provoked a heavy Spanish fire in which some of them were hurt. This went on for a week, to the very great regret of Admiral Dewey, who had hoped most earnestly to capture the city without the loss of a man—as he had destroyed the Spanish fleet on May 1st. He had not intended to threaten to bombard the city until after the arrival of the monitor "Monadnock." But his patience was exhausted by the continued loss of life among our troops, and on August 7th he sent in the notice to Jaudenes that he would begin the bombardment of the city at any time after forty-eight hours without further notice. General Merritt joined in this notice. Admiral Dewey had told André that the continued killing of the American soldiers in the trenches was ridiculous, and he was forced to proceed without waiting for the "Monadnock," in order to stop it. At the same time, he sent word to Jaudenes that he would give the city a chance to surrender, because he did not desire to bombard.

M. André was in the city when this ultimatum, as it was called, was delivered through the British consul. His first news of it came from a street report. He went at once to the palace and saw Jaudenes,

who showed him the letter. André translated it. He had a short talk with Jaudenes then, and went at once to see the Admiral. To André's question as to what he would do, Admiral Dewey replied that on the 9th he would move on the city and demand its surrender.

"If they do not surrender," he said, "I will bombard."

Then he asked if André thought there would be a stout defense. André replied that he did not; that the people knew that the fall could not be avoided. He urged the Admiral not to bombard the city, and in any event to respect the walled city itself. Admiral Dewey replied that he was very willing; in fact, he was very much in hopes that he would not be obliged to bombard the city, but that the Spaniards had guns and fortifications, and he supposed these guns would fire on him, and of course he must return the fire if they did. He said, also, that behind the guns he saw flags with a red cross. He asked what that meant. André said he didn't know, but would find out. Dewey said again that, if the city would surrender, he would do everything possible to keep the insurgents out, but he could do that only if the Spaniards did not oblige him to make a long struggle and could, on their part, keep the insurgents out on the north and east. He said that he could begin the bombardment at any time after forty-eight hours, but not necessarily as soon as forty-eight hours had expired.



M. EDOUARD ANDRÉ, BELGIAN CONSUL AT MANILA.

From a recent photograph.

M. André went at once to Manila and found that Jaudenes had asked for another day, on the ground that he had no place to put the sick and wounded and the women and children. This request of Jaudenes had been transmitted through Ramsden, the British consul. André found Jaudenes, and had a long talk with him about the situation, in which Tejeiro, who had been called in by Jaudenes, took part. André told them that the best thing they could do would be to withdraw as many people as possible from Malate; to remove all officers who could not be relied upon absolutely to obey any orders that might be given them, and to send to the front only officers who could be trusted implicitly. This was because some of the officers had got the idea that Jaudenes meant to surrender and were protesting very vigorously that the honor of Spain demanded a "die-in-the-last-ditch" defense. André told the Spaniards the strength of the American batteries, and showed them how impossible resistance was. He told them that the monitor "Monterey" alone was enough to burn the city. It could approach very close, had very large guns, and could withstand terrific fire. Then he asked why the red-cross flags were flying behind the batteries. Jaudenes replied that he had sick in the houses flying the flags. André said that he must remove either the flags or the guns; Dewey would be obliged to fire, and he couldn't respect even a red-cross flag behind the battery. Then André asked Jaudenes specifically not to fire the guns on the water-front, because Dewey surely would reply and would destroy the city with a great

loss of life—particularly among the sick. André impressed upon Jaudenes the necessity of keeping the guns quiet, particularly the guns on the water-front.

Jaudenes considered the matter, and contemplated the removal of the flags and the sick. But he found that it was impossible, because every house in Manila—the walled city—was filled with persons who had abandoned their homes in the suburbs to avoid the insurgents. Malate and Ermita had been absolutely deserted since July. There was nobody even in Paco. Jaudenes did not dare put anybody out of the walled city for fear of the insurgents. Even the churches were full, and Jaudenes was afraid to try the suburbs on the north for the same reason that he was afraid of those on the south. Toward the close of this interview Jaudenes began to admit to André the very great difficulties in the way of firing the water-front guns, and it seemed to André that he accepted the notion of surrender more philosophically. André hammered away at this strong point—if you can't remove the people, he said, keep the guns quiet. At the end of the conference, Jaudenes was not so sharp in his refusal, and finally admitted that perhaps the guns wouldn't fire if Dewey did not fire. André said that Dewey would not begin to fire first, and asked Jaudenes that he might tell Dewey that Jaudenes would not fire first. Jaudenes agreed, and André went at once to see the Admiral. That was on August 8th.

CAPTAIN-GENERAL AUGUSTIN, WHO COMMANDED THE SPANISH FORCES AT MANILA.

In the interview with the Admiral, André said that Jaudenes could not withdraw the red-cross flags, because they were flying over hospitals which held the sick who could not be removed to the walled city, for it was crowded to its utmost limits, but that Jaudenes promised not to fire first. Then André said that the forces at Malate would be composed of men who could be relied upon completely to obey orders, and that the Spaniards would keep the insurgents out north and east of Manila. Dewey asked if the Spaniards would fight; would they not surrender. André replied that Jaudenes could not surrender without fighting, because his own men and officers would turn against him, and also that he could not decide by himself, but that such a question must be decided by the chief officers in command.

M. André then asked Admiral Dewey again what conditions he would give in case Jaudenes should capitulate. Dewey replied that if the resistance was prolonged he could not give an honorable capitulation, and would treat the Spaniards with all rigor. If, however, Jaudenes would capitulate, he would give the same terms that had been given to General Toral at Santiago. Dewey urged André to do his best to induce Jaudenes not to make a longer resistance and not to fire the Luneta guns.

That afternoon M. André took up quarters on board the cold-storage ship "Culgoa," which had brought a cargo of frozen meat from Australia for use of the fleet. She was, at that time, under the Belgian flag. The next morning, August 9th, M. André went to the "Olympia" to find out, if he could, whether there would be time for him to go in and make one more effort with the Spaniards before Dewey opened up on the city. He found the Admiral in a very bad humor, and Captain Lamberton told him that the attack

AGUINALDO AT MALALOS, FORMER HEADQUARTERS OF THE FILIPINO REPUBLIC.
From a photograph taken in December, 1898.

on the city had been postponed. It became apparent soon afterward that this had been done for the convenience of the army; but it proved to be, on the whole, a fortunate circumstance for Dewey. At that time the arrangement with Jaudenes had not reached the status which was attained a little later and which ultimately rendered the surrender of Manila comparatively bloodless. The Admiral had made all his dispositions for the attack on that morning; then General Merritt came over to see him and asked that the advance be delayed for a little while. While this matter was under discussion, some one asked General Merritt if he knew what the stage of the tide in the estuary south of Malate would be by the time his troops would reach it. General Merritt had not considered that, and when the tide tables were looked up, it was found that the water in the estuary would not be at a satisfactory stage for fording in the morning until the following Saturday, or August 13th. So the attack was postponed, and M. André went into the city to make one more effort with Jaudenes. He went directly from the boat landing to the Ayuntamiento, which he found deserted. Afterward he found Jaudenes in the church of San Augustin, and told him that the attack had been postponed. There is a big gun before the city wall right in front of the Ayuntamiento, and the fact that Jaudenes had left the headquarters' building caused M. André to believe that he meant to have the sea-front guns fired, and was taking himself out of range of the reply. This moved the Belgian consul to make an extra effort, and he decided to go beyond the limit of his instructions from Admiral Dewey and put in a proposition for himself. It will be seen how effective that proposition was.

AN EXCITING INTERVIEW WITH JAUDENES.

At the commencement of his interview, André gave General Jaudenes Admiral Dewey's message with reference to the terms of capitulation with which he would be satisfied, based entirely upon the requirement that there should be nc long or determined resistance. Jaudenes was inclined to delay and make talk about the matter, in his usual fashion; and then André fired a shot for himself by declaring that if Jau-

denes made a stout resistance the Americans would be compelled to let the insurgents come into the city, and that the rebels would probably make Jaudenes and all of the officers and the priests prisoners, and would take them to the provinces of Bulacan and Pampanga, where they were in absolute control, to hold them until the Spanish government ransomed and sent ships for them.

Jaudenes was tremendously excited at this suggestion. He is a little man with red whiskers and a hysterical manner. He is very near-sighted, and when he is very much in earnest, he walks up to any person to whom he may be talking and gets just as close as he can, as if to be enabled to observe the effect of his argument on his opponent by any change of facial expression. He jumped out of his chair at André's remark, and began walking excitedly about the room. The Americans, he said, would never allow the rebels to take the city and make the Spaniards prisoners. For himself, he was willing to surrender to white people, but never to niggers. The Americans had no heart; it was no way to make war.

The bait having been taken thus greedily by Jaudenes, M. André went on to play the fish a little.

"Oh, never mind," he said, "it will only be for a little while. Spain will send fast ships for you, and you will have made a great defense of the city."

Jaudenes leaped up and down, and ran up to André, and shook his finger in the Belgian's face, and shouted:

"Spain has done nothing, nothing. She will do nothing. She would let us rot in the provinces." And he went on to express an opinion of his country and his government which cannot be reported.

It was working very well, and M. André was encouraged to go on. He said that Jaudenes could not expect the Americans to take care of the Spaniards, and then suggested that the Captain-General summon a meeting of commanding officers and propose to them to choose between an honorable capitulation, retaining their side-arms, and exposing themselves, on the other hand, to the liability of being taken prisoners by the rebels and sent into the provinces to await relief from Spain.

Jaudenes walked about the room in wild excitement, and called Colonel Tejeiro, the chief of staff. As Tejeiro came into the room, Jaudenes ran up to him, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, ejaculated:

"Look here! See what the Yankees are going to do! The pigs are going to have the rebels take us prisoners, and send us to the provinces!"

He went on to explain M. André's proposition that a meeting of commanding officers be summoned to determine whether or not the city should be surrendered without material defense. Tejeiro agreed that the meeting should be held, and then M. André blandly inquired when.

"I don't want to stay here," he said. "They may bombard the city any minute, and I don't want to be here when they begin to shoot. Have the meeting right away, decide right now whether to surrender or not. I must go back to my ship to be out of the way when the bombardment begins."

"Ah," said M. André to me one day when he was describing this scene, "there was no siesta in Manila that day."

Jaudenes protested that it was impossible to have the meeting of officers so quickly. The officers were with their men in the trenches, he said, and it would be impossible to get them into the city for the conference before two o'clock. André finally agreed to wait until two o'clock, and went over to his office in Binando, promising to be back at two o'clock. He was at the Ayuntamiento soon after two, and found that sure enough the officers were then in conclave. After a few minutes' waiting, Jaudenes came out, and said that they had decided to defend themselves, because Spanish law prohibited a surrender without a fight. They must fight, or they would lose position, both in Spain and in the army. It was the general opinion, he admitted, that Manila must fall, but they would at least make some defense. He was very angry with a colonel of artillery who had held out for a "death-in-the-last-trench" defense, and declared that this colonel disregarded altogether any sentiment of humanity. For himself, he would rather surrender than have thousands killed unnecessarily. He was very much excited, but after a little he became more calm, and again promised André that the guns of the city would not fire if Dewey would not fire.

André asked him not to fire the Luneta guns, because Dewey certainly would respond to the fire and would knock down the town, with tremendous destruction of life and property.

Jaudenes replied that he could not promise not to fire the Luneta battery, but that it depended upon the Americans themselves. If they acted quickly enough in assaulting the entrenchments, and kept their men-of-

AMERICAN TRENCHES BEFORE MALATE, 500 YARDS FROM THE SPANISH LINE.
After an unpublished photograph.

war from getting into too close proximity to these big guns, there probably would not be much difficulty. But it was essential that the American soldiers should advance very rapidly in pushing the Spanish force before them in order to keep out the insurgents.

Jaudenes then went back into the meeting, and André waited. In a few minutes Tejeiro came out, and said that the meeting was finished and that those who had been present were signing the minutes. André asked Tejeiro if he would let the Americans assault Malate without much resistance. Tejeiro replied that he could promise nothing, but that the Americans surely would shell the entrenchments from the warships before the advance began. Of course, under such conditions the Spanish soldiers could not maintain their position, and would be obliged to retreat or be killed to the last man, which no general would allow. Tejeiro supposed that the infantry would assault the trenches, and said that if he saw a chance of repulsing them with some advantage to himself he would do it. But if he saw that it was impossible and no practical result would be attained, he would rather retreat than have his men killed with no gain.

It was late in the afternoon when M. André returned to the "Culgoa." The next day he reported to the Admiral all that had occurred in his talk with Jaudenes and Tejeiro. The Admiral then had some talk with André with reference to the plan of attacking the city, and André explained what the Spaniards thought would be done. It had been practically agreed, as definitely as such an agreement could be made, that the city guns should not fire first, and the Luneta guns would fire only if the ships came in too close range. There would be comparatively few Spanish troops in Malate, so that other parts of the entrenchments about the city could be reinforced in order to keep the insurgents out. Dewey should shell the trenches along the south, keeping his ships out of range of the Luneta guns until the Spanish soldiers could retreat from their trenches. Then the Americans should assault the trenches and advance by the beach toward the walled city. As the Americans came north one part of them would turn to the right at the Spanish trenches and occupy the Spanish position, thus effectually keeping Aguinaldo's men away from the city.

Dewey said that this plan was all right; he would think about it. André asked him if he would attack the next day, and the Admiral replied, "I guess not." Then André said he would go to Manila the next day and try to persuade Jaudenes not to fire the Luneta guns. Dewey was insistent that there should be no firing with these big 9.6 rifles, because he would be compelled to reply, and certainly a part of the city at least would be destroyed.*

THE CONCLUDING INTERVIEW WITH THE SPANIARDS.

It was not till the morning of August 12th that André went again to the city. He reached it about eight o'clock in the morning, and was informed that Jaudenes was in San Augustin church. André went to the church, but found everybody there asleep. He started away, and met Jaudenes in the street. Jaudenes got out of his carriage, and walked with André back to his palace in Santa Potencia. André tried again to convince Jaudenes of the futility of resisting, but Jaudenes hardly replied to André's arguments. Just as they reached the palace Tejeiro came up, and Jaudenes said:

"The consul wants me to keep the Luneta guns quiet. I really believe I cannot promise it, because I don't know the intentions of the enemy, and I don't want to lose any chance if there is any still left for me."

"The General is right," said Tejeiro to André. "He cannot bind himself not to take advantage of any mistake made by the Americans. Only the Americans themselves, by acting cautiously and intelligently, can make it possible for him not to attack with the Luneta guns. He certainly will not have his soldiers massacred by an unnecessary defense."

Tejeiro went on to say that as soon as the American troops should advance to the Spanish trenches he would consider any longer resistance to be useless, and he only hoped that the Americans would keep out the insurgents, because he was afraid that otherwise the people would be massacred and plundered.

André was disgusted because there was no definite promise to keep the Luneta guns quiet, and went away telling Jaudenes and Tejeiro that he would leave the city in the afternoon.

While André had been making all this effort to exact a promise from Jaudenes not to fire the Luneta guns, he had been making other definite arrangements which practically convinced him and Admiral Dewey that the Spaniards had small intention of making a stubborn resistance. A few days before this interview of August 12th in Santa Potencia, Jaudenes had said to André:

"How can I know when they ask me to surrender?"

André had said that he would ask Admiral Dewey, and asked Jaudenes how he would answer in case he were willing to surrender. Jaudenes replied that a white flag would be hoisted over Fort Santiago in the walled city. Tejeiro was with Jaudenes at this time. Jaudenes said that the flag would be hoisted at this place because from the fort it could be seen from Malate and from the bay. When André reported this to Admiral Dewey, the Admiral called Mr. Brumby, his flag lieutenant, and André repeated the conversation, pointing out to Brumby on the map the place where the flag would be hoisted and marking the spot with a pencil. When André asked Dewey what signal would be used and in what way it would be displayed, the Admiral asked Mr. Brumby if the international code had such a word as surrender. Mr. Brumby brought the code and pointed out to André the signals that would be hoisted on the "Olympia," and gave him drawings of the four international code flags D-W-H-B, the international code-hoist for surrender. André took these drawings to Jaudenes and left them with him, explaining how the signal would be hoisted on the "Olympia." Then André said that if Jaudenes was willing to surrender, he himself would come in with the American representatives in the launch "Trueno," the American commanders not caring to send their officers in an American launch. André told Jaudenes that he would land at the jetty on the city front at the end of Malecon Drive. Jaudenes was glad to get the information, and agreed to all, telling André to come along.

When he left Jaudenes and Tejeiro at Santa Potencia on August 12th, André went to his office, and stayed there until the afternoon. When he went down to his launch, he found Mr. Ramsden, the British vice-consul, who was acting for the Americans.

* To the Spanish advice not to send his ships in too close to the big rifles on the Luneta, Dewey made no response of any character until August 13th. Then he sent the "Monterey" in squarely in front of the Luneta battery. The monitor's forward twelve-inch rifles were trained full on the Luneta battery, and Commander Leutze kept on going in until he was in danger of taking the monitor, which draws less than sixteen feet of water, aground.

He asked him if Jaudenes would surrender without resistance. While they were talking Tejeiro came along in a small launch with another officer. He was looking for André to give him a final statement of his views of the situation. It was not a promise to surrender without resistance, but it was a reiteration, in effect, of his declaration that he would not consent to see his soldiers sacrificed without a positive result. He wanted to be assured that the Americans would deal honorably—*como caballeros*—with the Spaniards, and would consider that the Spanish governor could capitulate only to save the people of Manila. André told him that the American commanders were determined to treat the Spaniards with the greatest consideration that could possibly be given under such circumstances. He assured Tejeiro that he would not come to Manila with the commissioners unless he was satisfied absolutely that such was the case, and that he would not have interested himself in the negotiations in any way unless he had become convinced that the Americans would treat the Spaniards honorably. The coming of the commissioners in his launch and his presence with them would be sufficient to assure the Spanish commanders that what he had told them was true and would be carried out.

"I don't doubt you," said Tejeiro, "and I know I can trust you."

André went directly to the "Olympia" and reported to Admiral Dewey all that had occurred. When he told of the personal pledge which he had given for the Americans, Admiral Dewey assented readily, and said: "Yes, indeed. Of course we will do the best we can."

Then M. André told the Admiral again of the necessity of having the American troops act very quickly in their advance in order to keep the insurgents out. He also asked the Admiral how many American troops would attack Malate. Dewey replied, "About fifteen thousand."

"I'm no Spanish general," said the Belgian; "don't try to scare me."

Then they talked the whole situation over again.

When André referred again to the Spanish advice not to get the ships too near the big Luneta guns, the Admiral laughed and said:

"That's all right; they'd better not fire, or I'll disable them."

That evening Dewey told André that he would attack Manila the next morning at nine o'clock, and said that he wanted André to stay near the "Olympia" with his launch. He called Mr. Brumby, and had the flag lieutenant show André the signal which would be hoisted on the "Olympia" when the launch was wanted alongside the flag-ship. Then he said he would do quick work and he expected to have it all over in about two hours, but if the Spaniards showed any stubbornness he would shell the city; he did not desire to bombard, and would do it only if forced by circumstances.

At nine o'clock on the morning of August 13th, André took the "Trueno," and with the Belgian flag at the staff and the white flag in the bow, went over to the "Olympia." All the captains were in Captain Lamberton's cabin. The Admiral was there also. The Admiral said that they had just had a meeting, and told André to tell the captains what would be done. He got a map, and André pointed out the place on it where the white flag was to be hoisted. Dewey pointed out to André the position of the ships, and told what the plan of attack would be. Then André went back to his launch, and almost immediately the ships got under way and moved over to the attack.

It will be remembered that the attack consisted simply of firing a few shells at the old fort at Malate, and that none of the city guns or of the Luneta guns fired a shot at our ships. The thoroughness of our fire can be understood from the fact that on the "Raleigh" the ranges were given at the start by the captain himself as 7,000 yards, but after a few shots had been fired, although the ship had not changed position materially, one of the gun captains found the range to be 1,700 yards. He had just passed the word along to the other guns in that battery when the captain ordered the bugle to sound, "Cease Firing."

After the shelling was over, André saw his recall go up on the "Olympia," and steamed back to the flag-ship, where he found Mr. Brumby and Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, who represented General Merritt, and took them into the city. According to the arrangement, the signal had been set on the "Olympia" and the white flag had been flown above the city. In response also to the signal from the "Olympia," the Spaniards had flown a signal expressing their desire to have a conference; and it was to this conference that Mr. Brumby and Colonel Whittier went in. At the conference the preliminary terms of the surrender were settled which afterward were extended and ratified. This is the real story of the surrender of Manila.

MINERS AT THEIR WORK.

THE DEEP MINES OF CORNWALL.

A LIFE OF POVERTY, TOIL, AND TRAGEDY, SUPPORTED BY RARE PIETY.

By R. H. Sherard.

DOLCOATH, "the old pit," is the deepest and the richest of the tin mines of Cornwall. Her treasures appear to be inexhaustible. Only two years ago new deposits of great importance were discovered, and yet men have been busy looting her ever since 1758. The shareholders under the present lease had divided up to 1893, that is to say, in eighty-six years, the sum of $4,600,000, and during the same period the lords of the manor, now represented by a young gentleman named Basset, had received in dues upward of $1,247,895. The main shaft now goes down to a depth of 450 fathoms below the adit, which is over thirty fathoms from the surface, so that the lowest depth is nearly 3,000 feet.

It is in this lowest depth of all that perhaps the nerve of the stranger is most tried. The heat is very great; the atmosphere is close and stifling; a heavy weight seems to lie upon the chest; the pressure on the drums of the ear is very strong. Imagination lends its terrors. There is between one and the light of day a honeycombed mass of more than half a mile in height. What if this mass should settle down? Now and again the deep silence is broken in upon by the dull yet menacing sound of distant reverberations. There are men blasting the rocks over one's very head. And there is the pouring cataract within hand's reach, and under foot a shallow pool has formed itself from the overflow. If the pump working half a mile overhead should break down, this pit would fill up at the rate of 185 gallons a minute. This pump has been working almost without interruption since the year of the battle of Waterloo, when it was first erected, and has raised in that time a mass of water

which would weigh nearly 35,000,000 tons, and would fill a cube whose side measured more than 350 yards. These figures recur to one with striking significance at the very bottom of this well 3,000 feet in depth.

The galleries on the different levels extend in the aggregate to close upon eighty miles, and as one looks at a sectional map of the Dolcoath lode one thinks of a busy town well laid out with avenues and streets. In these dark alleys 600 men are busy every day; while up above, on the surface, about 800 persons more—men, women, and children—are employed. For the men on the surface a term of some contempt is used. They are known as the "grass" men, and for courage have no reputation. On these the Cornish lasses look for the most part with disdain.

At Dolcoath the descent into the mine is by a gig or iron cage, which is in two stories, and, at a pinch, accommodates twelve miners. It is lowered and raised by a steel cable wound and unwound on a gigantic wheel which is worked by an engine. The cable is over half a mile in length, for the lowest point to which the gig descends is 425 fathoms below the surface. Some of this distance is on the underlie; much is sheer and perpendicular. The gig is now almost flat on its side, now hangs straight over an abyss. Its motions are jerky and irregular; its descent is very rapid. There is always a suggestion, at least, of danger. The cable has been known to snap. In August of 1883 a terrible fatality of this nature occurred at Wheal ("wheal" or "huel" means "mine") Agar. There were twelve men in the gig, and a thirteenth, contrary to regulation, had clambered on to the roof, and was standing there, holding on by the cable. The men had done their work, and were going home. It is reported that, according to general custom, they sang hymns as they ascended. On reaching the surface the man on the roof stepped off, and turned round to watch the issue of his mates. But where the gig had been but a second previously was now nothing but a gaping void. The rope had snapped, and the gig, with its living freight, had been dashed to the bottom of the shaft. Not one of the poor bodies could be recognized in the mass of human *débris* that was brought up from below.

On another occasion, when the cable parted and a headlong rush to death had begun, the lives of the men were saved in such a way that one cannot wonder at the belief of the miners that there was miraculous intervention on their behalf. The rush of the freighted gig flicked the loose cable attached to it like a whip, so that it lashed around an upright timber that came within its reach. The steel strands cut into the timber until it was nearly severed—nearly, but not quite. The cable jammed, the gig was arrested in its plunge, and the men were saved.

Other such miraculous escapes are on record. There is living in Camborne to-day a miner named Bennetts, who, with five other men, in the cage at Tincroft Mine, fell 200 fathoms, at which depth a gate, closed over a depth of sixty feet of water, arrested them. The gig with its freight weighed over a ton. Yet only one man was injured. His ankle was broken. Bennetts tells the story as follows: "Everything seemed to go right till we got below the sixty-fathom level. Then I noticed we were going faster, and said: 'What in the world is he streaking us down like this for? He must mean to drop us at the 258 instead of the 130.' Then the gig began to roll, twist, and strike violently against the sides of the shaft, and I knew that something had gone wrong and the gig was beyond control. I expected we should plunge right to the bottom and be smashed into a jelly. Everything depended on the rate at which the rope was being reeled off the revolving drum of the whim-engine. In the center of the gig is an iron bar which runs from bottom to top, and as I realized there was bound to be a smash, I clutched the bar and hoisted my feet off the floor. At last we struck a gate which was fixed across the shaft at the 320-fathom level, and for a moment we did not know what was happening. If the gate had been open instead of closed, we should have been plunged in ten fathoms of water at the bottom of the shaft and have been drowned in a moment; so it was a marvelous escape."

At Botallack Mine, in 1876, nine men were killed in a similar accident. At Dolcoath, in May, 1892, there was another miraculous escape. The shaft of the fly-wheel broke, and the gig, containing four miners, fell 800 feet sheer fall, but was jammed at the sharp turn which the shaft takes from perpendicular to underlie, and so stopped, 300 feet from certain destruction.

The fear of such falls is on many of the men, and these will not use the gigs, but either use the man-engine or "walk down" to their work—they call the laborious descent of perpendicular ladders "walking down," and describe their ascent as "walking up." In the Levant Mine, to reach the

A GROUP OF SPOLLING-MAIDENS.

lowest level, one must walk down eighty ladders, sheer for the most part, and the shortest of them thirty feet long. A man who thus walks down to the bottom of this mine in half an hour is reckoned agile. It may take him an hour to walk up.

As to the man-engine, one would fancy its menace of danger would more distress the nervous than the suspended gig. It is a monstrous upright beam, on which at every twelve feet is a step that accommodates one man and no more. Above each step is a vertical iron bar by which one can hold on. The beam, actuated by machinery, moves up and down like the piston of a pump, a distance of twelve feet. On each side of the narrow and dripping shaft in which the man-engine works, every twelve feet, are affixed "sollars," or wooden platforms, on which there is just room for a man to stand. To descend by the man-engine, the miner must take his place on the first step when this is level with the platform on the surface. The downward stroke of the beam conveys him down twelve feet, where the step on which he is standing is on a level with the first "sollar." Here the engine pauses for two or three seconds, so that he has just time to step off on to the platform before the upward stroke begins. This brings on to a level with the narrow and slippery platform on which he is standing the second step affixed to the upright beam, and on this he now takes his place, to be carried down another twelve feet to the next sollar. And so he goes on, stepping on and off till the end is reached—150 or 200 times it may be, if he has to go to the bottom of the mine. The ascent is made in similar fashion; he mounts from sollar to sollar, and at each changes to another step on the beam, the lift each time being upward instead of downward.

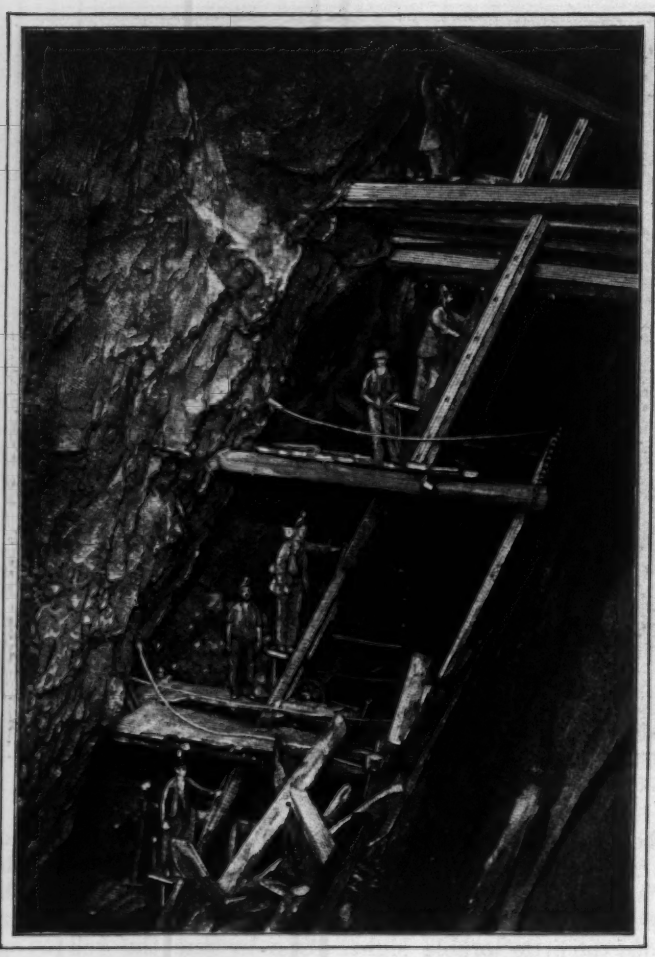
It is hazardous work, and to the beginner so perplexing that visitors are seldom allowed to descend by the man-engine. By missing a step and taking the wrong one, you are carried up instead of down, and, confused and flurried, are exposed to the greatest danger. The greater danger would appear to be in the ascent, for one hears not infrequently of fatal accidents to miners going up, but those going down do not seem to have mischanced often. The danger lies, of course, mainly in carelessness. "You must mind your own spinning," said a miner.

A GROUP OF MINERS IN LEVANT MINE.

One must keep square to the beam and in the middle of the step. There must be no protrusion of head or limbs, for the opening in the sollar, or platform, just fits the step, and anything that protrudes beyond the little square must be dashed aside. It is the task set to the beam of the man-engine to move up twelve feet and move down twelve feet, so that for the space of two seconds the steps will come straight and level with the sollars. That task it performs with the brutal, unreasoning discipline of machinery. It makes no allowance. Up and down, and a pause of two seconds in between. Nothing can stop it or arrest its motion. If a miner, wrapped up in domestic affairs, lets his head hang forward out of the bounds of the tiny square, the platform above must remove the obstruction. And so with anything else. Yet the miners often do forget. Custom has made them familiar and indifferent. These smoke their pipes, these sing hymns, many step off backward on to the slippery platforms. The very man who constructed the man-engine in Levant Mine, and knew its dangers, was killed and battered out of shape a few days after he had put it in.

Yet cruel and merciless as it is, the man-engine in its symmetry and method has a distinct beauty of its own. An ascent of miners singing a hymn in chorus to the rhythmic beat of the machine, seen from the corner of a more spacious sollar, is a memorable sight. One by one the yellow figures, ochred over on the face and hands, rise from the abyss, step off and on, and so ascend, singing as they go. The scene is lighted by the tiny flame of the green tallow dips that by a pat of clay are made fast to the curious head-dress that each wears. One hears the chorus rising from below and falling from above.

His gentleness, his piety, his resignation might make one forget, in speaking to the Cornish miner, the heroism of his life, the titanic efforts that go to each daily task. To his work he carries from the surface his keg of water, his "hoggan-bag," and a tin carelessly slung over his shoulder which is full of charges of dynamite. In the "hoggan-bag" is his "croust," or lunch, most generally a lump of baked dough set round with potatoes—a "pasty," it is called. His hoggan-bag he handles with more care than the dynamite tin, which he throws off and snatches up with the contempt of long familiarity. Indeed, accidents are rare. The one of which the miners talk most readily was



THE MAN-ENGINE AT DOLCOATH MINE.

not an accident, but an escape, in which again they trace the hand of God. This is the story of Verran, the miner who, when a "hole" was about to explode, sent his comrade to the surface and knelt down in prayer, awaiting death. The explosion came, the rocks were flung up and down and around the kneeling form, and made an arch over and about him, and protected him from the flying fragments, so that he was found safe and whole.

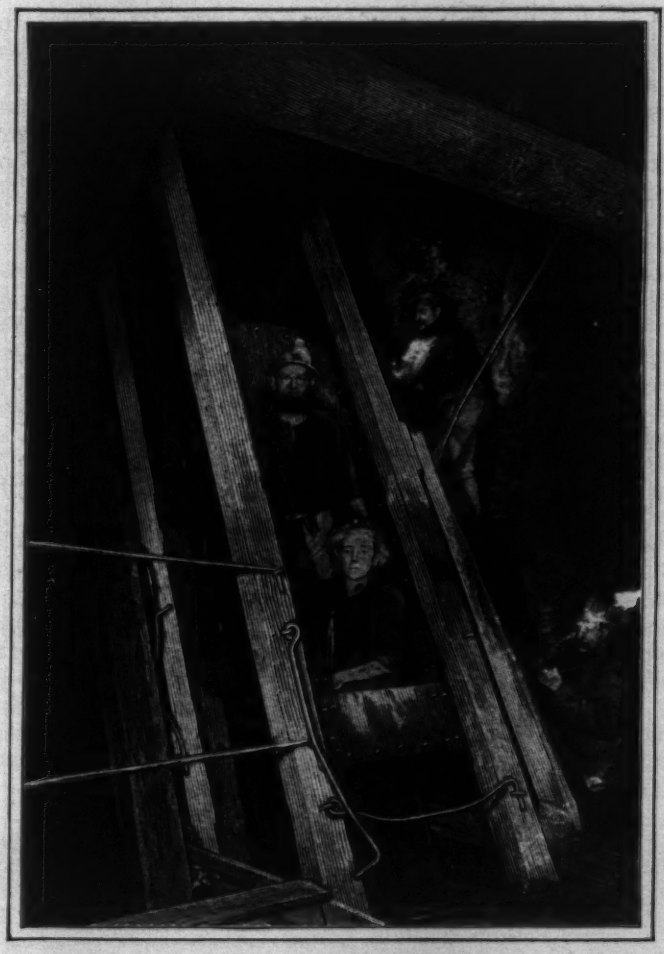
The wages of the miners—wages for which they may be said to risk limb and life every hour of their working day—are lower than any other wages paid in any part of the Kingdom for skilled labor, such as mining undoubtedly is. According to the official statements, mine-girls earn from twenty-four cents to thirty-six cents a day; "grass" men, or surface laborers, earn fifteen dollars a month; and underground miners earn from seventeen dollars to twenty-seven dollars a month. But you rarely hear a Cornish miner complaining of his lot, and undoubtedly the main secret of his patience is his faith in God, his resignation to the dispensations of Providence. There are no truer Christians to be found throughout the British Isles than these poor rough miners of Cornwall. God is always in their thoughts. He is always before their eyes. Going and coming and at their work they sing hymns. They see in every disaster and every escape from disaster a direct manifestation of Providence. In September, 1893, a "run" took place by which eight men were entombed in a gallery, 412 fathoms down, beneath thousands of tons of rock. Among them was a young man named Osborne, who, hailed by the rescuing party after forty-five hours of strenuous labor, was asked if any one was with him. "Nobody is here," he answered, "but God and myself." He was heard at intervals again, and what he always and only said was, "Praise the Lord." When they reached him at last, they found only his dead body, and it was seen that he had been terribly battered by the fall of the rocks. His feet had been crushed to a pulp.

The danger of "runs," that is to say, the downfall of tons of rock and rubbish which the timbering has been insufficient to support, is what, perhaps, is most feared by the miners. The "run" is so sudden that, when men are at work within the course of it, there is rarely any escape. There was a terrible accident of this kind in Dolcoath Mine.

"I had not been sawing more than three minutes," said the one survivor, Richard Davies, "when I heard some timber cracking, and then came a tremendous deafening rush of stuff which knocked me eight or nine feet away under the levelers at the bottom of the level. I was struck on the head and legs. My partners aimed to run, but they must have been knocked down where they stood, and buried. Dick James called out

to Charley White, 'Look out, Charley!' The noise was so terrific I was unable to hear any more."

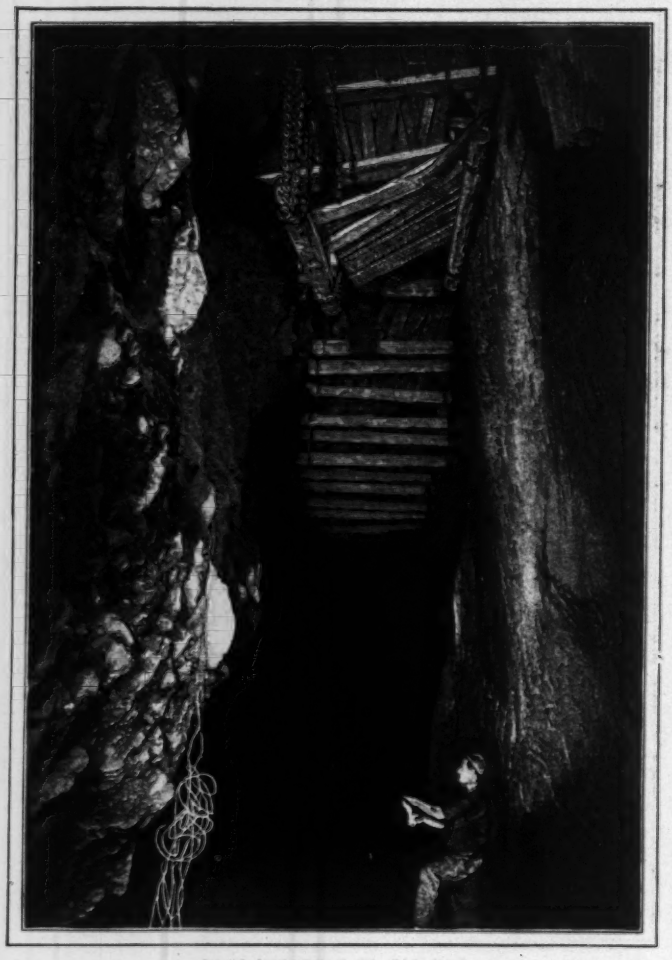
The downfall was of thousands of tons of rock, so that the gallery was choked with stuff for a distance of twenty-eight yards. The displacement of air by this fall was so great that a man named Ned Tregarthen, who was standing many yards away, was stripped naked. Other men were dashed down, and cut and bruised. A stationary coach, or iron trolley, was blown a distance of twenty feet, and upturned. Men in a level 400 feet above felt the earth shake beneath them. The noise was deafening. It was as the simultaneous discharge of thousands of cannon. With such force were the granite rocks ground together that fire flashed. And in the midst of this were eight men, only one of whom, Davies, lived to tell the tale.



THE GIG AT DOLCOATH MINE.

"When I came to myself," he said, "I found my head screwed between the rocks. There was a balk of timber over my legs. I could hear the stomachs of some of my comrades 'guddling;' but I never heard them groan. I lay there in the dark, and I thought of mother and father, and of my soul, and I thought I should never come out alive. I shouted at the top of my voice for help, but no one could have heard me. I also called out to learn if any of my comrades were alive and near, but I found I was alone. I got very cramped and sore, and I could hardly move to hammer on the timber above me with a piece of stone, to see if I could make the party hear, for I could hear them sounding outside. The place was very hot, and full of dynamite smoke from the blasting by the rescue parties. I began to fear that blasting might make the earth run together again; but all through I can say that I kept a good heart, although I could tell from the smell after a while that there was a dead body near. I cried for mercy a long time. I must have fallen asleep, for when on Thursday afternoon about six, two days after the accident, the relief party asked me whether I knew what day it was, I replied it was Wednesday afternoon. At about six o'clock on Thursday evening some one called to me, 'William John, are you all right?' They thought I was Osborne. I said, 'I'm the son of Joseph Davies up to Troon.' The man said, 'Cheer up, Dick, old man; we will be in there to you directly.' At last Jacob Smith said, 'Les have your hand.' Then I heard him say, 'I 'ave got un now, Dicky. How es it so cold?' 'No,' said I, 'both my hands are free.' He had taken hold of the hand of a corpse which was lying near to me."

The spot where this disaster occurred may be seen to-day. The level has been cut afresh through the rocks that fell, and the timbering has been replaced. But on one side is pointed out a jagged mass of rocks heaped up in wild confusion, and under these is shown a little empty space where for fifty hours William Osborne lay, under such *peine*



A HANGING TRAM-ROAD AT 388-FATHOM LEVEL, DOLCOATH MINE.

forte et dure as never the barbarous ages imposed in any Newgate on any suffering soul. There he lay "alone with God," and praised the Lord till the mountainous mass had choked his pious breath, with a roar of cataracts in his ears, and in his eyes flames from the grinding rocks.

In the remote workings the heat is so great that the men strip to the waist to battle with the granite rocks, and terrible is their aspect as seen by the flickering light of the tallow dips clinging to the wall. Their bodies stream with perspiration, the wet skins gleaming in the light. Red mud is splashed like the blood of the wounded mine upon their murderous hands and arms. It stains their hair, their beards, and puts upon their faces, as it were, fantastic masks. Their eyes flash under the excitement of the tremendous effort; the knotted muscles revolt against the restraining skin.

Each twenty-four hours is divided between three cores. The morning core descends into the mine at six, and leaves at two, when the afternoon core comes in. This works till ten, when the night core takes its place. The men prefer to work on the morning core, although in the short days of those so working night comes twice—the night above, the blacker night below. But whether in morning, afternoon, or night core, the men work their utmost. Only for a few minutes are the eight hours broken into for rest, when the pares squat down, and, with "croust" from hoggan-bag, and "keg" (water-barrel), partake of their humble meal. For the rest of the time they are straining every nerve to do their worst by the rock, as though a grudge against its menacing surface underlay their strong resolve of duty. Now and then they have a breathing-space, and this is when, a hole having been charged with dynamite, they are waiting till the charge explodes. While some give the warning cry of "Fire," the others sing their hymns and sing on till the tearing, cracking roar summons them back to their work.

All day long the heavy silence of the mine is broken in upon by the sounds of blasting. The detonation varies, according to the distance, from the popping of a cork to the roar of thunder. Proximity to such an explosion is always for those unaccustomed to it a troubling experience, but the miners do not mind it. What harasses them most is the smoke, the foul air which follows upon the blasting. They call it the "funk;" and the "funk," in its effect on their lungs, but mainly in its hindrance of their work, is looked up by them as one of their worst enemies.

The work of the miners consists in getting the ore. To do this they must tunnel through the granite till the lode is reached, and the purpose of these galleries is to afford easiest access to the veins of metallic ore which streak the huge mass in various directions. These lodes vary in width from

a few inches to many yards. Where the lode is wide and high its removal leaves a huge excavation, called a stope, cathedral-like in its dimensions. We came upon one which was over ninety feet high and about as long, and some thirty or forty feet broad, from the bottom of which one could count twenty different points at which stoping operations were conducted. The galleries are cut out, and the lodes are removed either by hand-power or compressed-air power, and both in conjunction with dynamite. Hand-power—that is to say, the hammer and the borer—and air-power—that is to say, the rock-drill worked by compressed air, which is brought in piping from the engine-room above to the various drills, of which one is at work at the very bottom of the mine—are used according to the hardness of the stone which has to be worked. The Cornish miners are very skilful with hammer and borer. In a recent competition a pare of three men from Tincroft Mine bored a depth of thirteen inches in six minutes and forty-three seconds, with an average of ninety-one blows of the seven-pound hammer per minute. The rock-drill, in competitions, proceeds at about six times this rate of speed, and needs the attendance of two men only. Where two men working eight hours will bore two or three holes from eighteen to thirty inches, a boring-machine will bore twenty holes in the same time. The cost of hand-labor and machine-labor is the same.

The ore thus obtained is carried to the surface, where it is first broken into small pieces by the spolling-maidens—girls in picturesque bonnets, not unlike those of French sisters of charity, who earn five-pence a ton, and are busy all day long swinging heavy hammers and shoveling the broken tuff into carts in which it is conveyed to the stamps. In the stamps the ore is crushed to the consistency of sand. It is then conveyed by water streams into large vats, or buddles, where it is freed more or less from the waste, and then it is burnt in kilns to free it from arsenic. The arsenic, which was formerly regarded as a waste product, is now an article of great commercial value. Finally the ore, now of the consistency of fine powder and of a rich chocolate color, is packed in bags and sent to the smelters. This powder contains on an average from sixty-five to seventy per cent. of pure tin.

Of all the mines which ten or fifteen years ago were working in the St. Just district, which is a few miles to the northeast of the

THE EXTREME END OF LEVANT MINE, UNDER THE ATLANTIC, A MILE OUT FROM SHORE, WHERE THE OCEAN ABOVE IS MANY HUNDRED FEET DEEP.

extreme point of England, Land's End, the Levant Mine is to-day the only one left active.

To reach it from St. Just church town, one walks for two miles and a half past ruined mine after ruined mine. Were it not for the romantic beauty of cliff and sea, that walk would be one of the most depressing and melancholy of progresses that could be found anywhere in England. The tottering chimneys of the abandoned engine-houses, the weed-overgrown mountains of waste, the deserted count-houses, add to the desolation of this bleak and wind-parched landscape. Upon the faces of the miners whom one meets, returning homewards, there is a look which, no doubt, is but the effect of their extreme exertion, but which to some may seem the result of an ever-haunting fear. And indeed the lower depths of the Levant Mine might scare the hardy to whom imagination is not wanting.

The entrance to the shaft is in the side of the cliff, and by the time three perpendicular ladders have been "walked down," one is on a level with the sea. Then each step downward takes one lower beneath the ocean. It is said by some, and by others denied, that at the forty-fathom level in St. Just Mine one can hear the boulders rolling overhead and the roar of the waters. For my part, after spending hours in the mine, I must say that, though I hearkened eagerly, I could detect no sound of the ocean overhead. In Botallack Mine, hard by, which is now abandoned, the noise, they say, was most perceptible, and the roaring, when the Atlantic was in one of its wilder moods, was the horror of the workers. There is a point in Levant Mine, a point reached after climbing down 2,000 feet and walking for an hour down winding galleries, where one is a mile out from the shore, under the Atlantic. But between you and the bottom of the sea, which is here many hundred feet deep, is a roof many hundred feet in depth of solid granite.

A horrid hole it is, this extreme end of the lowest level of Levant Mine, full of the fumes of dynamite, black, cramped, and ominous. The walls trickle, and one forgets the intervening mass and fancies this water a "God-sent" warning against an impending rush of the sea. The sea has never broken into any of these mines at St. Just, but terrible calamities of drowning occasioned in other ways have occurred to keep the danger ever before the miners' eyes. In the deserted galleries of the neighboring Wheal Owles, twenty bodies wash to and fro in the waters of a subterranean lake—the bodies of nineteen men and one lad who were drowned on January 10, 1893. In breaking down the rock in a deep level, a pool of water, unsuspected, was tapped, and poured forth and engulfed them; a pool of water now extending a mile and a half from St. Just church town to thirty fathoms beneath the Atlantic Ocean. This was the most terrible mining accident by water in Cornwall since a waterspout, traveling from the sea, burst over East and North Rose Mine in the Newlyn East district on July 9, 1846, and drowned fifty-three men, and bruised and wounded many more with a bombardment of rocks carried by it into the shaft from the burrow or waste heap. I think the miners from Levant must never pass Wheal Owles without a thought of the twenty mates below steering to and fro on the tide of that black lake in the black night, deep down below the cliff and sea.

But what will perhaps rather fill the mind of one who stands here, is the thought that England does not end there where the map denotes, because, a mile west, beneath the sea, there are Englishmen in yellow rags, advancing westward inch by inch, cutting their way, by the flickering light of green tallow-dips, through solid and hardest granite, fighting, straining, streaming with sweat, who, in their brief moments of rest, sing hymns to God's praise out there under the sea in the night.